OCTOBER 1972

Saturday Review

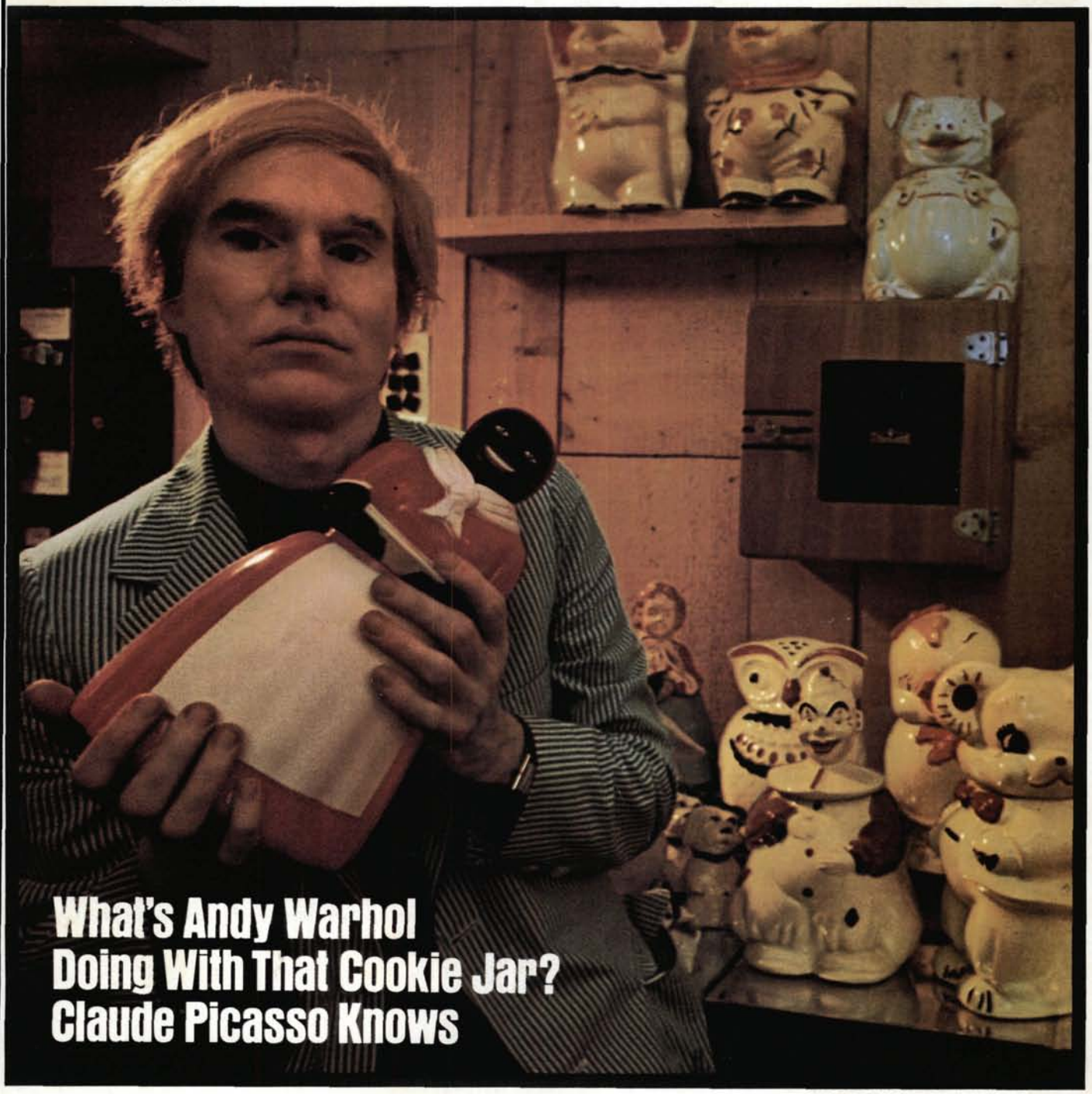
ONE DOLLAR

THE ARTS

PBS

Travel: Pleasure and Treasure in the Sun

Bing and Callas–Which Was the Prima Donna?



What's Andy Warhol Doing With That Cookie Jar? Claude Picasso Knows

ON SALE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 7, 1972

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Saturday Review of the Arts

INDEX

OCTOBER 1972 VOLUME LV, NUMBER 41

SR UP FRONT

7
Vietnam Veterans Against the War
By Lucian K. Truscott IV
Lucian Truscott, who once commanded Vietnam veterans in Fort Carson, Colorado, describes his recent encounter with vets who converged on Miami to protest the war during the Republican National Convention.

"The vets who arrived in the first part of the convoy took one look at the Yippie/Zippie/street-punk/drug-ridden scene in the main part of Flamingo Park and immediately moved a quarter-mile south to a corner . . . surrounded by a high hedge."

"Despite the VVAW's public appearance as a tight-knit, disciplined organization of a largely single mind . . . the opposite is the case. . . . A peculiar strain of schizophrenia runs right down the middle of the VVAW. . . ."

"These veterans, who now so forcefully protest the war we sent them to fight, are far from perfect. Still, their standing as opponents of the President's policy is unimpeachable. Not that you'd ever have known it from the way they were treated at the convention."

26
A Very Practical Joker
By Norman Schreiber
Meet Bob Orben, a joke writer with four thousand regular clients—politicians, industrialists, ministers, and even comedians—who don't seem to gag on Orben's one-liners.

29
No Shoot-out in Vienna
By Alan Levy
There's a life-saving lesson in this story of how authorities in Austria handled three escaped convicts who seized hostages and terrorized Vienna for two days late last year.

34
LETTERS

36
EDITORIALS: Cloudy Days on the Campaign Trail
By Ronald P. Kriss
Nearing mid-point, the presidential campaign has offered little more than diverting—and disturbing—sideshows.

Big Daddy's Big Mouth
Uganda's President joins some latter-day admirers of Adolf Hitler.

THE ARTS

37
Bing Remembers Callas . . .
By Rudolf Bing
The former general manager of the Metropolitan Opera recalls pursuing—then firing—a great star.

41
. . . Callas Remembers Bing
By Irving Kolodin
That's not the way it happened, says the star.

42
The Attic of the Imagination
By Claude Picasso
What do our leading *avant-garde* artists have in common with little old ladies? Look at what they collect.

48
Let Them Eat Wonderbread
By Peter Klappert
Poetry and politics have more in common than you suspect, says this poet.

52
A Modest Proposal for the Perfect Rock Concert
By John L. Wasserman
This summer audiences gathered in stadiums to watch Three Dog Night live perform—on television

54
Nightmares in Print
By Perry Deane Young
Vietnam veterans are turning their anguished memories into art.

59
Art from the War
A bibliography of Vietnam-inspired art

60
Recordings in Review
By Irving Kolodin
A new *Manon* and an old *Ring*; Mozart by Stern, Zukerman, and Barenboim; two Russians by Arkhipova

62
Barbara Morgan: Photographing Energy and Motion
By Barbara Confino
"The one thing that must be present is Rhythmic Vitality." The artist's own insights into her life and work.

67
Why Make a Movie About the Assassination of Trotsky?
By Judy Stone
Because director Joseph Losey finds in it some important lessons for political activists today.

70–94
Special Travel Section: Pleasure and Treasure in the Sun
Warm Places from Mexico to Africa

SR REVIEWS

95
BOOKS

95
The Ballerinas: From the Court of Louis XIV to Pavlova
By Parmenia Migel
Nijinsky
By Richard Buckle
Reviewed by Dale Harris

98
The Stepford Wives
By Ira Levin
Reviewed by Webster Schott

100
Shorter Reviews

109
Trade Winds
By Alan Green

110
MUSIC: Opera Openings, West and East
By Irving Kolodin

116
FILMS: Crazy Jack
By Thomas Meehan

120
DANCE: Ballet's Newest Star
By Walter Terry

GAMES

100
Literary Crypt

120
Wit Twister

128
Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 2009

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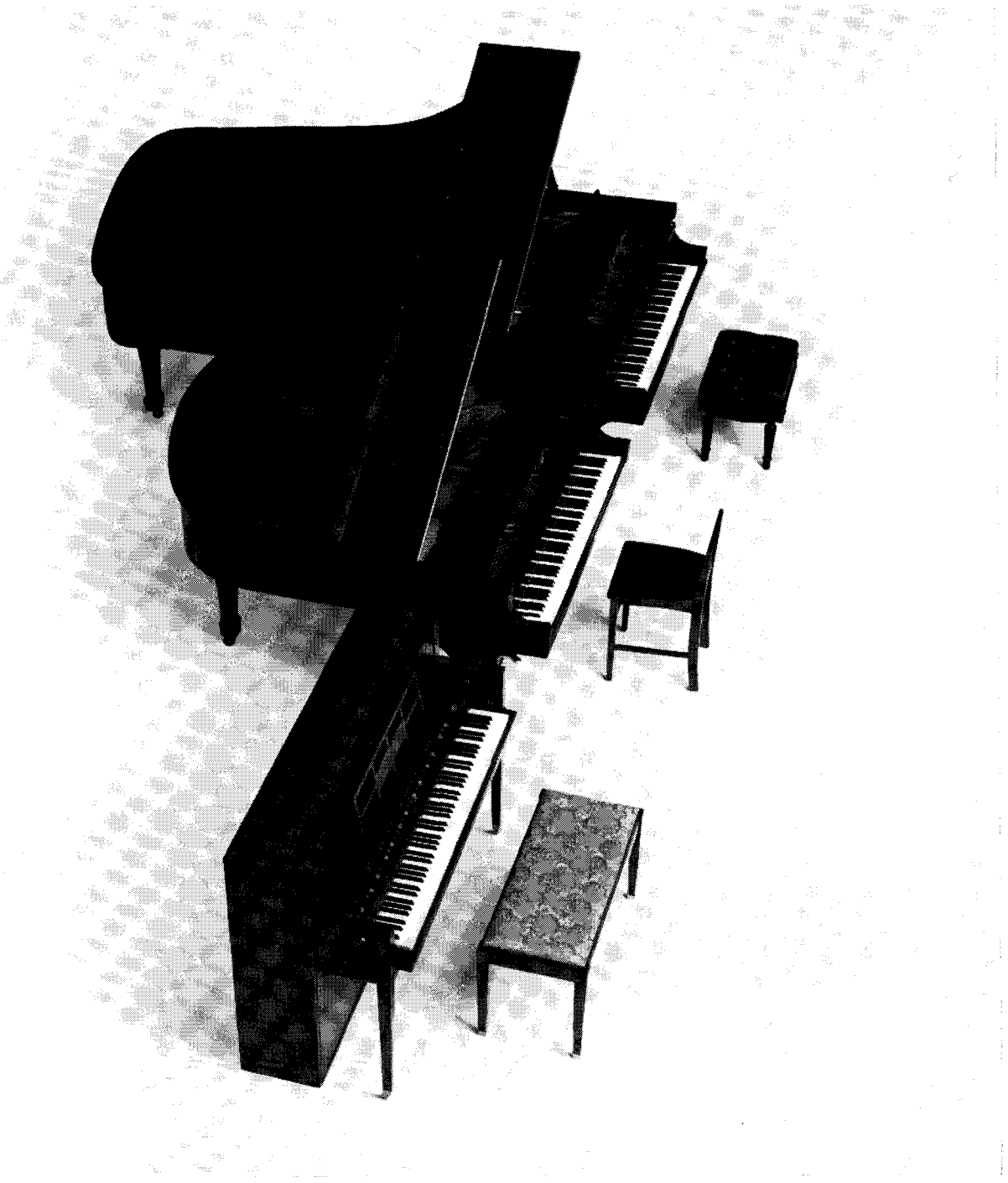

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Have you been talking with your neighbors about possible pollution at your local beach? Of whether or not to give up using detergents? Or how to get rid of solid waste materials such as cans, plastics, paper and glass? If you have—and it seems likely that you probably have—you are well on your way toward helping to save the environment, and I think you will find useful, indeed necessary, THE COMPLETE ECOLOGY FACT BOOK.

The editors, Philip Nobile and John Deedy, have brought together in one volume all the available statistics and information on the ecological problems that confront each of us. For example, it is a fact that 1,000 American communities outgrow their sewage treatment systems every year. Pesticides not only kill fish and endanger birds and insects, but can also produce cancers, birth defects and genetic mutations. Oil spills ruin wildlife habitats, kill birds, contaminate water supplies, and mar recreation sites. And, on the positive side, one ton of recycled waste paper can save seventeen trees.

These are only a sampling of the facts included in this comprehensive work. The editors deal with population, with pollution in all its forms, endangered species, food supplies, nonrenewable mineral resources and disturbance of the thermal balance. Their information has been gathered from United Nations, U.S. Government, private industry, foundation and individual sources and is illustrated by 21 maps and 121 tables and figures.

Appendices include court decisions on environmental control, and listings of conservation agencies, organizations, foundations and publications. They help make this the most complete reference work available on the sobering environmental problems of our world.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

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"Alice, however, is doomed to play second fiddle to geological formations. Go out to Ayers Rock, The Olgas, Ormiston Gorge, Standley Chasm, Simpson's Gap and King's Canyon. And on the way, you'll see ghost gums, kangaroos, wallabies and dingoes. Take the Did-jerri-doo, the daily mail run by small plane to cattle stations and missions. Connair's John Darmody'll fix you up. Or stay in log cabins, ride horses and throw boomerangs at Ross River cattle station.

"If you tire of the outback, drive to Adelaide for restaurants, theatres and shops. Just turn right and go down the road 1,050 miles. Or take the train, named The Ghan after the early Afghan camel drivers. By plane, the earth's red and wrinkled like a new baby. Or go to the Great Barrier Reef, the world's largest aquarium. Tasmania has history and apples. And Perth has miners and wildflowers.

"Me, I'll stay in Alice. I'm thinking of making the Henley international ever since Yale University expressed interest. Besides, where else can you get a martini and ten minutes later be on land where you can plant the first human footprint?"

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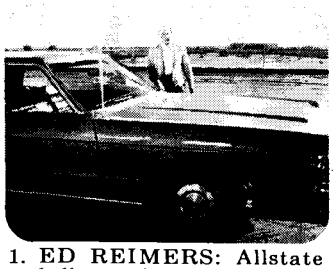
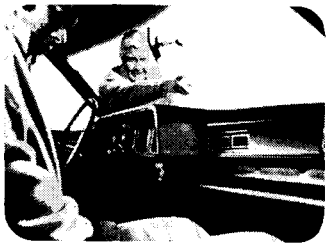
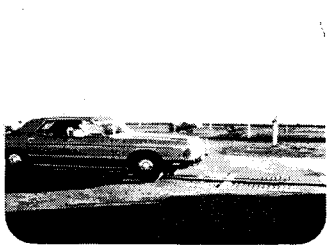


1. ED REIMERS: Allstate believes air bags will save lives. So they bought 200 special fleet cars

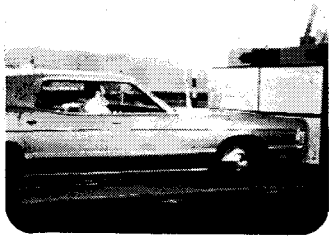


2. with air bags. They're for Allstate people to drive and test.

3. This is one of the cars.

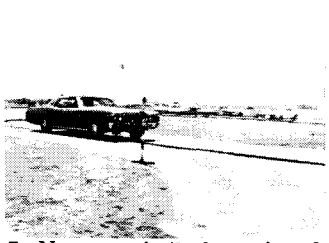


4. The air bag is designed to inflate, prevent injury, and deflate in half a second . . .

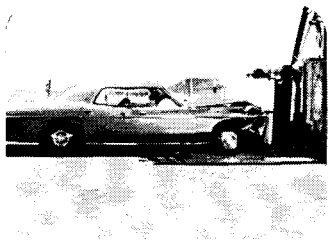


5. but only in a serious frontal crash, not a little bump. Look . . . at five miles per hour

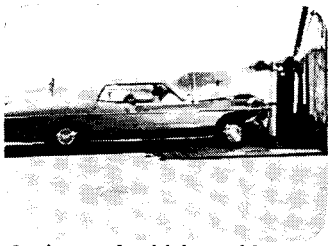
6. the air bag doesn't inflate. The brain of the system is a sensing device that uses technology from the space program.



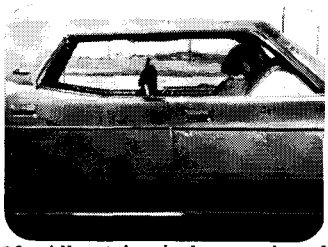
7. Now . . . a similarly equipped car heads into the wall



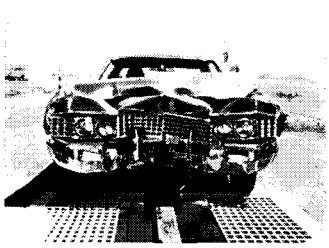
8. at seventeen miles an hour. (BAG INFLATES.)



9. A speed which could cause injury.



10. Allstate's air bag-equipped cars will help demonstrate the reliability of this remarkable system.



11. Allstate says, let's use space-age technology to reduce auto injuries . . .

12. and save lives. (DRIVER WALKS AWAY UNHURT.)

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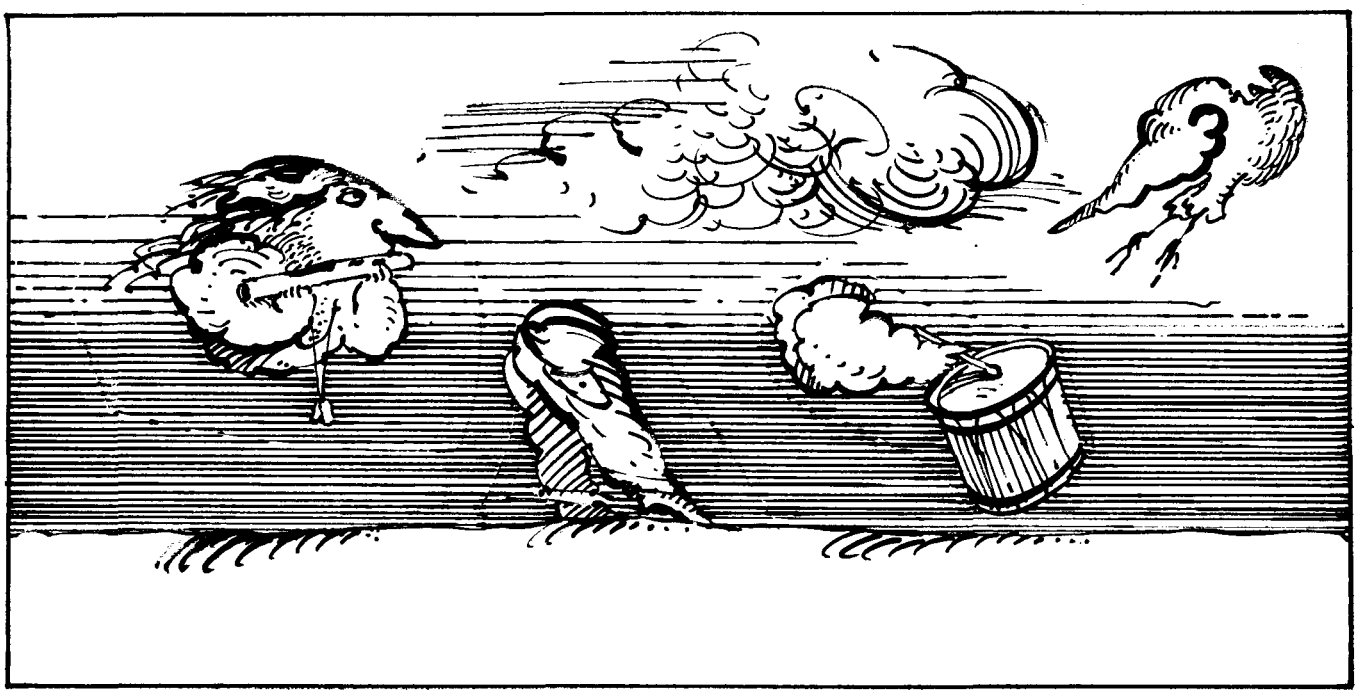
SR UP FRONT

OCTOBER 7, 1972



Vietnam Veterans Against the War

BY LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT IV

GREENWICH VILLAGE, New York —For some time now I have shied away from writing about the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. I have known, or sensed really, that when this night came I'd have to be ready to bare a little flesh.

Lucian Truscott, long an interested observer of the VVAW, followed its activities in Miami at the time of the Republican Convention.

As one of *SR*'s readers pointed out a couple of weeks ago in the letters column, with no small shot of disdain, I am a graduate of West Point, class of 1969. I resigned my commission after one year, one month, and seventeen days in service of the country—far short of the five-year active-duty obligation required of West Pointers. The circumstances and events that led up to my resignation are too complicated to go into here in any detail; they began when I was still a cadet, determined on challenging the West Point regulation requiring attendance at church each Sunday. And it all came to a head when I wrote an article for the *Village Voice* in which I admitted, among other things, that I smoked grass. The army refused to grant me permission to publish the article (which it did not have the right, under the law, to do), and that refusal led to a complex series of rather high-level negotiations, during which time I let it be known that if ordered to Vietnam, as the Pentagon was threatening, I would refuse to go. The army then initiated "administrative elimination proceedings" against me. I resigned. My resignation was eventually accepted, and I received, for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," a "discharge under other than honorable conditions."

Now you doubtlessly think it odd (or, like the letter writer, West Point class of '44, despicable) that a West Pointer, especially one of my lineage (I come from an old army family), should apparently switch horses in midstream like that. Graduate from West Point and turn up a year later opposed to the war, a possible hippie yet, what with the grass and all? As I said, that's a long story, one I am presently working on telling in a book.

To get back to the Vietnam Veterans Against the War and how I, with the background I have, see them—this is rather difficult to explain; for to understand my feelings you really must have been in the army, been in a unit, sur-

DRAWINGS BY KEN RINCIARI

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rounded by men not unlike yourself, immersed in all that is good and bad about the way men treat each other, the magic and the evil, the way it all comes together in a infantry platoon in the army. But I will try my best.

The war, to those in my platoon at Fort Carson, Colorado, in 1969, was a looming, ominous presence. Many of the men in my platoon (and I am speaking here of "men" between eighteen and twenty-six years of age) had served in Vietnam. They came to Fort Carson from the 173rd Airborne Brigade, from the Americal Division (made infamous by My Lai), from literally every infantry unit then overseas at war. They came with tales of death and horror, of good dope and bad women, of humor and of human kindness—with tales that could regale one to the rafters or sink him in a pool of sweat on the barracks floor. They were in the throes of the Post-Vietnam Syndrome, "PVS," only it wasn't identified as such back then, and they didn't know about it. These were good men, strong Americans; they had done their duty; they had fought the war we now wish we had never fought, and, for lack of any other emotion to feel, they were proud, if a little sad.

At night in the barracks or in a bar, when some of them had had a little wine and maybe a little too much grass or mescaline, they would look back at that war they both loved and hated, and they would say things like:

"Lieutenant, you'll love it over there. Being in the bush ain't that bad, and, man, the dope is so-o-o-o good. . . ." Or,

"Them gooks are so worthless, we oughta just pave that country, man, bomb it from one end to the other and pave it. . . ." Or,

"I remember this one little chick who used to come outside the perimeter at night and sell us grass. She had the best stuff. We used to call her Marijuana Mary, and she would smile and go back for more. Then one night some guy was messin' around with a frag [fragmentation grenade], and he rolled it down the burm at her when she was comin' up, you know, like a joke . . . to scare her, that's all. He didn't mean nothin'. It went off and blew her away, man, right there in front of us. It was weird. We really liked her, but you know what? None of us was really sad about it. She was just another gook. Next night we were getting dope from another one."

They would say things like that to me, and they would brag about operations that featured atrocities that made My Lai seem like a picnic. And then, later on, after a little more wine and a little more grass, some of those men in my platoon, some of those men I got to know so well, would cry. Not much. But the tears would dribble out, moisture flying in the face of manliness. They were only men—weak and vulnerable and lonely, oh so lonely, with their memories of gook-slaying and whore-screwing and village-burning.

I was attracted, in a peculiar way, to this war they bragged about and cried about. I'm not sure why. I think it had something to do with the camaraderie of being part of a platoon of men, even if I was, after all, its commander, their leader. They were my age, they were intelligent, they were just like guys I had gone to school with at West Point and in high school, and they sat around talking about war. *War.* Despite all I knew then about the essential illegitimacy of the Vietnam War, its debasing immorality, despite my feeling that the war was woefully misbegotten, a savage, mean, national profanity uttered not to shock but to destroy, to *waste* . . . I had a vague, uneasy guilt down somewhere inside me, because I sat around and talked with those guys and I admired them for having fought in Vietnam; and yet I could not bring myself to admit to them that I was sickened by that war and that I would not allow myself to become a party to the carnage of which they spoke.

They were vets. I was not. I had the feeling then, and in a way I still do, that my opinion, my essentially moral position on the war lacked legitimacy because I had not been over there. I had not witnessed the destruction. And it was probably because of this feeling, this weakness on my part, that I hesitated to admit my deepest inner feelings, especially to those whose emotions had been rubbed so raw by the war, those whose eyes told a story I would never be able to tell, whose words spoke the truth of pain and suffering and death. Those vets had then and still do have *total legitimacy.*

And when, at the Republican Convention in Miami, Vietnam vets said to the President who promised to end the war four years ago and who today presides over the wreaking of more havoc and destruction on that tiny country than has ever been wreaked before, when they said in front of the Hotel Fontainebleau:

"We have fought your war, and *we lost.* . . ."

What are people like you and me to say? How can a straw-hatted and flag-carrying young Republican kid, who has never been drafted and *who never will be,* stand in the face of such an

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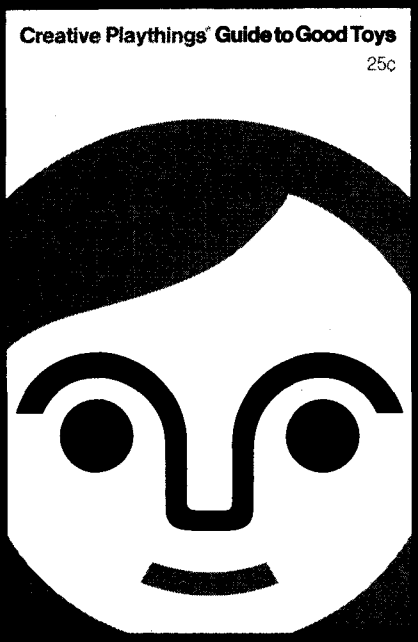

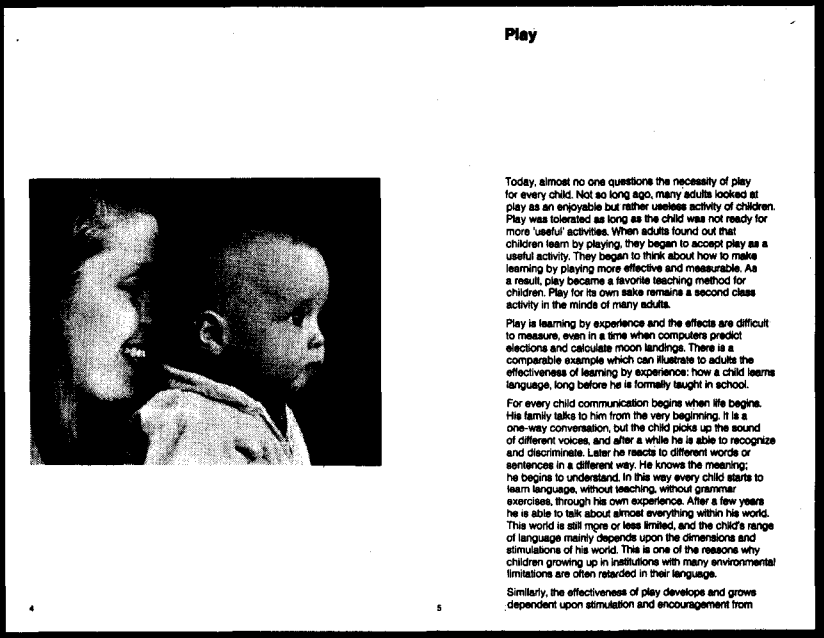
Play
Today, almost no one questions the necessity of play for every child. Not so long ago, many adults looked at play as an enjoyable but rather useless activity of children. Play was tolerated as long as the child was not ready for more 'useful' activities. When adults found out that children learn by playing, they began to accept play as a useful activity. They began to think about how to make learning by playing more effective and measurable. As a result, play became a favorite teaching method for children. Play for its own sake remains a second class activity in the minds of many adults.
Play is learning by experience and the effects are difficult to measure, even in a time when computers predict elections and calculate moon landings. There is a comparable example which can illustrate to adults the effectiveness of learning by experience: how a child learns language, long before he is formally taught in school.
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Similarly, the effectiveness of play develops and grows dependent upon stimulation and encouragement from
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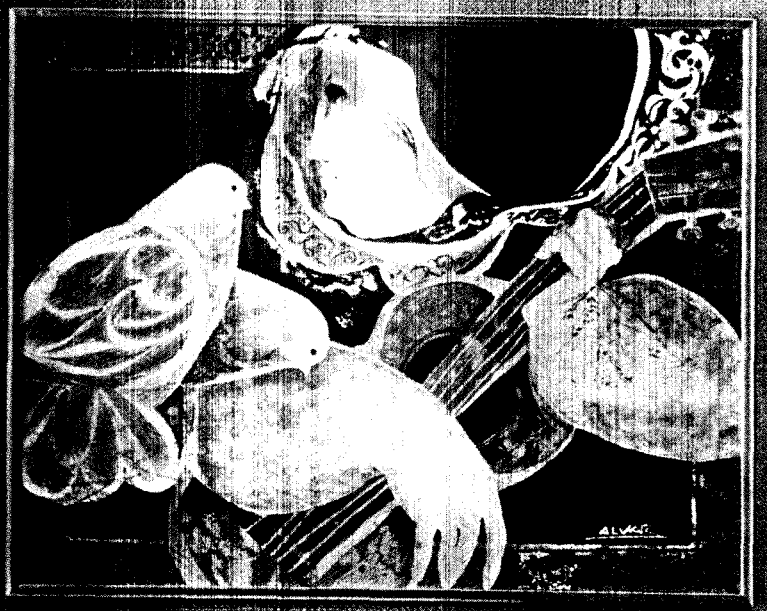

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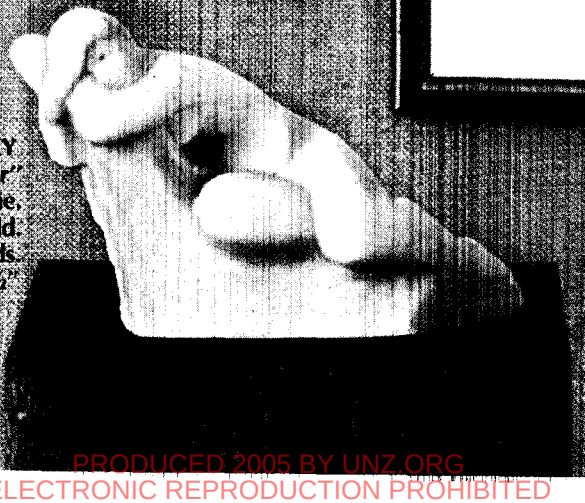

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aturday Review:

An invitation to accept one of these fine original works of art

by Salvador Dali · Alvar · Raphael Soyer · Vincent Glinsky

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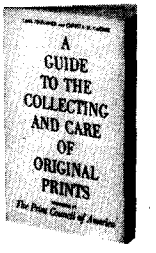

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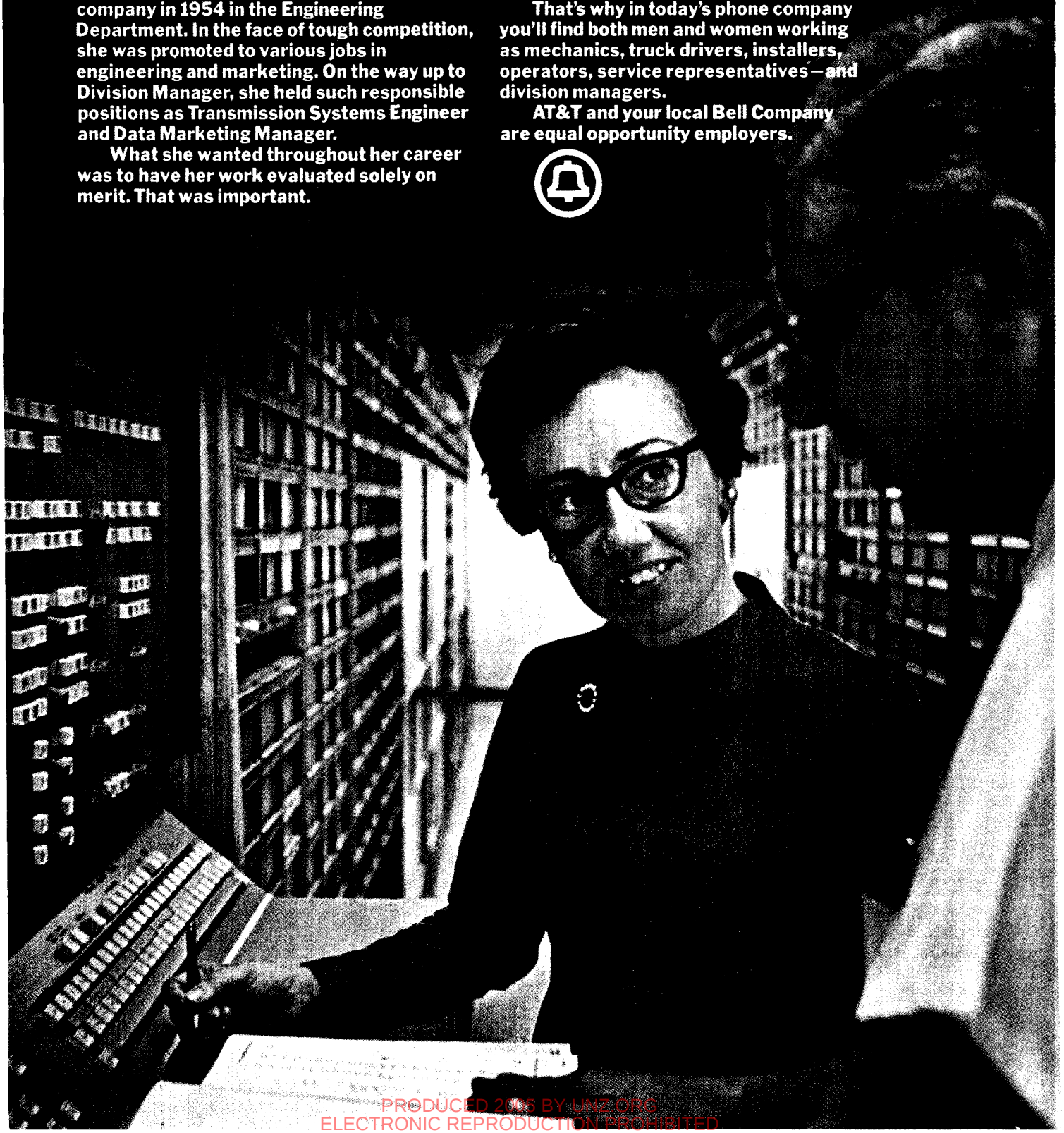

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admission, such a painful, gut-wrenching moral outcry, and wear a button saying, "Right on, Mr. President"?

Well, I'm damned if I know.

And when a young man my age, wearing a fatigue jacket and the single bar of a second lieutenant, his long hair cascading over his collar, his legs crossed on the grass of Flamingo Park, his eyes dripping the realizations of one who has been through himself and come out the other side, when a guy like that sits across from you and tells you the story of his adviser team in the delta region of Vietnam, how he trained a local village defense unit and equipped it with weapons and ammunition and how, less than a week after the completion of its training, he watched the entire unit voluntarily join the Vietcong . . . when he sits there and with some difficulty says:

"Yeah, I can see their point now. I can see why they joined the VC. At least the VC and North Vietnam aren't bombing them into kingdom come. And if I were there today, I'd support them."

What are people like you and me to say?

I'm damned if I know.

The vet who spoke these words was Peter Mahoney, one of the twenty-three Vietnam Veterans Against the War subpoenaed to appear before a federal grand jury in Tallahassee, Florida, on July 10—the day the Democratic National Convention opened—and one of the six indicted on July 13—the day that convention ended—for allegedly conspiring to disrupt the Republican National Convention. The indictment charges that the six conspired "to organize numerous 'fire teams' to attack with automatic weapons, fire, and incendiary devices police stations, police cars, and stores in Miami Beach" and that they also planned to fire "lead weights, 'fried' marbles, ball bearings, 'cherry' bombs, and smoke bombs by means of wrist-rocket slingshots and crossbows," and to "disrupt communications systems in Miami Beach."

That's a pretty heavy load of charges, even for an organization of "trained killers," as I have heard more than one vet jokingly call himself. The vets, of course, denied the charges.

When they entered pleas at their arraignment in Gainesville on August 24, the day after the Republican Convention ended, the six veterans indicted—William J. Patterson, Alton C. Foss, Donald P. Perdue, Scott Camil, John W. Kniffin, and Peter Mahoney—each stepped before the judge and pleaded "guilty to having committed war crimes in Southeast Asia," but not guilty to the government's charges. A VVAW spokesman has termed the charges "a harassment tactic," a "fishing expedition," and "an attempt to discredit us, just as the Justice Department tried to discredit the Catholic Left in the Harrisburg Seven trial." (In that trial, as in this one, the government's case was brought by Guy L. Goodwin, the chief of the special litigation section of the Justice Department's Internal Security Division.)

The vets' reaction to the charges is held by many to be at least partially valid. The Tallahassee subpoenas prevented twenty-three VVAW leaders from being present at the Democratic Convention while they appeared before the grand jury, prompting the Democrats to pass a resolution condemning the government action as an abridgement of the freedom of speech, among other things. In addition, the indictments have cost each of the six $25,000 in bail money so far, with an almost bottomless pit of legal expenditures lying ahead. Then there is the matter of four veterans who were jailed without bail on contempt charges for refusing to testify before the grand jury. As a result of a ruling by Associate Justice William O. Douglas, ordering that bail be set, U.S. District Court Judge David L. Middlebrooks released the four on their own recognizance. The trial, originally set for October 10, has been postponed "until further notice."

So what happened during those three days of the Republican Convention in Miami Beach? Not much.

The Vietnam Veterans Against the War came, almost 1,100 strong, from all over the country in a "Last Patrol" to protest the war. They were highly visible in their jungle fatigues and boots—the uniforms they once wore proudly in Vietnam but wear now to symbolize the legitimacy of their anger—as they straggled into Flamingo Park in ragged convoys of old VW buses, campers, and rental cars. The vets who arrived in the first part of the convoy took one look at the Yippie/Zippie/street-punk/drug-ridden scene in the main part of the park and immediately moved a quarter-mile south to a corner of the park that was surrounded by a high hedge. There they set up, and secured with posted guards and an elaborate walkie-talkie system, an encampment that one vet described to me, with obvious nostalgia, as "just like a perimeter back in Nam, man. The feel of the place, you know what I mean? The brotherhood and all that."

The vets limited their actions to one per day. On Monday, August 21, they marched on the National Guard headquarters, which was set up in a high school not far from the park. It was a

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dull march, and the demonstration was equally uneventful. Some of the NGs gave the peace sign out of classroom windows, and others gave the bird.

The vets made their presence fully felt for the first time on Tuesday, when they marched with wordless, magnificent dignity the three or four miles up Collins Avenue between Flamingo Park and the Hotel Fontainebleau in a "Silent March" against the war. One hundred and thirty-five neat ranks of four, with three disabled vets in wheelchairs in the lead, they marched slowly, some of them painfully, accepting with clenched-fist salutes the cheers and words of praise from many of the old people in the largely Jewish community along the way.

At the Fontainebleau they formed a perimeter around Ron Kovic, one of the totally disabled vets, and he spoke eloquently about why they had come:

"We are tired of marching, and that is why this is called the Last Patrol. I and my brothers sat in a naval reserve station for eight hours the other week because we were sick of this goddam war. We were sick of having to kill in the name of freedom and democracy. We know it is a lie and a sham. We are sick and tired of seeing our brothers hobble down these American streets with no legs and no arms. We're sick and tired of a government that ordered us to war and then forgot us when we came home.

"And I'm thinking back now to that lousy, stinking hospital I was in with my brothers who were paralyzed from the neck down. I never saw a goddam congressman in that hospital. I never saw the President in that place. I never saw Spiro walking in with his golf clubs, either. I never saw any of these leaders who sent us to fight the war that put us in that hospital. I never saw them in Vietnam at all.

"And we're smelly, and we're a little dirty now, but it's for a reason: because for the last week and a half we have traveled from across the United States of America, because we feel it is our obligation to tell the American people that these people are goddam liars. . . . You have lied to us too long, Mr. President. Too many babies have burned. Too many lives have been lost. You might have taken our bodies, but you have not taken our minds."

Kovic's speech was hoarse and broken, and his words were interrupted time and time again with cheers. When he had finished, Kovic and two other vets in wheelchairs were permitted inside the hotel to present a letter of protest to a representative of the President. That representative was the Republican "manager" of the hotel during the convention. They were permitted to speak to no one else.

Most of Wednesday was spent in an interminable meeting at which the main topic was what to do about that evening's demonstrations (more about this meeting to come). In the end nothing was decided. Some of the vets took to the streets with the crazies who inhabited the rest of the park; some spent the evening as they had spent other evenings in Miami—sitting around the park, smoking grass, enjoying each other's company; and some packed up and headed for Gainesville, where the next day the six vets charged with plotting to disrupt the convention would be arraigned. In general, the vets had wisely kept their actions separate from those of the "civilian" demonstrators, as the vets called them. Twice they were called on to provide "security," once by the Panthers at a rally for Bobby Seale, and once by the Zippie crowd when their section of Flamingo Park was invaded by twenty members of the American Nazi party. It was not a role the vets relished.

Despite the relative calm that prevailed at the Republican Convention, and despite the vets' low profile in their demonstrations, there remains the possibility that at least some of the charges against the six may be true. The vets openly admit that many members of the VVAW carry arms. Some of them—a tiny minority—are more or less dyed-in-the-wool radicals of Progressive Labor or Trotskyite persuasion.

For their part, the vets allege that William L. Lemmer, the FBI informer on whose testimony the government's charges seem to depend, urged violent, brutal plans upon the organization, including plans for bombing various targets and for entering the convention hall to kill Republican delegates. The vets say they have fourteen hours of tapes made by Mr. Lemmer, in which he admits to being an FBI informer and offers to become a double agent, as well as admitting to the real reasons behind his urging violent action. A lawyer who has heard parts of the tapes described them to the *New York Times* as "hair raising" and said it was his opinion that Lemmer was "being used" by the FBI. Lemmer, according to the vets, was an agent-provocateur, and they claim that this will figure in their defense.

At least one person I spoke to in Miami who was familiar with both the vets and the case pooh-poohed Lemmer's importance. This person, who shall remain anonymous, agreed that Lemmer was probably a provocateur and said further that the vets had

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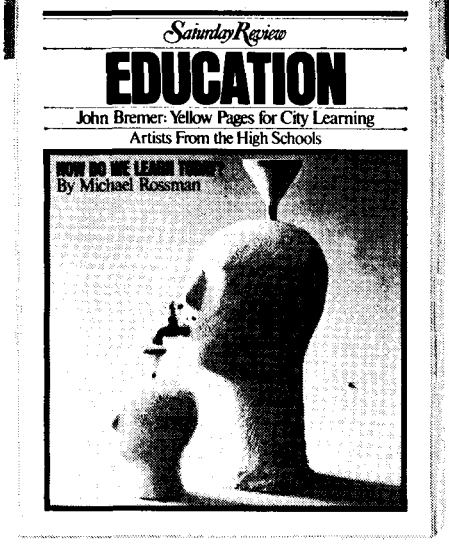

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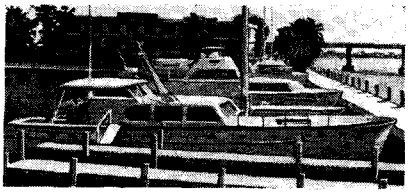

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doubtlessly been infiltrated by other *provocateurs*, but emphasized that, even if their credibility were effectively challenged, evidence obtained from "cleaner" sources might prove fatal to the vets' case. More than fifteen persons had testified before the Tallahassee grand jury *before* the twenty-three vets were subpoenaed, he told me, and, as he put it, "Lord only knows what they know."

Despite the VVAW's public appearance as a tight-knit, disciplined organization of a largely single mind, in a way the opposite is the case. There was a serious split in the VVAW leadership following last year's demonstration in Washington, "Dewey Canyon III." It was during that demonstration, as the vets threw their medals on the steps of Congress to show a hatred of the war —and of the fact that they had fought it—which none of us will ever match, that the vets first gained national attention. A good deal of that attention came about when John Kerry, who was among the national leadership of VVAW and was a principal organizer of the demonstration, testified before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations with a statement that will go down in history as one of the most moving ever made against the war.

But a peculiar strain of schizophrenia runs right down the middle of the VVAW, and it showed itself after Dewey Canyon III. On the one hand, these vets are opposed to the war and want to organize to help to end it; on the other, because many of the vets are antimilitary as a result of their experiences, they are averse to the idea of leadership, of accepting responsibility for control of the organization. Some of them are against the idea of control itself and waver toward an anarchism of sorts. Thus, when Kerry emerged from Washington as an eloquent spokesman for the VVAW (he went on the *Dick Cavett Show* and made countless other appearances across the country), the vets focused their schizophrenia about leadership on him and he was damned as an "ego-tripper," the vets' catch-all criticism for leadership. Today a poster of him hangs in the VVAW's national headquarters in New York, and across it is scrawled the word "Pig." He is presently running for Congress in Lowell, Massachusetts, his home, and probably lived up to the vets' worst expectations when, on September 19, he won the Democratic primary by an overwhelming plurality.

After Dewey Canyon III, I have been told by several people close to the VVAW, the organization "went downhill." One or two local chapters were taken over completely by Progressive

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Labor or Trotskyite factions. And, as the year wore on, the executive committee that had been so effective under Kerry's "liberal" and "reformist" leadership took a sharp veer to the left. Meanwhile, a few local chapters, such as the one in Brooklyn, have maintained a less politically radical, more community-oriented thrust. This schizophrenia has given birth to a few rather odd quirks in the VVAW leadership. One was Lemmer, the FBI informer, who was Arkansas-Oklahoma regional coordinator before his exposure.

"I can see where agents and provocateurs are able to move in and take over," said an old friend of mine, a West Pointer and Vietnam vet who is not a member of the organization but is as opposed to the war as the VVAW is. "They do so by default, because no one else is willing to take any responsibility." He said this as we stood on the perimeter of the vets' last meeting in Flamingo Park and watched Al Hubbard, a self-described "adviser to the national office" of the VVAW, harangue the group of about 200 or 300 vets.

Hubbard was once on the executive committee of the VVAW, but was ejected recently. Before Dewey Canyon III he had presented himself to the organization and to the public as a former air force captain and Vietnam veteran. In reality, as the press later revealed and as Hubbard subsequently admitted, he was a sergeant who set foot on Vietnam soil only when he offloaded cargo planes he had flown into Vietnam.

And yet there was Hubbard in Miami, again claiming that he was an air force captain and a Vietnam veteran, and at the vets' final strategy session on Wednesday he stepped to the forefront of the VVAW leadership, speaking no less than six times at the meeting, though the most anyone was technically allowed to speak was once. He spent most of his time urging the vets to join the actions planned by the MCC—the Miami Convention Coalition, an *ad hoc* group headed up by David Dellinger and Rennie Davis, which by Wednesday had fragmented into so many parts that it was a coalition in name only. Many groups that were supposed to have been part of the MCC were busily planning "mobile tactics," a phrase that was in reality a cover-up for "trashing" and other actions designed to "keep the pigs from holding their convention," as it was said.

The odious, fascistic overtones of what Hubbard was urging on the vets went unnoticed by many, as did the fact that "disruption of the convention" was exactly what the government had

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A third open letter to readers of the Saturday Review about WORLD Magazine

It seems hardly possible that it was only a few months ago that I wrote in these pages of our hope to create a new magazine.

That magazine is now in existence. The first issue appeared on July 4, 1972. It is called WORLD. It is a bi-weekly.

Here are some of the men and women who are writing for it and helping to edit it:

Goodman Ace, one of the wittiest commentators in the country, writes a regular column called "Top of the World."

Hollis Alpert, our chief motion-picture critic, writes about important films produced in America and in leading movie centers throughout the world.

Cleveland Amory, who has rescued lint-picking from an unhappy fate as a pettifogging compound-noun and given it a connotation of good-natured literary surgery, writes a column under the title, "Curmudgeon-at-Large."

Hallowell Bowser, one of WORLD's senior editors, will make the selections for a major department, "Book Browsing."

John Ciardi, poet, critic, teacher, social historian, and double-bogey golfer, mounts a new personal platform called "As I Was Saying."

Robert Craft, music critic and author (his most recent book is "Stravinsky: Chronicle of a Friendship"), presides over the wide world of music and recordings.

Midge Decter, former managing editor of *Harper's* Magazine, is the new literary editor of WORLD and is especially concerned with book coverage and literary essays.

Buckminster Fuller, architect, designer, philosopher, poet, writes about Spaceship Earth and planetary planning in a regular column called "Geoview."

Roland Gelatt is international editor stationed in London and will report regularly from abroad and supervise the worldwide gathering of editorial material.

Katharine Kuh, the renowned art critic and historian, reports and assesses art and art developments wherever they occur—all the way from Chicago to Singapore.

Thomas Middleton contributes his famous two-way diagrammed puzzle, plus a delightful new column on the uses of language.

Leo Rosten, whose felicitous use of the English language is wedded to an extraordinary breadth of knowledge, writes a regular department, "Diversions."

Horace Sutton, who has revolutionized travel journalism because of his ability to go beyond sight-seeing into the spirit and inner nature of varied places, has a department called "World on a String."

U Thant, former United Nations Secretary-General, has joined the Editorial Board of WORLD and will appear in the section, "Peace and Politics."

Richard L. Tobin, executive editor, has a regular beat, "Opinionation," in which he conducts a running conversation with leading newspaper editors around the world on important issues—visible and invisible.

Margaret R. Weiss has enlarged scope for her section on the Fine Art of Photography, and again, the entire world is within her range finder.

Most of us have worked together before as an editorial team.

We come together now in a new context. Our context is a magazine that tries to see the world as the astronauts saw

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it—a beautiful planetary life support system uniquely congenial to human life.

But that single life-support system is now running down—not because of any flaw or failure in the universal design, but because human intelligence has never been turned to the requirements of human survival.

So WORLD Magazine is concerned with war and peace, environmental sanity, overcrowding, depletion of natural resources and waste of human resources—and the need for world institutions and agencies to meet world problems.

But there is more to life than survival. There is everything that is meant by a full life—creative growth, natural rights, human freedom, cultural splendor, the possibilities of decent community, the unfettered development of the human mind.

And so WORLD also gives major emphasis to the creative arts—books, music, painting, photography, motion pictures, drama.

We may be serious but we are not solemn. Three of our departments specialize in the light touch. Cartoons abound throughout the magazine. The Middleton puzzle is a mind-breaker.

Having said this, we have to meet the key question continuously put to us:

Aren't we embarking on a terribly precarious undertaking?

There is one way we knew we could produce a healthy and self-supporting publication.

We knew we could do it if we could avoid the custom of cut-rate subscriptions and special short-term introductory offers that have imposed so many economic problems on magazines.

Our hope, therefore, was that we might find enough readers who would be willing to take a chance on us by subscribing for full term and at regular rates.

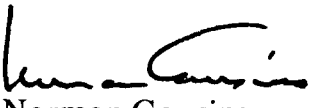
Most importantly, we knew that if we could start with enough long-term subscriptions, it would not be necessary to seek massive outside financing. In this way, our magazine, in a very real sense, would belong to its editors and readers.

Have these hopes been fulfilled?

What has happened has been far beyond our most hopeful expectations.

We begin with a paid circulation of about 125,000—some 25% higher than hoped for. A large percentage of our readers have subscribed for three years. Newsstand sales for our first issue were three times higher than anyone dared dream possible.

We hope you will feel that WORLD is a magazine you can read and respect. We hope you will want to receive the magazine regularly and become a Charter subscriber.



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indicted the six vets for allegedly having planned to do, even if the specifics of the indictment were not mentioned by Hubbard and, in fact, were warned against by many speakers at the meeting.

So Al Hubbard, the Viet vet who is not really one, was able to move in as a *de facto* leader. And, as it turned out, a number of the VVAW ended up following his suggestion that they take to the streets with the crazies that night, even though the great majority of the organization remained nonviolent.

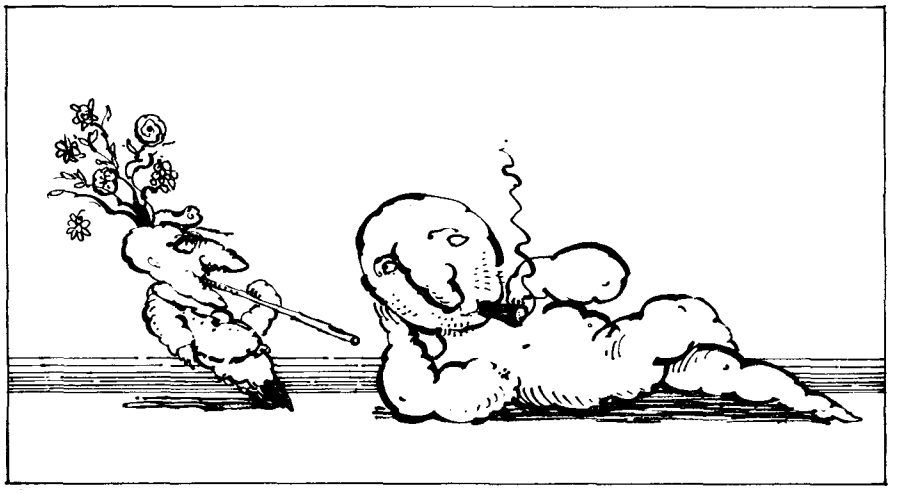
"They kiss his ass because it's black," said one disgruntled vet I spoke to.

And so they did.

If Al Hubbard is not an agent-provocateur—and most vets I spoke to assured me that he was not—he may as well have been. In general terms, he urged the vets to disrupt the convention—in a way, to live up to the indictment that seeks to destroy them.

So these veterans, who now so forcefully protest the war we sent them to fight, are far from perfect. Still, their standing as opponents of the President's policy is unimpeachable. Not that you'd ever have known it from the way they were treated at the convention. No Republican official greeted them or took note of their protests. In fact, the attitude of Republicans inside the Fontainebleau on Tuesday, as Kovic spoke in the street on the far side of a triple cordon of state highway patrolmen, was an uneasy one. Those aren't just crazies out there, those are *veterans*. Even the ever-present round of cocktail parties on the yachts docked on Indian Creek seemed to come to a halt. Goddam. *Veterans*. I'm gonna need another Martini after this.

On Tuesday and Wednesday two of the disabled vets were permitted in the convention hall with passes provided them by Congressman Pete McCloskey. As the demonstration following Richard Nixon's renomination boomed on—balloons flying, Young Voters for the President screaming—the disabled vets sat in their wheelchairs off to one side of the convention floor. Right in the middle of the demonstration they held up signs and raised fists against the war. Somebody gave a signal, and they were hurried out of the hall before so much as a single TV camera could turn their way. □



A Very Practical Joker

BY NORMAN SCHREIBER

NEW YORK, N.Y.—"*In Vietnam we have Thieu for the price of one, but it's no bargain.*"

In the closets of dozens of American comedians dangles the grinning skeleton of Bob Orben. In the studies of clergymen the guidance of Bob Orben refresheth the spirit. In executive washrooms, in radio studios, in politicians' back rooms, the fruits of Bob Orben's labors are savored.

Bob Orben has been writing gags, yucks, and one-liners for the last twenty-six years. He mails two comedy newsletters—"Orben's Comedy Fillers" and "Orben's Current Comedy"—to 4,000 subscribers for as much as $75 a year. He also writes special material and has published forty-three joke books.

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one of Bob Orben's joke books. There was a famous British comedian who got his routines entirely from them. He would even say, "I was out driving my car in Jackson Heights when . . . ." College spohomores may have Kahlil Gibran, but chances are that anyone who has to speak in public has Bob Orben.

"1972 will go down in history as the year we saw nothing of Howard Hughes and everything of Burt Reynolds."

When I called Bob Orben to invite him to lunch, we discussed what we would wear for the purposes of identification.

"I'd wear a carnation," he said softly, "but I'm afraid you might kiss me. Ha-ha-ha." It wasn't until I hung up that I realized that *Bob Orben had told me a joke.*

We met at the dining room of a hotel in Manhattan. Orben was dressed in a conservative gray suit, white shirt, and neatly knotted tie. His sparse hair was closely cropped.

"I started when I was eighteen," Bob told me after we sat down. "I worked in a professional magic shop. We sold props for magicians, make-up, costumes, etc. There was a shop like this in most cities, and all kinds of show people would come in for supplies. Fellows would come in and ask if we had patter they could use for their acts, and we didn't. At that time books for public speakers had quotes from Shakespeare, Mark Twain, Aristophanes, all of which were totally unusable. So I thought I would put a book together."

Bob gathered all the jokes he could find, borrowed some money from his mother, and published *Bob Orben's Encyclopedia of Patter.* The book sold out in two weeks.

"There were two or three hundred of these magic shops around the country," Bob says. "They were perfect outlets."

Orben went from gathering material to writing it. His forty-three titles include: *Ad-Libber's Handbook; Bits, Boffs, and Banter; Comedy Quickies; Emcee's Goldmine; Joke Teller's Handbook; Patter Parade; 333 Belly Laughs;* and—his latest—*The Encyclopedia of One-Liner Comedy.* In addition Orben wrote for Jack Paar's TV show from 1962 to 1963 and *The Red Skelton Show* from 1964 to 1970. (The most palpable evidence that he spent time in Hollywood is his air-conditioned convertible.)

"I just figured out why that hijacker wanted his ransom money in $1,000 bills. Maybe he wanted to stop at the butcher shop on his way home."

Bob reached for a slice of bread and recalled his six years of working to-

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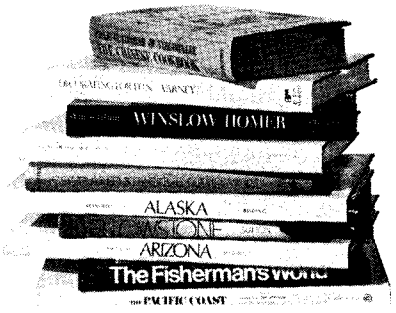

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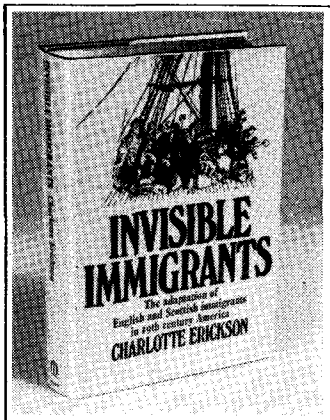

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"In 1955 I received a letter from Greg. I get a few hundred such letters a year. It went something like, 'Dear Mr. Orben, I'm just starting out as a comedian, and I use your joke books. I know I could really do well if you wrote some material for me.' So I wrote back what is almost a form response: 'I would be doing both of us a disservice if I wrote anything for you. You need material that is especially suited to you. Before that can happen you've got to find your voice, your character, your point of view. Save your money until you find your point of view.'

"Six years later I received a telegram at two o'clock in the morning. It read: 'I have found a point of view. Please call me in Chicago at the Playboy Club. Dick Gregory.'

"I called him, and he said, 'You and I are going places.' I have heard that phrase so many times! But I flew down on Wednesday, and we signed contracts on Monday. It was a very pleasant association."

"Did you hear about the go-go dancer who got only one silicone injection and now she's a sensation in Southern California? She leans to the far right!"

"I set myself a goal of twenty-five jokes a day," Orben confided. "I get up at six in the morning and do my reading. I get eight daily papers, and I subscribe to forty magazines. Then I write my jokes. Some days, when I'm really hot, I may do forty or fifty jokes, but the extra ones don't count toward my next day's goal. I'm completely work-oriented. I work seven days a week, and there are many years that I take no vacation. After twenty-six years of doing this, I can say that what I do I do as well as anybody in the world."

"I gave my kid a toy telephone that's so authentic, it's just like the real thing. You pick it up and you don't get a dial tone."

I asked Orben whether it is really possible to write new jokes.

"Oh, sure," he said. "New things are happening all the time, and they lead to new jokes. A fellow called up not so long ago and asked what I thought of Nixon in China. So I told him, 'I don't know, any country that has eight-hundred-million people and claims Ping-pong is its favorite indoor sport can't be trusted.' Ha-ha-ha.

"It's sheer nonsense," he continued, "that there are only three basic jokes or seven basic jokes. There may be only a few hundred formulas or a few thousand formulas—but there are new formulas."

"What," I asked, "is a formula?"

"It's how the joke is constructed. Exaggeration is one formula. Minimization is another. There's characterization—for example, Jack Benny's stinginess. Another formula is, 'I've got good news, and I've got bad news'—that's a catch phrase. A few years ago there was Don Adams's 'Would you believe . . . .' The use of funny words is a formula. Words with a lot of esses or k-sounds are funny—Jack Benny's 'Cucamonga' and W. C. Fields's 'sassafras.' Currently, 'dumdum' and 'dingaling' are funny words."

"Somebody is always complaining in our office. Yesterday the receptionist came up to me and said, 'I want to get something off my chest.' I said, 'What's that?' She said, 'The sales manager.'"

"I realized in the Sixties," Orben said, over salad, "that the really big market was no longer show business but the worlds of business and politics." Corporations use jokes, he explained, "to humanize themselves, snipe at their competition, explain a bad year or point up a good one." Among Orben's subscribers are IBM, Ford, Honeywell, Anaconda, and General Motors.

"In fact," Orben went on, "I was the first person to be retained by a major political party to write material for a top-level candidate in a national election."

I asked who that was, but he wouldn't say. I asked him for the names of other politicians he's written for, even dead ones, but he wouldn't reveal a single name.

I couldn't stop wondering whether some of the political wit I had been hearing recently was really Bob Orben's. Talking about George McGovern and the then-upcoming Democratic Convention, Harry Dent, a White House political adviser, had said, "Some people around here are about to wee-wee in their pants, waiting for him to get the nomination." And the dignified Republican Senator Hugh Scott described McGovern as, "the triple-A candidate—acid, amnesty, and abortion." Did Orben write those lines?

"President Nixon's economic game plan calls for unemployment to be in the neighborhood of 5 per cent. The only trouble is, if you're black, brown, or red—you can't get into that neighborhood."

"In politics," he reflected, "jokes are no longer a two-minute warm-up. A joke is a potent weapon. We have so little idea of what public personalities are like that we often judge them on the basis of jokes told about them. You can take a person's theoretical weakness and keep hammering away at it until the public agrees this attribute is a weakness. Certainly, the line, 'Would you buy a used car from this man?' helped defeat Nixon in 1960.

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"The nature of the joke is to bring them down so that the audience can relate to them. It makes the speaker *one of the guys.* Whatever you want to say about Nixon, you couldn't call him one of the guys. That's McGovern's problem, too."

"Did you ever get the feeling that this might be George Plimpton's week to run the country?" □

Norman Schreiber, who lives in Brooklyn, makes his living writing—usually about rock music and photography.

No Shoot-out in Vienna

BY ALAN LEVY

VIENNA, Austria—In 1971 Munich police opened fire on a bandit outside a bank, killing him—and a hostage he had taken—while a second bandit held four more persons hostage inside. As it turned out, Law and Order in Munich was just tuning up for the 1972 Olympics.

Between the two tragedies, however, the lesson of the first was put to good use in averting another disaster—not in Germany, but in Austria. On Thursday, November 4, 1971, three Viennese bandits serving long sentences in the maximum-security penitentiary at Stein an der Donau were brought before a magistrate there for a periodic review of their records. On their way into the hearing, flashing a knife they had fashioned from a teaspoon, the prisoners managed to disarm their two guards and to seize as hostages not only the guards but also the judge and a young mother who worked as his court stenog-

Alan Levy, author of Rowboat to Prague, *was a hostage to history very briefly on a traffic island in the Czech capital at dawn on August 21, 1968, as Russian tanks rolled into the city.*

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rapher. After extorting an auto and swapping some of the hostages, the three made the fifty-mile trip to Vienna and terrorized the capital for two days. However, the single shot they fired, in the downtown shopping district, did not hit anyone. More important, it was the only shot fired during those tense forty-nine hours and eleven minutes—even though helmeted sharpshooters were poised on rooftops and balconies while the drama was televised live, as in Munich. In the end the jailbreakers were recaptured and there were no casualties.

Admittedly, three Viennese hoodlums —named Schuhbirsch, Nejedly, and Schandl—are not easily comparable to Arab terrorists, black militants, or even lovelorn gay liberators (two of whom recently took hostages in a New York bank in a futile effort to get a friend out of a mental hospital, an act that led to a fatal airport shoot-out). But two of the Austrian trio were known to be vicious and unpredictable: Walter Schuhbirsch, twenty-two, was described by his arresting officer as "a severe psychopath." The crimes of Alfred Nejedly, twenty-four, included beating and robbing his eighty-four-year-old great-aunt on Christmas Eve. In any case the Austrian authorities had prepared a realistic, but flexible, plan.

Having read about the shoot-outs at the Marin County Court House in California and at Attica in New York, in which both hostages and captors were killed, Dr. Christian Broda, the Austrian Minister of Justice, had guessed that "such a wave would cross the ocean. And I was convinced," he went on, "that such events were already in the air of Europe when two hostages were killed in a French prison" (at Clairvaux in September 1971 two inmates had slashed the throats of a guard and a nurse). The event that had galvanized Broda, however, was the Munich bank shoot-out. "All I knew was what I read in the newspapers," the Austrian minister said later, "but I realized that no decision could possibly be worse than to shoot it out."

Dr. Broda had discussed these violent events with a penal psychologist named Dr. Willibald Sluga, who agreed that "it *can* happen here." A fortnight before Schuhbirsch, Nejedly, and Schandl made their move, the minister and the psychologist had agreed privately that, in the psychologist's words, "human life ranks at the top of the scale. This includes the lives of the convicts." The psychologist's tactics to achieve this were "to bargain for time—to keep talking to win time—for it is time that will help us to find a level of communication that can instill some trust in the criminals toward us. And to do what we can to maintain the *same* level of action, rather than run a roller coaster, because then events are still in our hands. And we can keep any promises we make."

When the prison authorities at Stein reached the Minister of Justice by phone at a presidential reception that Thursday, Dr. Broda didn't hesitate to give an order placing "top priority on protecting the lives that are in immediate danger—the judge's, the guards', the stenographer's *and the convicts'*. There should be no shooting—and no shedding of blood. Therefore, *if necessary*, you have the green light to give the criminals as much of what they want as you have to. *I will take full responsibility for this.*"

Upon hearing Broda's order, a provincial policeman in Stein, who was shooing traffic away from the scene, immediately volunteered himself to take the place of the two prison guards. He was Maj. Herbert Howanietz, father of four children and a third-generation policeman who had moved to Lower Austria from Vienna a few years earlier to take charge of the force in a town near Stein. The major had grown up in a working-class district of Vienna and had spent fourteen years on the big city's police force. He knew the convicts' lingo, in which, for example, "eighters" means handcuffs and "a kilo" means a thousand-schilling note (worth $44); his objective was "to keep talking—and to talk *their* language." Howanietz told his fellow policemen, "I can promise you the three jailbreakers will trust me." Major Howanietz was right: He was able to negotiate the two-for-one exchange quite simply.

Having bargained his way into captivity along with the judge and the young woman, the major managed to warn the by-now white-faced judge to keep his mouth shut because, as the major explained later, "he speaks the language of the law and the courts—and this always rubs them the wrong way." Then the major searched for something he had in common with the convicts. Adolf Schandl, thirty-five, the oldest and most intelligent of the escapees, had gone to a school a few blocks from the major's old school. "We were a few years apart, and we'd never met before," the major said later, "but this created a kind of neighborhood patriotism between us. And this was important, not only because it helped us to communicate but it kept me thinking like *them*, which is the best way to cope with them."

The police in Vienna were anticipating that the jailbreakers would head for home and therefore took the stand-

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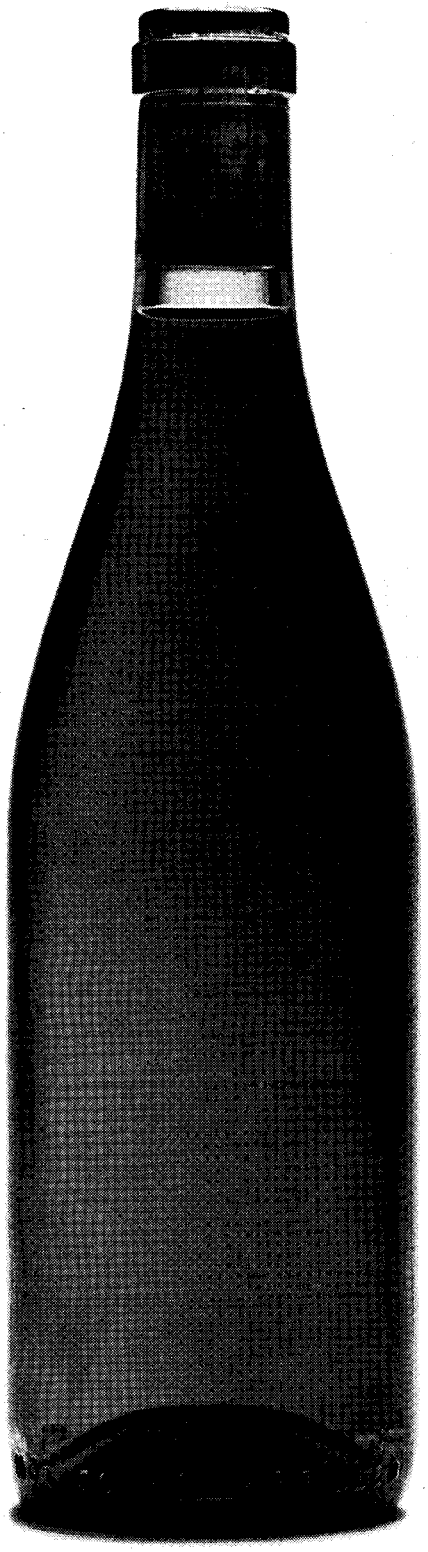

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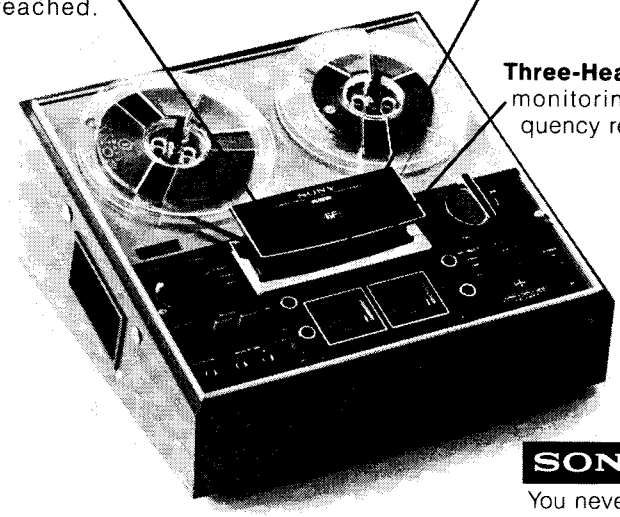

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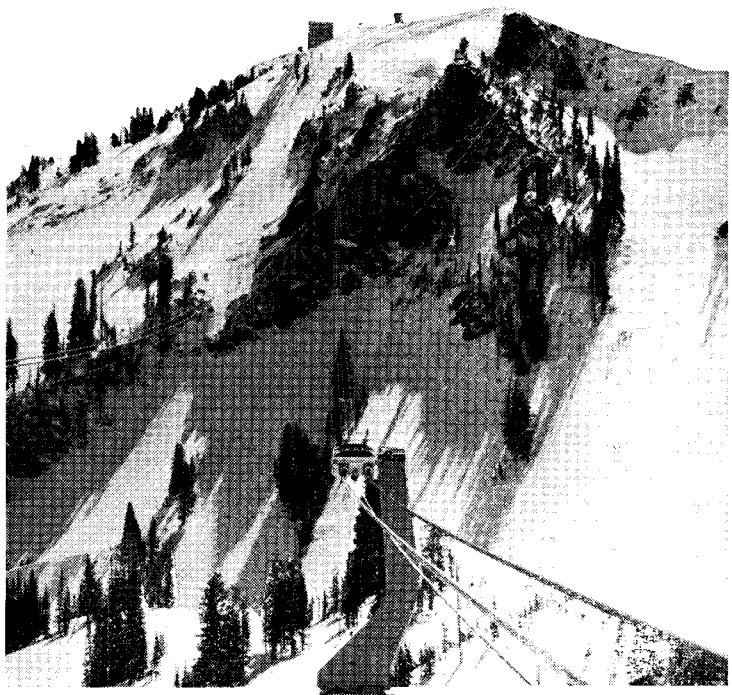

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ard, massive security precautions—but quietly, using unmarked cars and no sirens. The chief of detectives, Otto Kornek, dug out of his desk a handwritten monograph on prison language that he had commissioned and had even had updated by an inmate of the penitentiary at Stein. The metropolitan chief of police, Joseph Holaubek, sixty-five, who speaks a good middle-class Viennese dialect, boned up on a textbook called *Vienna Gangster, Prostitute, and Pimp Language*.

Back in Stein Major Howanietz negotiated for the criminals; he got civilian clothes, an unmarked Volkswagen bus, a couple of "kilos" of the judge's cash for them, and the promise of a twenty-four-hour head start without the police following. In exchange the woman stenographer would be freed somewhere along the highway, but the major and the judge would go wherever the jailbreakers went.

The major guessed that, as the group passed through the portals of the old wall of Stein, "there will most certainly be a photographer. It is getting dark," he told the trigger-happy Schuhbirsch. "You should not be startled by flashbulbs."

"Let's get going," was Schuhbirsch's only response, but the major's message apparently had registered. A few minutes later, when there was indeed a click and a flash, the escapees didn't shoot.

On the outskirts of Vienna, more than an hour after the stenographer was let out of the VW bus, Schandl spotted a state police car. He put his knife to the major's throat, and Nejedly, who was driving, clicked the safety on his pistol. The major said, "It's only a patrol," and for the moment the danger passed. A little later Nejedly, testing for traps, swerved sharply left and down into a clearly marked dead-end street. No fewer than three police cars made sharp left turns behind him.

"Only a patrol?" Nejedly said bitterly.

"That was a gorgeous hunk of crap, Mr. Major," Schuhbirsch added.

"Be quiet! Aren't you glad *I'm* with you?" the major responded.

"If it does happen," Schuhbirsch reminded him, "we'll fight until we're dead and you're dead. So what now, Mr. Major?"

"I suggest we drive right past them," the major said. "I don't know anything about them, but I'll bet they have orders not to harm me." As Nejedly maneuvered through a tight U-turn, the three police cars backed up a little. And then, as the VW bus purred slowly up and out of the alley, the major

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experienced "the most dangerous moment. The police cars let us pass, but I saw a sniper with a helmet and a rifle behind a garbage pail. The others saw him, too. So I said what I was feeling: 'Let me out! I want to go give him a kick!' "

Instead they drove unharmed back onto the main road. But the three police cars followed at 100-yard intervals. Schuhbirsch, complaining that the police had welshed on the deal, insisted that "we have to change cars and get us another woman hostage." So they drove to the Westbahnhof, one of Vienna's two main railroad stations, and Nejedly honked the horn at an Egyptian girl who was peddling newspapers. She hurried over to sell a paper—and stepped into the next day's headlines herself. Then the trio, marching her and the judge and the major to a taxi stand, ordered a cabbie to drive them, at the major's suggestion, to police headquarters for new negotiations!

For the next day-and-a-half the police, guided by the psychologist, Dr. Sluga, gave the convicts everything they desired: unmarked cars, cash, coffee, and cigarettes. The authorities repeatedly managed to exchange male hostages for female. Chief of Detectives Kornek did much of the wheeling and dealing on behalf of his bosses, who stayed behind the scenes on "the strategy of not committing our biggest guns too early." The setting shifted from police headquarters to a subway station at dawn, to downtown Vienna's morning rush (where one of the convicts shot at, but missed, a pedestrian who got in the way), to old hangouts, to a neighborhood police station (where Schuhbirsch's mother came to plead with him and, kissing him goodbye, said, "Save the last bullet for yourself"), to a housing project—where it all ended. The major and the judge had been released at the subway station; subsequent hostages included a traffic cop, a twenty-two-year-old bride, and a forty-ish mother of seven (with an eighth on the way). Schandl, unnerved by the shooting episode, had left his partners-in-crime before the end and remained at large for a fortnight, when he was recaptured.

Dr. Sluga visited the escapees twice —once at the neighborhood police station, where he spoke with Nejedly, and once at the housing project, where he nearly became a hostage himself. He helped keep close rein on what he called "a hair-trigger situation. Schuhbirsch and Nejedly are two chaotic personalities to begin with. Now they're under nervous strain from lack of sleep and intoxicated by continuous smoking of cigarettes." Dr. Sluga therefore advised against snipers—"Even if you kill each with one shot, there's a convulsive reaction, and they'd fire"—and against drugging their coffee or piping gas into their auto—"All sedatives can be stimulants for the first minute or so, just the way patients being anesthetized get a little hopped up for a moment at first. And, should these men shoot somebody while 'under the influence,' then you've presented them with a built-in legal defense." (Drugging and gassing were rejected in Munich, too, ten months later. Sniping wasn't, and the police sent five snipers to pick off eight Arabs, obviously an impossible task.)

On Saturday afternoon at the housing project Alfred Nejedly, groggy and a little drunk, was tricked into coming out to negotiate unarmed. With one swift karate chop, Chief of Detectives Kornek knocked him down and then quickly handcuffed him. This left Walter Schuhbirsch trapped inside and holding only one hostage, a man with a record of fifty-five run-ins with the law.

Police Chief Holaubek, talking the homiest of dialects, went inside. Speaking as one Viennese to another, Holaubek pleaded, "Walter, come to me! I am your chief!" Schuhbirsch pointed two pistols at him, but Holaubek continued, "Look, Walter, you wouldn't do a thing like that to me." Schuhbirsch dropped one pistol, then the other, threw an arm around the police chief's shoulders, and came out blubbering, "I do this for you, Josey"

By remaining patient and pragmatic, by listening and talking throughout, and by not becoming slaves to a principle—not even Law and Order—the Austrian police achieved this small miracle. When it was all over, someone reminded the Minister of Justice of the Churchillian adage, "Jaw jaw is better than war war." In fluent English Broda rejoined, "And law law is better than both of them. But sometimes an open mind can save more lives than a fast draw."

Broda's way was not accepted unanimously in Austria, however. The minister was heckled in Parliament for his "soft wave" and even goaded into saying something politically suicidal: "We don't need the ideology of Law and Order here!" (Later he qualified this by adding: "Naturally, the Minister of Justice is *for* Law and Order, but that doesn't mean he must make a religion of it.") On a TV interview program an elderly Austrian woman, deploring the "coddling of three born criminals" by the police, remarked: "This never would have happened under Hitler."

Quite true—and, alas, it didn't happen under Nobel Peace Laureate Willy Brandt either. □

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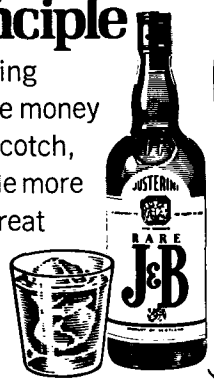

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Letters

Who's an Artist Now?
The title of John Poppy's editorial "We Are All Artists" [*SR*, Sept. 9] is untrue as it stands. The true statement is: We all *can* be artists.

As for art as therapy, all art is a kind of therapy, since, at the very least, it is a stimulant to mental health.

In spite of my initial disagreement, then, I hereby cast one vote for John Poppy.

James F. Keleher
Doylestown, Pa.

I found Mr. Poppy's editorial extremely pertinent, and, as almost-a-schoolteacher, I concur heartily with his basic premise. I, too, am convinced that we've been caught up in elitism in the arts for far too long and that credit should be given to many people who, thanks to a very snobbish and cliquish attitude toward "Art," would not consider themselves "Artists."

Maybe it's been so deeply ingrained into all of us: "Art" is something that an "Artist" does, not just something to be messed around with by just anyone. I enjoy painting and drawing and sculpting and just making things in general. Yet, whenever anyone says, "Oh, you're an artist," I very modestly decline with, "No, I just like to mess around with it a little." And it isn't a coy demureness; I simply do not consider myself an "Artist."

Why should we have such rigid definitions of "Art"? Why can't it simply be art—friendly and familiar like a next-door neighbor? I contend that it truly is and that we as a culture or society or civilization or whatever are just so preoccupied with definitions and strictures and specializations and university degrees that we simply cannot relax.

Shirley Sherer
Columbus, Ohio

Coming Up Fast
As a student of media ecology and one who finds cable television a needed alternative to broadcast TV, I feel obliged to point out a rather large oversight in Thomas Meehan's Up Front article entitled "Coming Up Next on Channel C: You!" [*SR*, Sept. 9].

Mr. Meehan states that "at the moment only a small fraction of 1 per cent of America's TV sets are wired into cable TV." He missed by about seven million people. The correct figure is 20 per cent, with predictions—by the Sloan Commission—of up to 60 per cent by the end of this decade.

Al Parinello
Media Ecology Department
Jersey City State College
Jersey City, N.J.

Credit Where It's Due
I have just read your very exciting article entitled "Children's Theater—Too Good to Be So Scarce" [*SR*, Sept. 9]. I must admit that, in addition to being very pleased, I was also very unhappy to think that you did not give proper credit to, or even mention, the State University of New York at Albany.

I think you must realize that it would have been impossible for ASSITEJ to host such an international conference if not for the four-year assistance from SUNYA. Indeed, the university raised three-fourths of the money necessary for this congress, such as the grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, the New York State Council on the Arts, private donations, etc. After all has been said and done, it seems grossly unfair and inaccurate not to have been given proper credit.

Patricia B. Snyder
Director of Children's Theater
ASSITEJ
State University of New York
at Albany
Albany, N.Y.

The Museum as Mausoleum
I read with interest the recent article by John Hightower on "Public Money and a Public Mission for American Museums" [*SR*, Aug. 12]. Mr. Hightower is accurate in his presentation of the traditional dependence of museums on patrons who passionately desire to acquire the trappings of culture.

In most cases, tragically, the ultimate cost of supporting and maintaining these mausoleums has been neatly allegated to the community, often at the expense of parallel support for indigenous expression.

The arts are, indeed, "going public," as John Hightower observes. However, one would hope that the expenditure of government funds will be balanced between the preservation of cultural precedents and the encouragement and support of today's artists and designers.

Just as the contemporary artist has found forms of expression unique to our

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moment in history, so, too, have designers given form to a man-made environment that owes less to history than it does to present human needs and desires. No museum in the United States (not even the Museum of Modern Art, with its valiant department of architecture and design) has yet recognized that the bequest of America to mankind lies as much with the quality of its technosphere as it does with its expression.

If the American museum is, indeed, spiritually bankrupt, it is so because it has chosen to be apart from life rather than a part of it.

Arthur J. Pulos
President
Pulos Design Associates
Syracuse, N.Y.

Off-Base on Tax Base

In his Up Front article "The Case of Demetrio Rodriguez" [*SR*, Sept. 9], William Allen asserts that the Edgewood school district, in which Mr. Rodriguez lives, "is one of the poorest districts in the country, next to Watts." Watts is *not* a separate school district but is a part of the gigantic Los Angeles City school district, which includes industrial Vernon, Hollywood, Pacific Palisades, parts of the San Fernando Valley, and South Gate, where I live.

Even when I was a student in Kern County Junior College fifty years ago, I felt that tax-rich areas should help to bear the burden of less favored areas. (And Kern County, with its oil fields, was among the richer parts of the state in tax base for school dollars.) So I, too, hope that the U.S. Supreme Court will decide in favor of Mr. Rodriguez and the others in their case.

Richard Lindgren
South Gate, Calif.

The Hads and the Had Nots

I just came home from what I thought was a most creative summer, and the first article I caught up on was B. F. Skinner's "On Having a Poem" [*SR*, July 15]. Here is my reaction:

I am only the cauldron in which the brew is brewed,
Only the tube in which the process stewed.
This poem from my genes and environment has inevitably accrued.

I thought my poetry the result of a creative focus,
But alas! I am merely the receptive locus.
It is behavior—neither good nor bad.
Like this poem, I've simply been had.

Ida G. Kronfeld
New York City, N.Y.

Mr. & Mrs. Sheldon Sloan, Beverly Hills

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Editorial

Cloudy Days on the Campaign Trail

This was to have been a time for searching debate over the issues confronting the United States, a time for Americans to make what Richard Nixon called "the clearest choice" between presidential candidates in this century. But, like most campaigns, the 1972 version has degenerated into an unseemly carnival, with barkers from both sides filling the air with charges of scandal and leaving the more meaningful issues completely unplumbed or thoroughly beclouded.

Of course, while the sideshows may be entertaining, they are also deeply disturbing and raise questions that demand answers.

On the Republican side: Last year the Agriculture Department decided to raise milk price supports to a level that would guarantee dairy farmers an annual half-billion dollars in additional income; did this have anything to do with the contributions of more than $300,000 that subsequently flowed from dairymen's associations into G.O.P. campaign coffers? In recent weeks who tipped off the big grain exporters to the impending sale of wheat to the Soviet Union, guaranteeing them a substantial windfall? Who was behind those second-story men who broke into the Democratic National Committee's offices at the Watergate apartment complex in Washington—or are we to believe that the seven men later indicted for the job were freelancers, as the Administration would have it, and were not acting in behalf of somebody higher up?

On the Democratic side: Just what would George McGovern's tax reforms cost the man who earns $12,000 a year or $20,000 or, for that matter, any sum you'd care to name? His economic advisers have so completely balled up their estimates that not even the candidate seems to know for certain. On the subject of campaign finances, was the charge of irregularities in the McGovern operation merely a smokescreen thrown up by Republican National Chairman Robert Dole to obscure the G.O.P.'s own embarrassment over the Watergate affair, or is there something to them?

None of these questions should go unanswered. The dairy deal has a distinctly sour smell about it; the wheat windfall suggests that someone has reaped more than his fair share of profits; and the bugging of Democratic party offices is more than just a cute caper that can be laughed off. It is scarcely comforting to know that various agencies of the Justice Department have been conducting investigations into the last two cases; it *is*, after all, Mr. Nixon's Justice Department, this *is* an election year, and there *are* limits to the impartiality we can expect under such circumstances. As for McGovern, his frequent backpedaling on his economic program suggests that he has not really thought the thing through, or that his staff has been guilty of a deplorable degree of sloppiness. The indecisiveness raises the question whether McGovern is as capable a leader as the presidency demands.

What is unfortunate is that such episodes as the Watergate burglary and McGovern's economic miscalculations have so dominated the news that a number of other matters have not received enough attention. Some tax reforms are clearly necessary, but McGovern has dodged the subject of how they can be achieved without blunting individual enterprise, and Nixon has ducked behind vague promises that, if he is reelected, nobody will have to shell out more money. Our defense budget is hideously swollen, but McGovern made the political blunder of proposing too large a cutback too soon. So, instead of a much-needed debate over the size of our defense outlays—do we really need those B-1 bombers, for instance, or Trident submarines at $1 billion apiece?—we have the administration putting out statements to the effect that, with McGovern in office, we would have to spend $1 billion on "little white flags" to run up all over the world.

On Vietnam McGovern did not enhance the appeal of his antiwar position, courageous and correct as it is, by talking about how he would "beg" Hanoi to release U.S. prisoners. Nixon, meanwhile, emphasizes that he has reduced the U.S. force from more than 550,000 men to fewer than 40,000 but says nothing about the 125,000 American casualties sustained since he took office or about the cost to all sides of the saturation bombing campaign that he launched. Now we learn, as a result of the Lavelle case, that a good deal of bombing was being carried out without the knowledge or approval of civilian authorities.

It is tempting to ask, in light of all these irregularities, "Who's in charge here?" But the effort would probably be wasted. That is to say, nobody would reply.

Ronald P. Kriss

Big Daddy's Big Mouth

Adolf Hitler, of all people, seems to be enjoying something of a vogue these days. His latest admirer is the erratic President of Uganda, General Idi Amin Dada, known as "Big Daddy" to his unfortunate people. Hard on the heels of his edict banishing some 55,000 Asians from his country, Amin cabled Kurt Waldheim, Secretary General of the United Nations, to praise the Arab assassins who slaughtered eleven Israeli athletes in the Olympic games in Munich. In his message, a copy of which he was thoughtful enough to send to Israel's Premier Golda Meir, Big Daddy declared: "When Hitler was the Prime Minister and supreme commander, he burnt over six million Jews. This is because Hitler and all German people knew that the Israelis are not people who are working in the interest of the people of the world."

Uganda's strong man thus joins some truly distinguished company. There is Libya's President Muammar Gaddafi, whose only criticism of Hitler is that he did not do a more thorough job on the Jews. There is Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, who worked for the Nazis during World War II. And, of course, there is South Vietnam's former Premier and Vice President, Nguyen Cao Ky, who once expressed admiration for Hitler for the way he went about getting things done. Quite a roster, that.

R.P.K.

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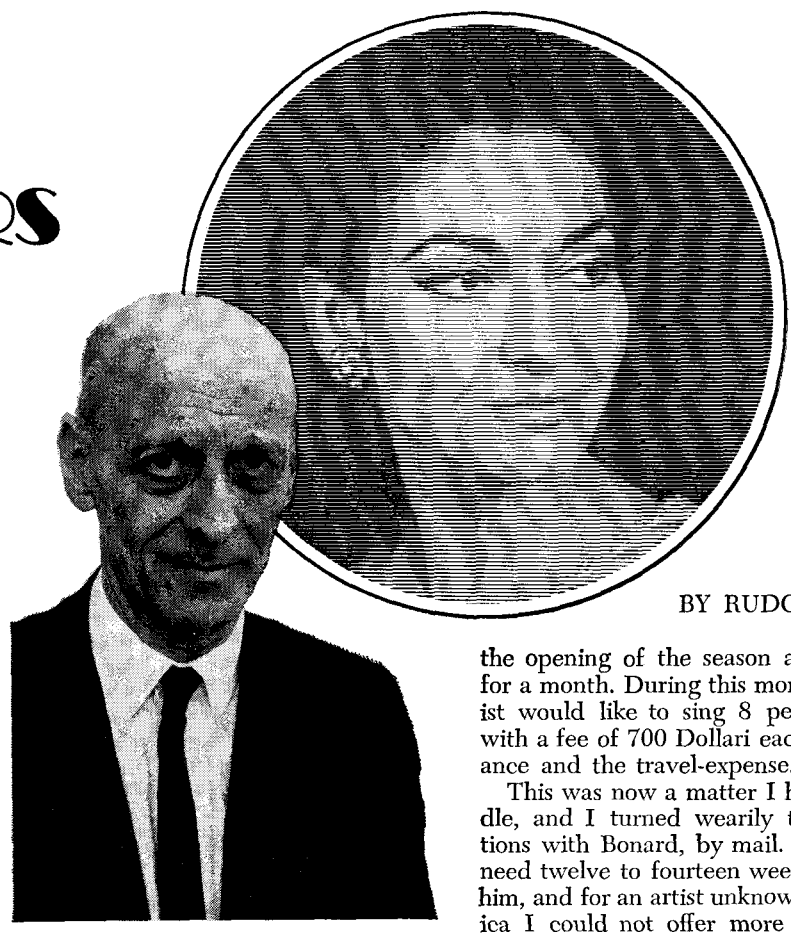
Saturday Review of
THE ARTS

BING REMEMBERS CALLAS...

but not too fondly, in this episode from the impresario's twenty-two years at the Metropolitan Opera.



BY RUDOLF BING

I first heard the name of Maria Callas in 1950, and it was attached to unbelievable stories about the range of her voice and the variety of the roles she played. In November I wrote to Erich Engel at the Vienna State Opera:

. . . Do you know Maria Callas, who, I understand, sang in Buenos Aires and who is now recommended to me as the best existing Aïda, etc., and even suggested for the Queen of the Night? Could you very kindly drop me a confidential note advising me whether in your view Miss Callas is vocally really as outstanding as I am led to believe. How would you compare her vocal qualifications for instance with Ljuba Welitsch? I gather she does not look well and is an uninteresting actress. Does the beauty of her voice make up for all these defects? I should be most grateful to hear from you as soon as possible.

Engel was very positive: her performances at the Colón [in Buenos Aires] were considered worthy of the highest attention; her coloratura techniques as Norma had been regarded as astonishing. Moreover, her repertory was incredibly varied—she had been praised in various houses as Turandot, Norma, Aïda, Fidelio, Kundry, and Isolde. She was considered an unusually intelligent artist, with a great career ahead of her. Moreover, the Colón was a big house; if she had filled that one, she could probably sing anywhere.

I had had my fill of [the agent] Liduino Bonard on the previous spring's trip to Italy, and Max Rudolf [Bing's artistic adviser and a member of the Met's conducting staff] wrote to him about Miss Callas. Bonard replied, "This artist will be very glad to get in touch with you to sing at the Metropolitan Theatre, as such an important one. She would prefer to come to New York for the opening of the season and to stay for a month. During this month the artist would like to sing 8 performances with a fee of 700 Dollari each performance and the travel-expense."

This was now a matter I had to handle, and I turned wearily to negotiations with Bonard, by mail. We would need twelve to fourteen weeks, I wrote him, and for an artist unknown in America I could not offer more than $400 per performance. The reply arrived within ten days:

I have spoken with the artist *Maria Callas Meneghini,* who is very glad to agree with you to stay in New York longer than two months, if necessary.

Regarding the conditions is alright 600 Dollars each performance; but I retain to reduce the conditions to 500 Dollars.

Again I offered $400 and presently received the surprising reply:

Maria Callas Meneghini is very anxious to be in the company of this very well known Theatre and she agrees to accept 200 Dollars each performance.

Of course she would like very much to know how many performances she could have during the two months of her staying at the Metropolitan. Also she is asking in

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which operas she will sing, and, if possible, the opera of her debut.

This was more serious—maybe. I wrote Bonard to remind him that we had offered $400 and would stay with that figure despite his remarkable reduction in price, and to offer Miss Callas our opening-night *Aïda* in 1951 if she would guarantee us three weeks of rehearsal and twelve weeks of performances thereafter. She would also have to return in the spring for the [Met's annual] tour. In return, I would guarantee twenty performances in the first twelve weeks, with an option for the same length season, at $500 per performance, in 1952–53. As an illustration of how little was known about Maria Callas in New York in 1950, I ended my letter by asking her nationality.

This letter went unanswered for three weeks, and then I received an acceptance of the offer, with its terms altered—ten days instead of three weeks of rehearsal, *two* return tickets Milan–New York, and in addition to *Aïda* "one or two of the following operas: *Norma–Puritani–Traviata–Trovatore*." The question of the tour and the 1952–53 option Miss Callas would discuss with me on her arrival in New York.

But we were not doing any of the four operas Miss Callas wanted during the time we wished her to be in New York, and I could not wait for her arrival to tell the tour cities whether they would hear her or not. Nor was I willing to reduce to ten days the rehearsal period before our opening-night *Aïda*—or to give Miss Callas, alone among all our European artists, transportation for spouse as well as self. The arrangement, if there ever was an arrangement (nothing ever came of my dealings with Bonard), foundered in an exchange of negative telegrams. But Bonard agreed to set up an audition for me in the spring, when I would be in Florence while she was engaged for the Maggio Musicale.

The lady I saw in Florence in the spring of 1951 bore only a slight relationship to the Maria Callas who later became world-famous. She was fat and awkward. I wrote Bonard:

. . . I heard her and had a long talk with her. She has no doubt remarkable material but has still a lot to learn before she can be a star at the Met. We had quite a friendly discussion but did not get very far. . . . In September or October I will write and let her know whether and what I can offer her for the Season 1952–53, and she will then have to make up her mind whether she can accept my offer. . . . Let's wait for a few months. . . .

Rudolf Bing managed the Metropolitan Opera in New York from 1950 to early 1972, during a period of turbulent growth.

Eventually we did offer her *Traviata* in 1952–53, and we believed she was coming; and then we received a letter to the effect that our failure to procure a visa for her husband, Battista Meneghini, made it impossible for her to come to New York. As I speak no Italian, and Meneghini spoke no English, Max Rudolf called across the ocean to find out what was going on, but all we ever found out was that she was canceling her contract.

By now I had signed Roberto Bauer as our Italian representative, and we could hope to operate on a more businesslike basis with the Meneghini-Callas family as with others. Bauer arranged with Miss Callas to reserve time for us in January and February of 1954, and I wrote from Italy to Max Rudolf: "Can we use Callas in January and/or February for some performances: *Lucia!! Traviata, Aïda.* (*Norma,* of course, unless that would upset Milanov, which I want to avoid—she is still better than anyone here. . . .) Send me your views urgently." Rudolf, still annoyed by the telephoning and cabling of earlier that season, doubted that we should take the trouble, and I agreed by mail from Italy.

During that summer Miss Callas lost at least fifty pounds and became the astonishing, svelte, striking woman who conquered the operatic (and more than the operatic) world. It was like Andersen's fairy tale. She showed none of the signs one usually finds in a fat woman who has lost weight: She looked as though she had been born to that slender and graceful figure and had always moved with that elegance. Now it became urgent for the Metropolitan to have her. I wrote to Bauer:

What is the situation? Any reasonable chance of having her next season at last? Could she be available for rehearsals as from November 8 and debut in *Traviata* during the week beginning November 15? She could do Santuzza possibly the following week and Tosca a little later.

As to fee, I await your suggestion. I would not like to have to pay her more than $750 per performance but if she at last agrees — finally and irrevocably and without any strings attached as to visas for husbands, friends or concubines! — I would be prepared to go up to $800 per performance . . . .

But instead Miss Callas signed to sing at the Chicago Lyric Opera, both in 1954 and in 1955, for very much more money than we were prepared to offer her. Then in the spring of 1955 she and I finally did reach agreement, on an opening-night *Lucia* in 1956–57, to be followed by a Queen of the Night in *The Magic Flute.* But nothing was signed; Miss Callas complained of our choice of conductor for *Lucia*: She and Cleva had fought about something at a rehearsal in Italy. Then she refused to sing *The Magic Flute* in English, even though I agreed to take the second-act aria down a whole tone for her. We still had no contract when she passed through New York that fall on her way to Chicago.

Contrary to press report at the time, the problem was never money. A year before [Met Board Chairman Lowell] Wadmond had denied my request to lift the top fee from $1,000 to $1,200, and Miss Callas signed for $1,000 a night—to which we added $2,000 for transportation (in effect paying Meneghini's way, too). I added a typed clause to our printed contract: "Artist agrees to comply with the rules and regulations of the Metropolitan Opera Association management, in particular as far as punctual attendance at rehearsals, the wearing of approved costumes and accessories, practices about curtain calls, etc., etc., are concerned." When she actually came to New York in 1956, the board had relaxed the maximum fee rule, and we added another $3,000 to her contract for "expenses" for her twelve performances during the nine weeks of her stay.

To sign that contract in 1955, we had to take the mountain to Mahomet: [assistant manager] Francis Robinson and I flew to Chicago, where the managers of the Lyric Opera, Carol Fox and Lawrence Kelly, were not pleased to see us. (They feared, correctly, that once Callas signed in New York, Chicago would hear her no more.) We heard Miss Callas sing in *Trovatore*, with Björling as Manrico. Then we went backstage, where I offered my very best version of the kiss-the-hand routine I had learned as a child, and the picture

What of her girlishness, the innocent dependence on others, that was so strong a part of her personality?

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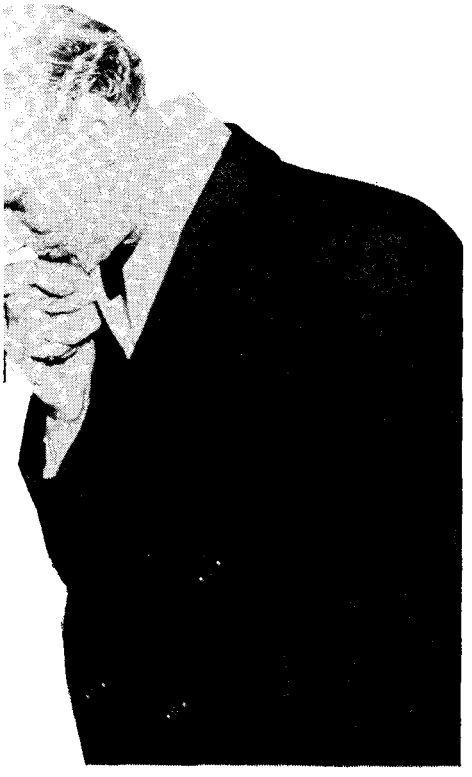
got into all the papers—and, finally, the Metropolitan signed Maria Callas to a contract.

Before she actually came, all the roles changed: Her opening night was *Norma,* and her other roles were Lucia and Tosca. In the meantime a new kind of problem had arisen. Backstage in the opera house, at the last night of her Chicago season, Miss Callas had been served with a summons by Richard Bagarozy, who claimed that during her stay in New York in the 1940s (when she took lessons from Bagarozy's wife, Louise Caselotti) Miss Callas had signed an exclusive management contract with him, pledging him 10 per cent of all her earnings as a singer for ten years. This had mounted up (eventually Bagarozy would claim no less than $300,000), and he wanted to be paid.

The best our lawyers could work out, after consultation with the lawyers in Chicago who were handling the case for Miss Callas, was an agreement to deposit the money for her appearances in a Swiss bank, which meant that she would have no salary in America for the Bagarozys to attach. We perfected this arrangement in great detail, but Meneghini rejected it. In fact, Meneghini rejected all arrangements that did not involve payment to him *in cash,* before the curtain rose, of his wife's fee for each performance. Toward the end I had him paid in five-dollar bills, to make a wad uncomfortably large for him to carry.

We gave Miss Callas treatment no other artist has ever received. She was met at the airport by Francis Robinson and a lawyer (in case process servers were around), escorted to and from her hotel, attended by Robinson at all her interviews. After one of them he came back to my office bursting with the story of one of her replies. A lady reporter had said to her, "Madame Callas, you were born in the United States, you were brought up in Greece, you are now practically an Italian. What language do you think in?" To which Miss Callas replied, "I count in English."



But all of this, like everything I have read, conveys a very wrong impression of the Maria Callas I had come to know during the previous year's meetings and correspondence. What almost everything written about Miss Callas fails to catch is the girlishness, the innocent dependence on others that was so strong a part of her personality when she did not feel she had to be wary. Her letters to me in 1955 and 1956 are full of these moments. "Is New York," she wrote in one of them, "anxious to hear me?" Indeed it was. Her opening night was undoubtedly the most exciting of all such in my time at the Metropolitan. But what with the tension and the heat of a New York Indian summer (we had moved to a twenty-four-week season for the first time since the Depression, and our opening was in October), Miss Callas was not in her best voice for her Metropolitan debut.

Two moments of terror remain in the memory from that first Callas season. The Saturday matinee following her debut she sent word from her dressing room during the overture that she would be unable to go on. I literally ran to her room and found her genuinely ill, with Meneghini and a doctor in solicitous attendance; by the time I got there, I suppose, I looked sicker than she felt, and after a few encouraging words from me she agreed to go on, saving us from what would have been a riot. (It was at the close of this performance that some idiot threw radishes on the stage; fortunately, Miss Callas was so [nearsighted] she thought they were tea roses.) Then, in a *Lucia,* an Italian baritone held a high note beyond the value Donizetti had given it, making Miss Callas, who had sung her part of the duet correctly, look short of breath. She said, "*Basta*!" (which was misinterpreted by the audience in the orchestra rows that heard her); and so did I: I ordered the balance of the baritone's Metropolitan contract canceled. He got on the front page of the newspapers tearing up her picture and then booked space on the plane that was taking her back to Italy. She said, with her typical honesty, "I don't like this man taking advantage of my publicity." During her nine weeks she canceled only one performance, which is at least par for the course in a New York winter.

We agreed by mail (she held the contract ten weeks before signing it, shortening my life) that she would return for the latter part of the 1957–58 season, though not for the tour, adding *Traviata* to the previous season's *Lucia* and *Tosca,* at $1,500 per performance. The previous June—eighteen months ahead of the performance, on the lengthened "lead time" for opera planning—Maria and I had agreed on her 1958–59 season, which was to feature our new production of Verdi's *Macbeth,* plus more Violettas and Toscas. When Miss Callas passed through Idlewild Airport on her way back from Dallas, where Larry Kelly, having broken with Carol Fox and Chicago, was starting a short celebrity opera season, Francis Robinson went out with the contract to get her to sign it, which she wouldn't. Again there was the long interval of worry (spiced on this occasion by a scene in Rome when Miss Callas walked out at the end of the first act, with the President of the Republic in the audience!). But she came to us for February and March of 1958, scored the complete triumph that she had just missed the year before, and signed her contract for 1958–59. This contract included the tour: I simply could not go to our tour cities for a third year and say they would have to do without our most publicized star.

Lady Macbeth is an extremely difficult role, much heavier than Violetta, and Miss Callas was concerned about mixing the two. I did not worry about it too much, because she had mixed Violetta and Medea, just as heavy as Lady Macbeth, in Dallas the year before, and was now returning to Dallas to mix Medea with Lucia, which is even lighter than Violetta. Our schedule, moreover, allowed her no fewer than *eight* days to lighten the voice down from Lady Macbeth to Violetta, and four days after the Violettas to prepare for the next Lady Macbeth. I simply could not believe we had any serious problem, until Miss Callas and her husband passed through New York en route to Dallas in early October and I lunched with them and heard their long list of complaints.

Some of the complaints were entirely valid. The *Lucia* in which Miss Callas had been appearing was one of our oldest and poorest productions still on the boards. *Norma* was scarcely better, in terms of physical production. Our *Traviata* was a new production, but the premiere had been done by Renata Tebaldi. *Macbeth* was to be Miss Callas's first new production at the Metropolitan, and she would have to share the spotlight with Leonard Warren. Moreover, she did not like either Rolf Gérard's sets for *Traviata* (especially the second act) or what remained of Tony Guthrie's direction (which had

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been frustrated from the start by Miss Tebaldi's always pleasant but always firm refusal to do anything other than what she had always done).

I came out of that luncheon meeting knowing that something was very seriously wrong but not knowing what. Some of my associates later came to believe that Miss Callas was afraid of Lady Macbeth, a terrifying role rising to a D-flat, which of course she would have to sing herself (one could not imagine a chorister supplying a high note for Maria Callas). Much of the press later supported her published position that the mix of Violetta and Lady Macbeth was unbearable, though at the lunch all she actually insisted on was a minimum of three days after a Lady Macbeth before a *Traviata,* and I was giving her eight days. I have always felt that the basic dissatisfaction was the tour, on which she would have to sing in many cities off the international publicity circuit, under conditions she knew would be undesirable. At the least, Miss Callas said, she wanted a couple of weeks off to return to Italy between her last appearance in New York and the start of the tour—but I knew perfectly well that once they left the country they would not return for the tour.

In Dallas Miss Callas was *prima donna assoluta* to a degree all but unimaginable in New York—an entire opera company had been built around her. Everyone told her that she should never do anything she didn't wholeheartedly want to do: She was Maria Callas, and the world would have to follow her lead. She wrote me canceling the *Traviatas*, a most remarkable letter, *in Italian*:

. . . You have told me that Tebaldi last season demanded categorically that I should not take over her *Traviata,* because if you did not accede to this request, she threatened not to return to the Metropolitan. You also told me that you replied with great firmness and annoyance to such an absurd request, and that Tebaldi would have to submit to your reasons and decisions.

However, you also told me a few days ago that Tebaldi has refused to sing *Traviata* this year, although she was committed to do so, and that you, for the sake of peace, have accepted this. It is therefore logical that I should not perform this role either, since Tebaldi has dared to impose the above-mentioned cancellation on you; . . .

I want to mention still another matter. Last spring, after my engagement at the Met, we talked about the next season. I said that among the roles you suggested for me I would have liked to add Butterfly. Why did you not do it?

The fact is: You assured me that you would do it. It is perhaps because my Butterfly disturbed Signorina Tebaldi, who —although (it is true) in a grave moment —left you completely in the lurch last season, and is it perhaps possible that she has once again imposed on you, as in the case of *Traviata*? . . .

The "grave moment" of the letter was the death of Miss Tebaldi's mother, who had been her constant companion on all her travels throughout her career. Nothing else in the letter made any sense at all. I replied, "Frankly, knowing and admiring you as I do, I cannot for the life of me see why an artist of your stature should be guided in any of her decisions by whatever another artist might or might not do. I feel your refusal to do *Traviata* to be unnecessary and deliberate unfriendliness which I deeply regret; but if you insist on it I will accept it." Instead, I offered to substitute *Lucia,* which she was alternating with *Medea* in Dallas; but I added regretfully that "your letter . . . sounds more the Maria Callas of whom I have been warned than the Maria Callas I know, like and respect. . . ."

Miss Callas was displeased ("the most stupefying is that you do not recall what you told me clearly regarding the request of Signorina Tebaldi in connection with my taking on *Traviata*"). Our season was beginning (Miss Tebaldi did an opening-night *Tosca,* which probably did not help our bargaining position); we had to know Maria's plans. "I cannot," she wrote, "put myself at the disposal of the Metropolitan for the old standard routine." On November 6 I sent her a telegram demanding an immediate confirmation of her acceptance of the three *Lucias* instead of the three *Traviatas* called for in her contract. On November 7 the newspapers carried banner headlines: BING FIRES CALLAS! She gave a number of interviews: "Those lousy *Traviatas* that he wanted me to do—they're lousy, really lousy." I gave a few interviews myself: "Madame Callas is constitutionally unable to fit into any organization not tailored to her own personality." It was all very unfortunate.

I engaged Leonie Rysanek to make her debut at the Metropolitan in the *Macbeth* Miss Callas had abandoned (our most expensive production to that date, by the way; the first to break the $100,000 barrier). It was an impossible assignment even for a great artist. For the only time in my career I interfered with public behavior at a performance: I hired a *claqueur* to station himself near the front of the house and at the moment of Miss Rysanek's entrance to call into the auditorium, at an angle that would minimize the chance of her hearing it, the words "*Brava,* Callas!" I counted on the American's love for the underdog to resent this intervention and to balance the scales a little for Miss Rysanek—who did indeed rise to the occasion with a splendid performance, the first of many, in many roles, the Metropolitan would receive from her.

Finally, in 1968 a feud ended as Bing knocked at a dressing-room door and announced, "Renata, I have an old friend here to see you."

For a long time Miss Callas and I were at daggers drawn. Once I was in Milan when she was scheduled to do a *Traviata,* and she actually canceled the performance for fear I would be in the audience. I was admitted to a recording session, hidden high in a balcony, threatened with being thrown off it if I came far enough forward for anyone to have the slightest chance of seeing I was there. But gradually these fires, like others, ran out of fuel, and after she had discarded Meneghini we became friends again. The French artist's agent Michel Glotz reintroduced us at a lovely lunch at the Pré Catalan Restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne; Onassis came by for coffee. Even the feud between Callas and Tebaldi ended in New York in 1968, when Renata sang an opening-night *Adriana Lecouvreur,* and Maria was a guest in my box. At the end I asked Maria if she would like to go backstage. She nodded, and I knocked at the door of Tebaldi's dressing room: "Renata, I have an old friend here to see you." Miss Tebaldi opened the door, and the two sopranos fell into each other's arms, crying.

Miss Callas returned to the Metropolitan for two performances of *Tosca* in 1964–65. She did not sing well, but it made no difference whatever. Never had there been such a *Tosca.* Nearly everything she ever did spoiled that opera for me; I never fully enjoyed

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any other artist in one of her roles after she did it. Just the line of her arm when she struck the gong in *Norma*. What volumes it spoke! A few motions of her hand did more to establish a character and an emotion than whole acts of earnest acting by other singers. She and Herbert von Karajan were the complete artists of my time at the Metropolitan, and I can criticize myself most effectively by complaining how few performances we had from either—from Callas, only twenty-one altogether, seven of Lucia, six each of Norma and Tosca, two of Violetta.

Yet the fact remains that I could not have yielded to her urgently expressed whims and continued to keep the Metropolitan going as an artistic enterprise. When the photographs of our contract signing in Chicago appeared in the papers, I had to badger my press department to place pictures of my signing Miss Tebaldi and Miss Milanov, neither being exactly a news event. Any special favor extended to her (even an escort from rehearsals to lunch, to protect her from process servers—del Monaco instantly demanded the same escort for himself) would have required equal favors to others who were almost as indispensable as she was, beyond the point where I could have held the company together.

I don't think I have been vain in my relations with singers. I made a ritual of getting thankfully on my knees on the annual occasion of Birgit Nilsson's return to the house. (After I was knighted in 1971, she commented, "You do that much better since you practiced it for the Queen.") I permitted Joan Sutherland to dictate her husband as conductor and allowed Renata Tebaldi to force us into a production of *Adriana Lecouvreur*, an opera I detested. (Miss Tebaldi was always very sweet and very firm; I used to say she had dimples of iron.) I cannot describe the combination of blandishment and threat I had to use on Franco Corelli after his debut at the house, which unfortunately occurred on the same evening as Leontyne Price's debut, which meant that the press paid virtually no attention to him. "I don't want to sing with that soprano again," he said the next day at my office, but he stayed more than ten years, giving us one wonderful performance after another, while I and my staff serviced his every need.

But there comes a place where a concession is not part of compromise and negotiation but a sign of subservience; and any management that allows itself to be bullied into that place can no longer command the respect or the best work of artists in the house. Meneghini and Miss Callas had pushed me to the edge of that place; in the interests of the Metropolitan I could go no further. □

CALLAS REMEMBERS BING

Which Was the Prima Donna?

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Rudolf Bing's attitude toward Maria Callas was, from the start, curiously ambivalent. As an instance, his comment: "As an illustration of how little was known about Maria Callas in New York in 1950, I ended my letter by asking her nationality."

What Bing really was saying is, "How little I knew about Maria Callas in 1950!" Had he made the proper inquiries, he would have discovered not only that Miss Callas was New York-born but that she had auditioned for the Met several years before and been offered a contract by Edward Johnson, his predecessor as general manager. Johnson was looking for a Leonore to sing in an English version of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, which Miss Callas, fresh from wartime Greece in 1946, did not consider suitable for a debut.

Of the offers by Bing to Bonard, or others, Miss Callas said recently by telephone from Paris, where she is preparing a production of Verdi's *Vespri Siciliani* for the reopening of the Teatro Regio in Turin: "I never heard of these offers. I was never represented by an agent. As for suggesting I sing for two hundred dollars at the Met, . . . that's a laugh." Miss Callas continued: "Bing says that in 1951 'she has still a lot to learn before she can be a star at the Met.' Like hell! After I sang *Vespri Siciliani* in Florence, with Kleiber conducting, I didn't need the precious ambience of his Met!"

Even a few years later when, as Bing writes, "it became urgent for the Metropolitan to have her," there was no dynamic effort on his part to bring this about. Instead of responding to his suggestions for her to sing in *Traviata* or *Aïda* or *Gioconda* or *Andrea Chénier* —chestnuts all—Bing states, "Miss Callas signed to sing at the Chicago Lyric Opera, both in 1954 and in 1955, for very much more money than we were prepared to offer her." He does not mention that it was as Norma in Bellini's masterpiece that she initiated the all-important opening season of the Chicago Lyric [see *SR*, Nov. 14, 1954].

Nevertheless and despite all, it was the Callas debut at the Metropolitan (in October 1956) that really launched her in America—New York does have that connotation. Now she became the subject for a cover on *Time*, in which she was described as saying to her mother's pleas for financial assistance, "She can go to work, she is young enough"—a remark, she vehemently denies to this day. "If I was 'not in my best form' for the Metropolitan debut," Miss Callas remarked from Paris a few days ago, "I might mention that one of Mr. Bing's associates delivered this copy of *Time* to me the day before. He said I should know about it before it reached the newstands. It would have been better if he had protected my state of mind by not showing it to me at all before the debut."

As for the explosive circumstances of Lady Macbeth and the "Bing Fires Callas" promotion, the motivations on one side are as devious as on the other. Miss Callas acknowledges she was not keen about the tour, but she doesn't say she wouldn't have done it. The implications in the Bing text that, when Callas became difficult, he "engaged Leonie Rysanek to make her debut at the Metropolitan in the *Macbeth* Miss Callas had abandoned" are at the least misleading. My recollection—not based wholly on supposition—is that not until Bing had Rysanek firmly in hand did he send his telegram demanding Callas's "immediate confirmation" of the revised arrangements.

The telegram, which Miss Callas regards as an ultimatum, contained a time deadline of 10 a.m. in New York, which was obviously impracticable for a singer opening that night in Dallas. Says Miss Callas: "Bing could be very charming when he wanted to be, but he could also treat singers like machines. It was part of his German attitude that they do this, do that, as if they were laborers in a concentration camp. Ask us, yes . . . command us, no. Others had the same feeling. I always thought he selected me to discipline just to make an example for others."

Finally, there is the incredible tale of Bing's claque-counterclaque machination at the Rysanek debut. Asked what she thought of a general manager paying somebody to scream "*Brava*, Callas" at the end of another singer's aria, Miss Callas remarked: "I never heard of such a thing, anyplace, anytime. I told you months ago he had confessed this to me and friends when we met at a social occasion in Europe several years ago. But to put it into a book—that has to be some form of bravado, don't you think?" If "bravado" is a synonym for character assassination—I think.

Stripping the verbiage from all sides of the story, it is clear that Bing's contention, "I could not have yielded to her urgently expressed whims and continued to keep the Metropolitan going as an artistic enterprise," is a paraphrase for his belief that the Met had room, in Bing's time, for only one *prima donna assoluta*, the general manager himself. □

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THE ATTIC OF THE IMAGINATION

Who would have guessed that the most daring *avant garde* artists in the country are hoarding the sort of stuff that only little old ladies usually collect?

As a child I lived in a flea market. My father is a manic collector of everything. He gathers and keeps whatever enters the house: the string that binds the mail, carefully unknotted and put in a pile by the side of the bed, the myriad droppings presented to him by admirers and friends. All these gifts—live goats, chocolate candies, Arabian slippers, a Lincoln convertible car, eighty doves, hats, rubber horror masks—found their way into one collection or another. These collections looked rather like heaps of dust since nobody was allowed to touch or move anything. Only my father knew their secret organization. If one mentioned the smallest gift, he could find it immediately in one of the thirty rooms of the house. My sister, Paloma, developed a great science, comparable to that of an archeologist, for recovering lost pieces of the tremendously valuable collection of candies. I often wondered that anybody was ever allowed to even leave the house.

One reason my father kept his junk yard organized was to have available props for late-night pranks, but his main reason was to make things easy to find if his fancy should suddenly strike him to transform one of the presents into part of a sculpture.

Claude Picasso is a French photographer and writer whose work has appeared in many magazines, here and abroad, from Paris Match *to* Rolling Stone. *He is currently becoming involved in writing and directing films.*

A few boxes of candies from Aix-en-Provence went that way. My own two toy cars, which I had dutifully destroyed, mysteriously reappeared as the head of the mother ape in *Baboon and Young*, which is now in the Museum of Modern Art.

When I was very young, we visited Matisse often. Matisse collected African art. I remarked to my father once after we had left that Matisse's paintings were very much like his home, pointing out that here, I thought, was a "real painter," which infuriated my father.

A good artist's work usually becomes known, but, unless he is tremendously famous, the atmosphere in which he creates is less known. Both my parents being artists, I was born into that atmosphere. To this day I like to go to an artist's home and discover what he collects and what relationship it has with his art, if any.

Five years ago I came to New York. I met many artists and found out that they collected one another's work as most European artists do, but that some American artists collected such things as cookie jars, Sandwich glass, quilts, cactus, Tiffany glass—things that are not considered ART. I noticed then that American artists collect Americana. An introspective mood in the early Sixties caused American artists to start searching for traces of their art history as Americans. The traditional indigenous art in America has been folk art. It mothered Pop Art, America's most striking departure from the line of painting considered to be of European inspiration.

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLAUDE PICASSO

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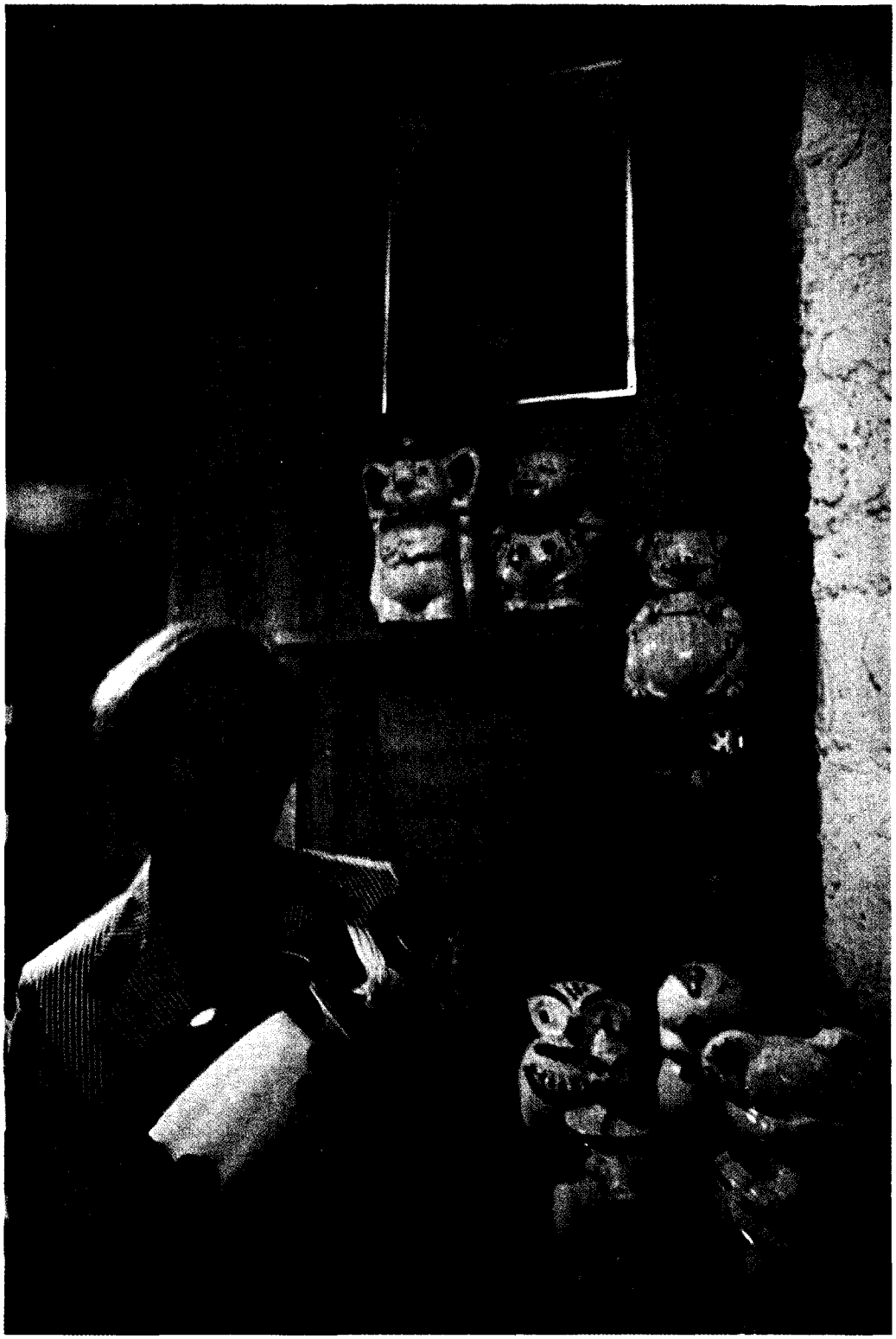
Title: Marilyn Monroe Series



With this in mind, I asked **Andy Warhol** why he collects cookie jars. Andy whispered back, hiding a naughty-little-boy's smile, "They're time pieces." He bought many of his cookie jars in a Manhattan shop called "Pieces of Time," which specializes in the simple, down-home household goods of the Thirties and Forties that are Andy's current passion. When I asked to photograph him with some of his jars, he decided he would rather be seen in the shop than at home. So with a cookie jar under each arm, Andy, three or four of Andy's assistants, and I marched from his famous "Factory" studio to "Pieces of Time" in a bizarre, *a cappella* parade. And there he is with one of his favorites.

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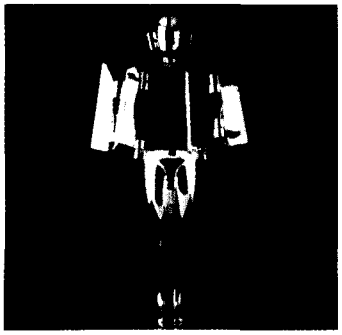

Title: FM/Study
Courtesy: The Pace Gallery

Then I went to the center of America, St. Louis, Missouri, where I found **Ernest Trova** preparing to create a series of eight paintings, to be called *Time Capsules,* that will incorporate many examples from his wide collection of Mickey Mouse, Felix the Cat, and Louis Armstrong memorabilia and of premiums from the radio shows of the Thirties and Forties. Trova showed me a sculpture he had made, a hand gun *á la* Buck Rogers that substitutes, in place of the barrel, a small version of his famous figure of an armless, featureless, falling man.

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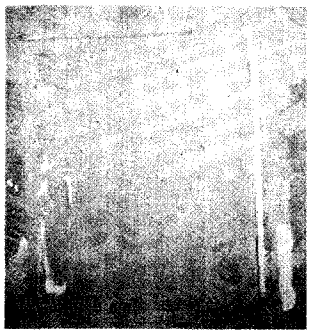
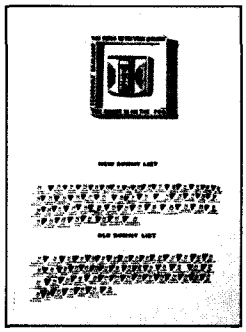
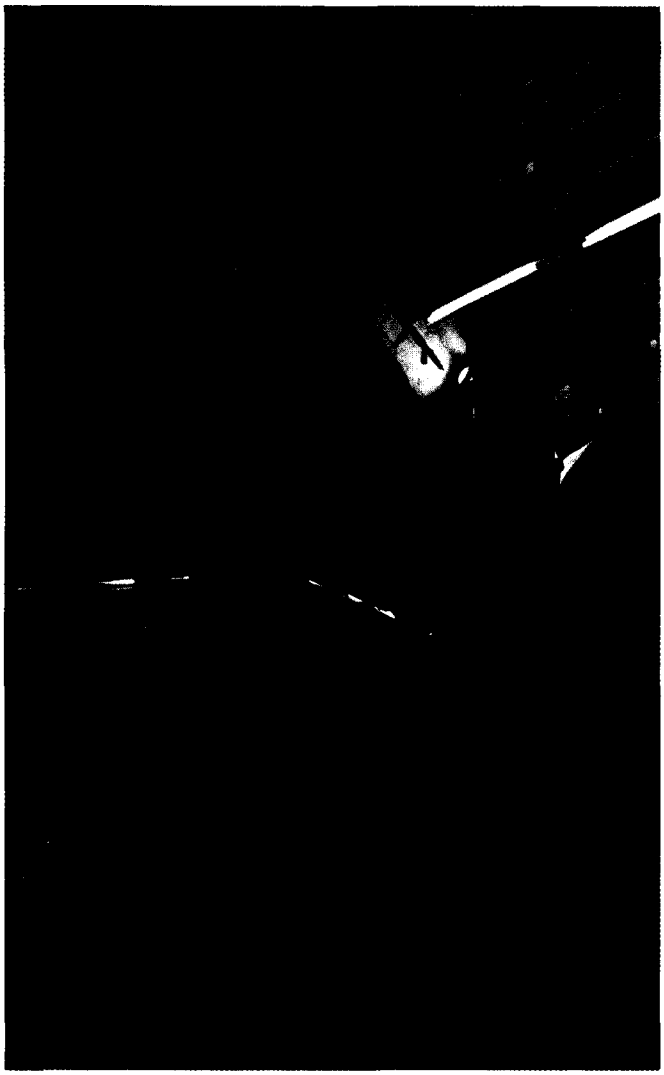


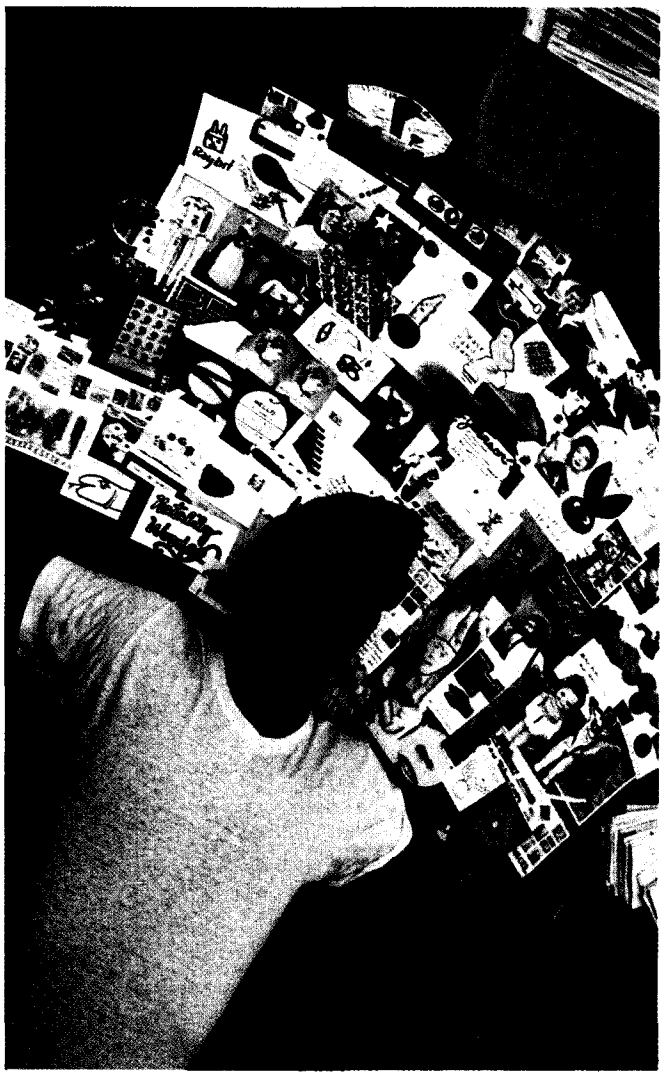
Title: Manganese #2
Courtesy: Lawrence Rubin Gallery



Title: New Bunny List
Courtesy: Tony Curtis Collection



Walter Darby Bannard uses rollers and squeegees to obtain the infinitely delicate and translucent texture of his paintings. It is fascinating to walk from his studio to the living area of his Princeton, New Jersey, home and note the contrast in size between his huge canvases and the minutely carved whalebone, called scrimshaw—a craft developed by American sailors away from their beloveds on long whaling expeditions—that he collects. Household goods of scrimshaw, such as embossed knitting needles, yarn-ball winders, and secret boxes, as well as an enormous collection of harpoons and other whaling memorabilia, are carefully mounted on the walls and in glass cases in a most precise and museum like manner.



For years I received in the mail trash promotional material. Starting three years ago, though, I would every so often get an envelope filled with coupons and other teasers, some of them slightly altered by a rubber stamp or a little rabbit. They were sent by collagist **Ray Johnson.** Somehow I had become a member of the "New York Corraspondence School." I visited his home the other day to find out that the Corraspondence School is an *art form*: "The mail comes in and out of here," Ray Johnson explained. "Viva Superstar sends me her cardboard cylinders from toilet paper rolls, and I put them in empty Brillo boxes, six rolls to one box, and send them to Richard Bernstein. I've taken two waste products and recycled them into a gift. I feel connected to everything in the world in this way."

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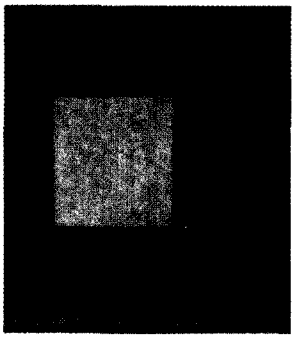
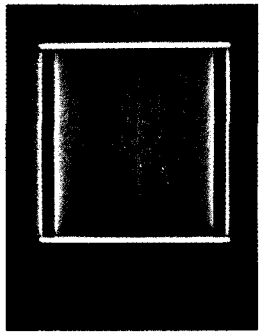
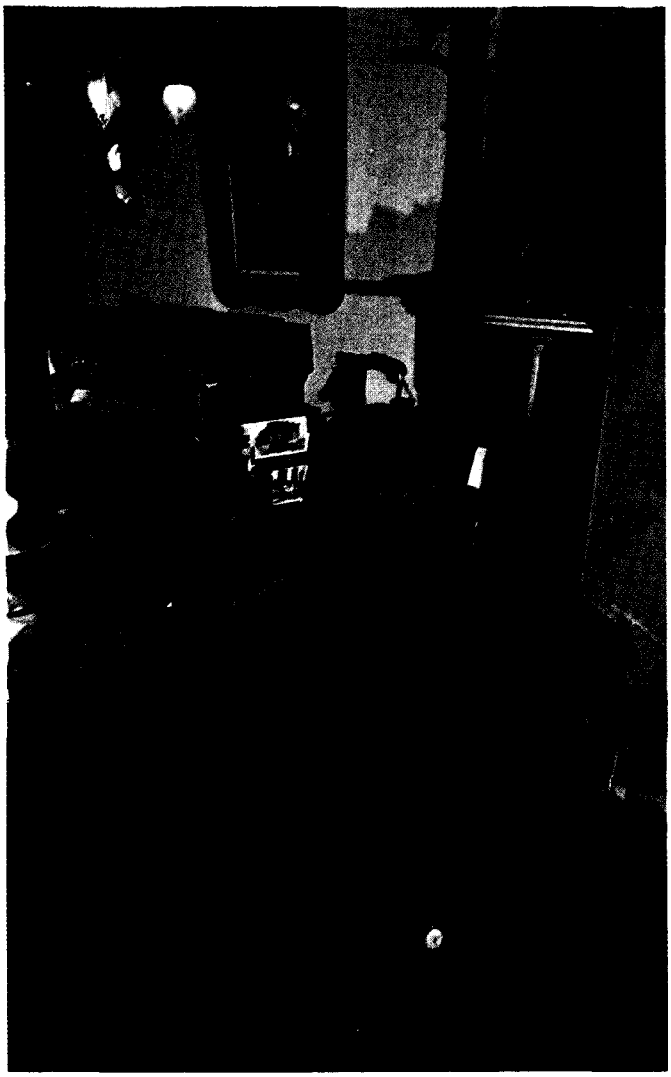


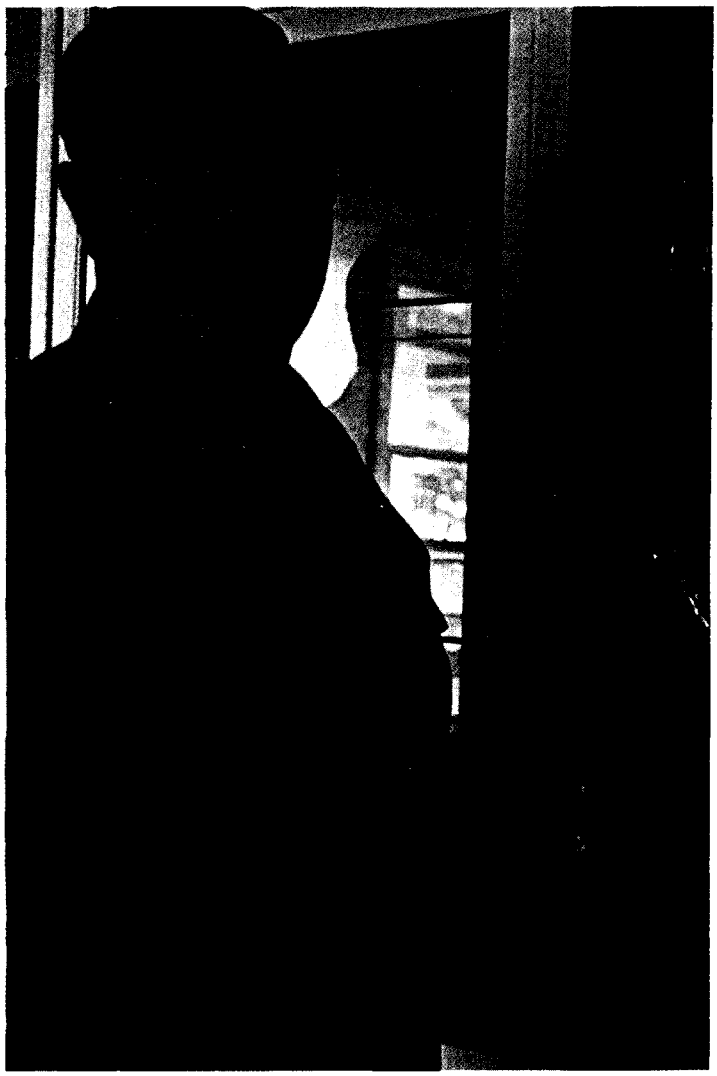
Title: Pink Sun-Box
Courtesy: Marlborough Gallery, Inc., N. Y.



Title: Untitled (To Donna)
Courtesy: Leo Castelli Gallery



When I tried to open a window in **Theodoros Stamos**'s New York town house one blistering August day, this swarthy, Zorba-like painter objected with an almost mystical horror. It was then that I began to realize how eccentric and ambiguous Stamos is. His home, filled with the Tiffany glass he admired in the houses of rich people when he was the child of poor Greek emigrants, has a rococo quality that seems to contradict the asceticism of his paintings. In the early Fifties Stamos was one of the masters of the then emerging "New York School" and has been influential in the Abstract Expressionist movement.



It is as "temporary custodian of a little bit of history" that **Dan Flavin** keeps his museum-worthy collection of Sandwich and American pressed glass packed in boxes at his home in New York State's Hudson Valley. This same sense of history is perhaps a motivating force behind his art: Flavin creates a lighted space with conventional fluorescent tubes arranged in a pattern. Sometimes colored, often white, their glow is reflected in nearby surfaces. It has been remarked that, when Flavin's work isn't being displayed, it doesn't exist. At home he does not use fluorescent lighting on his collection of glass, which is a favorite of the curators of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, where it has been exhibited.

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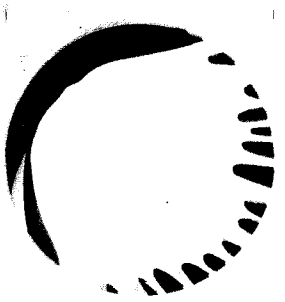
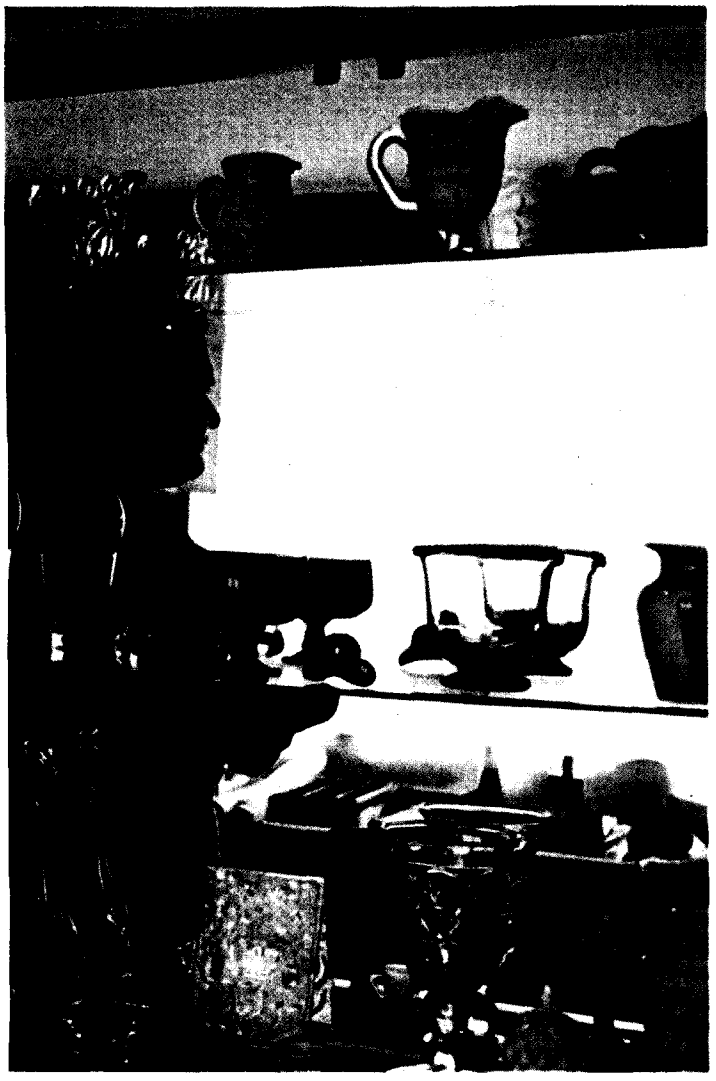


Title: Roundabout
Courtesy: The Pace Gallery



In a house filled with quilts, lost in the middle of potato fields on Long Island, the painter **Jack Youngerman** spends his summers. He started collecting quilts on a trip to his home in Kentucky because he felt a kinship between them and his work that, I must say, is not obvious. His paintings are not as geometric and do not have such definitive patterns as quilts. They are more lyrical, dealing with form and shape, as illustrated by the tapestry—copied from one of his drawings—at the top left of the photograph. □

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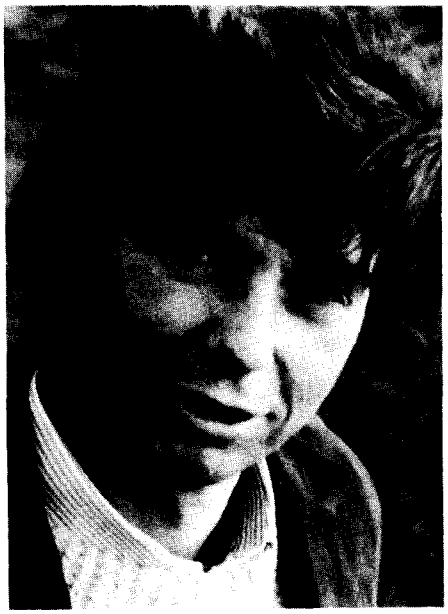
Let Them Eat Wonderbread

Politicians are mass-producing mediocre verbiage, "porous and tasteless" as cheap bread. But if they chose words as poets do, insists a young curmudgeon, they would at least stop lying to us.

BY PETER KLAPPERT

Politics has become our new national sport, complete with major and minor leagues, league standings, coaches, managers, and pinch hitters. Poetry, on the other hand, can hardly be called a popular art. In spite of the basic differences, a close relationship exists between the two professions. Poetry and the other verbal arts can, in fact, act as a corrective for political abuses.



Peter Klappert is currently Briggs-Copeland Lecturer on English at Harvard University. His book Lugging Vegetables to Nantucket *(published this year and now in its third printing) was the 1970 winner in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. This article is adapted from a commencement speech given by the author this past summer at New College in Sarasota, Florida.*

I will want to come back to this point, but first I want to suggest a few ways in which the two fields stand opposed to each other.

Politicians are pragmatists. They deal with specific events in the outer world, with this harvest or that economic crisis, this war or the next war. Their concerns tend to be short-term and topical—as we know all too well—and, although we *want* them to deal with specifics, from past experience we *expect* them to talk in generalities. More astonishingly, we expect politicians to distort facts, misrepresent their true intentions and beliefs, and, in short, lie to us. In the last few years political language has become so imprecise that we are left with what Robert Penn Warren calls "imaginary solutions to imaginary problems of imaginary people."

Poets, on the other hand, are idealists, or Edenists—or, as someone has put it, disillusioned Edenists. They are notoriously impractical, since "poetry makes nothing happen." Like politicians, poets deal in specifics, but they do so in order to shed light on the human condition in general. That is, whereas the politician is expected to use generalities to talk about specific events, poets use specific events to discover and express larger truths. Poetry talks about the inner man in the outer world and, doing so, helps us to see what is—what might be.

Does this argument begin to sound rigged? Well, I'm a poet. And poets, like all creative writers, are also, in a sense, liars: They frequently present fictional situations as if they were real. The characters and events in a novel may not be based on anything that actually happened, and similarly the details in a poem may be "made up." None of this really makes much difference, in art, as long as the novel or poem tells us something true—something that "rings true"—about human experience. The truth in poetry is not factual truth but a truth of being and feeling. Carrying the point further, I would say it does not matter how good a poet is technically: If he is not honest in his poems, he is nothing.

The poet Ezra Pound made some terrible mistakes during World War II, but no one, I think, has accused him of deliberately misrepresenting his beliefs. I would like to quote from his essay "The Serious Artist," written in 1913:

> Bad art is inaccurate art. It is art that makes false reports. If a scientist falsifies a report either deliberately or through negligence we consider him as either a criminal or a bad scientist according to the enormity of his offense, and he is punished or despised accordingly . . . .
>
> If an artist falsifies his report as to the nature of man, as to his own nature, as to the nature of his ideal of the perfect, as to the nature of his ideal of this, that or the other, of god, if god exists, of the life force, of the nature of good and evil, if good and evil exist, of the force with which he believes or disbelieves this, that or the other, of the degree in which he suffers or is made glad; if the artist falsifies his reports on these matters or on any other matter in order that he may conform to the taste of his time, to the proprieties of a sovereign, to the conveniences of a preconceived code of ethics, then that artist lies. If he lies out of deliberate will to lie, if he lies out of carelessness, out of laziness, out of cowardice, out of any sort of negligence whatsoever, he nevertheless lies and he should be punished or despised in proportion to the seriousness of his offense.

This is pretty strong stuff, and I realize that it may even sound self-righteous. I am *not* suggesting we apply these standards to politicians—or, for that matter, that politicians speak in poetry. I *am* suggesting that we need to demand more honesty, and specifically more honesty of language, from the people who purport to represent us.

There is a distinction to be made here between what we want and what we expect. We *want and expect* a poet to be honest; if he is not honest, he is a bad poet. We *want* a politician to be honest, but we do not expect him to be; as a matter of fact, a "good" politician is a "successful" politician, and success in politics seems to depend increasingly on the ability to deceive.

This brings us to the relationship between truth and precision of language and to the way in which poetry can act as a check on politics.

One of the things that distinguishes poetry from other kinds of discourse is that poetry uses all the resources of language—denotation and connotation, word sound, rhythm, multiple meaning, etymology—the whole shebang. Of all the verbal arts poetry is most often credited with keeping language fresh, accurate, energized. In a very real sense the test of a poet's sincerity is the commitment he has to his medium: words. Words are not simply a means;

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they are in themselves—in their heft, feel, plunge, resonance, shape, aerodynamics—part of the end.

In politics, however, words are simply a means to an end, and it appears that the end frequently justifies any means whatsoever. For this reason political satire is almost always satire of language. To take a recent example, Philip Roth's *Our Gang* was prompted by Richard Nixon's statement that he could not square abortion with his "personal belief in the sanctity of human life—including the life of the yet unborn." Nixon made that statement the same day he announced he would "review" the conviction of Lieutenant Calley. Roth's satire, in turn, is written entirely in the form of speeches, transcripts, interviews, and news broadcasts—all of which are double-talk.

We have not yet reached 1984; that is, we have not yet reached a state of "doublethink." Nevertheless, George Orwell's warnings are relevant today. In 1946, in his essay "Politics and the English Language," Orwell observed:

> One ought to recognize that the present political chaos is connected with the decay of language, and that one can probably bring about some improvement by starting at the verbal end. . . . Political language—and with variations this is true of all political parties, from Conservatives to Anarchists—is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind.

I do not think we have made any improvement since 1946, and a recent University of Connecticut study, in which a consensus of 400 people found politicians less "truthful" than TV repairmen (but more truthful than used-car salesmen), suggests that I am not alone in this belief.

The striking exception for some has been George McGovern. Surely his campaign, with its emphasis on candor, has been made possible by a widespread distrust of all office seekers. Ironically, a kind of double standard has resulted: Commentators are quick to criticize McGovern's apparent wafflings while they ignore the studied vagueness of the "pros." Consequently, one of McGovern's strengths in the primaries, his willingness to explain the issues, has been turned to his own disadvantage. This double standard was already operating in the Humphrey-McGovern debates when, as Mary McCarthy has noted:

> McGovern's modest efforts to formulate clear positions on a few issues were joyously seized on by Humphrey in the spirit of a political blackmailer who has in his hands statements tending to compromise his opponent with large blocs of voters. Humphrey's strategy was not to argue the validity of those positions but simply to challenge McGovern with the fact of having embraced them.

Only a few months later we find McGovern charged with having altered his positions over the years as if modifying a stand is, in itself, hypocritical.

At the same time, long-term McGovernites fear their candidate will stop trying to educate the public on the issues and will retreat to "moderate" (i.e., undefined) programs and slick, speech-writers' formulas. As I write, the evidence is not yet in. McGovern's notorious "one thousand per cent" and his contradictory statements on Pierre Salinger's trip to Paris suggest—to me, at least—a disturbing tendency to confuse candor with the strong, immediate response to reporters. They do not suggest willful deceit, and they do not compare with Lyndon Johnson's calculated misrepresentations in 1964 or Richard Nixon's "secret plan" for ending the war, in 1968. On the other hand, for all his directness, McGovern has never been a colorful speaker, and the slogan making in his recent speeches sounds unlike the man I heard debate Sen. Jacob Javits in the mid-Sixties.

McGovernites may find themselves disappointed by their candidate, but they would be naïve to be both disappointed and surprised. Professional politics, as it is euphemistically called, seems to rely more and more on the imprecise use of language. This is not a matter of negligence and ineptitude; it is a matter of calculation and skill. The advertising geniuses, who play a central role in our system, know all the tricks of language a poet knows, as do the various ghost writers and press secretaries. No one has suggested they are producing art, except perhaps the debased art Ezra Pound describes, though they are certainly producing a debased democracy. Moreover, the various media multiply the problem—whether through objective reporting, economic necessity, or willing complicity. And yet, when Spiro Agnew criticizes the media, he does so for all the wrong reasons.

I cannot believe that my claims are controversial, but let me make an attempt to document them. There are, of course, all the old propaganda techniques: name calling, glittering generalities, transfers, testimonials, card stacking, plain-folks syrup, and the bandwagon approaches (now called "gathering momentum"). The most popular technique seems to be "generalization," the indiscriminate use of words that mean little or nothing and that can stand for almost anything (words and phrases like "concern," "circumstance," "vital interest," "real meaning," "epoch-making," "historic," "unforgettable," "age-old," "inevitable," "realistic," "patriotic," "democratic," "socialist," "Communist," "fascist," "self-determination," "freedom," and "justice"). The meanings of these words must be determined by context, but their contexts are generally designed to keep them meaningless.

Politicians are afraid of the phrase or image that is too vivid: It's likely to backfire. Curtis Lemay no doubt thought he was using a figure of speech when he talked about bombing North Vietnam "back into the Stone Age." But he inadvertently touched some deep American guilt, and most of us took him quite literally. In general, however, politicians have been successful in refining away expressions that might disturb a squeamish voter. Vietnam alone provides a whole dictionary of such refinements, many of which have been pointed out by George W. Ashworth in the *Christian Science Monitor* and Frances FitzGerald in *The New Yorker*:

Hamburger Hill became *Hill 937*
maximum pressure became *protective reaction*
free-fire zones became *pre-cleared fire-zones*
naval ambushes became *water-borne guard posts*
bombing became *armed reconnaissance*
search-and-destroy operations became first *search-and-clear missions,* later *reconnaissance in force.*

Have you heard of *napalm* lately? No, but you may have heard of *selective ordnance*—though, how napalm is "selective" I do not know.

The CIA does not *murder;* it *terminates with extreme prejudice.* The *Communists* destroy *houses* while the Allies destroy *structures. Communists* live in *infested areas,* which must be *sanitized* by *relocating* the *noncombatants* in *strategic hamlets.*

Given such terminology, one can only wonder in what sense Richard Nixon claims he is "ending the war." Or what Secretary of War—excuse me, I mean Secretary of *Defense*—Laird means by "astonishingly" and "successful" when he asserts that "Vietnamization has been astonishingly successful." "Vietnamization," by the way, was a word outlawed by President Thieu because it suggested that "this war has been directed by the Americans and is just turned over to the Vietnamese people's care."

I could continue listing examples, from all areas of political discourse, for many pages. But if I do, we will not have room for the "lift of spirit" that, I've been told, is what "this nation needs above all." Furthermore, I would probably be giving "aid and comfort to the enemy," and—if you found yourself "in agreement" with me—we could all be charged with "conspiracy."

How, then, can the verbal arts act as a check on political abuses? And, particularly, how can poetry, which I've admitted is not a popular art, counteract such a massive degeneration of lan-

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"I am not suggesting we read poetry to choose the next President; but we need more of poetry's vision and precision in our political life."

guage? Certainly poetry is not about to rival the primaries on the Neilson Ratings. For the past fifteen to twenty years, however, poetry *has* been enjoying a small boom. Increased college education, the use of some media techniques, and the general availability of publishing equipment have played their parts. More importantly, however, poetry itself has become more accessible and more topical.

Contemporary poetry is too explosively diverse for easy generalization, but perhaps a few trends can be noted here. For one thing, poetry has lost its fear of social commitment. Under the tyranny of the New Criticism, which extended from the Thirties well into the Fifties, the poem was seen as a self-contained, coherent verbal object, essentially detachable from the biography of the writer and his historical situation. For all its virtues, the New Criticism turned poetry away from its possible landscapes toward an increasingly timid corner. The change from what Philip Levine calls "Those twitch-nosed/academic pants-pisser poets/of the 50's" came in many ways and from many quarters.

It came from the San Francisco poets and the hysterical energies released by Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* and from the Black Mountain poets with their interests in perception and qualities of voice. These movements brought new interest to the work of William Carlos Williams, who had long sought the peculiarly American (as opposed to British) language and speech rhythms to deal with plain American things. At almost the same time the well-respected but "academic" Robert Lowell helped inaugurate "confessional" poetry by publishing *Life Studies*. Other poets began the reinvention of surrealism, or started mining foreign literatures. All of which, fed into and fed by the turmoil of the Sixties, has led to a great poetry upheaval. The often bitter fruit of this new ground has been wide experimentation, an unprecedented interest in poetries previously ignored—the unique visions of women, blacks, American Indians, people in prison—and a voluminous poetry of social commitment.

"A good cause is no excuse for a bad poem" is a truism—and a cliché with which many poets are no longer content. In the 1960s such poets as Robert Bly, Galway Kinnell, and Denise Levertov organized "Read-ins for Peace"; these, and Walter Lowenfels's anthology *Where Is Vietnam: American Poets Respond*, demonstrated how entirely possible it is to write a *good* poem on a good cause. This is not to say that all or even the best writers are poets of social conscience but only that our conscience is one of the "real" things poetry puts us in touch with. "The disease of our time," Robert Penn Warren has written, "is the sense of being cut off from reality. Man feels that a screen has descended between him and nature, between him and other men, between him and the self." The sheer number of people reading and writing poetry suggests a profound desire to "get back in touch."

There are good arguments that this quantitative increase has caused a qualitative decrease. The title of this article was suggested by the observation, in the same week, by Alfred Harbage and Alan Pryce-Jones, two critics writing on opposite sides of the Atlantic, that American writing is becoming like American bread—porous, tasteless, and mass-distributed. I agree with these men that we are swamped in mediocre verbiage. Moreover, highly emotional issues are especially likely to put across poems that, at a few months' or years' distance, seem thoroughly second-rate. But there *is* also a quantity of first-rate writing around, writing that fulfills the goals I cited earlier.

I would like to end with two such poems. One deals directly with the pity of war, for, as Wilfred Owen wrote, "The Poetry is in the pity." The other deals satirically with the last administration's vocabulary. Both can be set against specific remarks by politicians.

Randall Jarrell's poem "The Truth" came back to me as I listened to Richard Nixon's May 28 speech to the Russian people. He spoke at length about Tanya Savichev, a heroine who is to Russians what Anne Frank is to Americans:

> Yesterday I laid a wreath at the cemetery which commemorates the brave people who died during the siege of Leningrad. . . . At the cemetery I saw the picture of a twelve-year-old girl. She was a beautiful child. Her name was Tanya. The pages of her diary tell the terrible story of war. . . . [Nixon paraphrased the diary.] Let us do all we can to ensure that no other children will have to endure what Tanya did and that your children and ours and all the children of the world can live their full lives together in friendship and peace.

One need hardly point out the crude sentimentality or belabor the hypocrisy of such a statement. Granted, there was much killing in the world that day that was not Mr. Nixon's fault; but, as he spoke, his air force was making new orphans. As a Russian woman remarked, "Even my children said, 'If he's talking about peace, why doesn't he say something about Vietnam?' " Moreover, Nixon, who has said, I'm told, "Politics is poetry," carefully avoided any description of what Tanya actually endured.

Jarrell's poem is spoken by an English child about five years after he has lost most of his family in World War II. With few changes it might be spoken by a Vietnamese. The boy in the poem is fairly confused about what has happened, and he thinks war is the permanent condition of mankind, but he is more in touch with "the truth" than many of our officials are.

The second poem is by George Starbuck and is called "Dear Fellow Teacher." It is a funny, angry poem, at a remote pole from Jarrell's "The Truth." The poem is a response to a statement by Lyndon Johnson cited in the first line.

Unlike politicians, poets are not obliged to offer "solutions," although poets deal with much more than just esthetic problems. Poems do not offer programs, they offer insights; they do not alter events, they are events. In the highest sense I think poetry strives to engage the whole being, and when the whole being is so alerted, it will not settle for dehumanized jargon and rhetorical puffery.

Speaking only for myself, I confess a strong inclination to disbelieve all solutions, since they are usually offered by people who have, at best, a poor understanding of the problems. Our understanding can be no better than our language. I am not suggesting that we read poetry in order to choose the next President but simply that we need more of poetry's vision and precision in our political life. We need to cut through the word-paint and, as a poet has said, "get down where our obsessions are." Because the only political problems are human problems. . . .

And finally, my friends and fellow Americans, let me say this. I know that none of you are nervous snobs or effete Nellies; and you know that the protagonists, the pretentious polyps, the prestigious prestidigitators, the Princetonians, the prefects, the polyandrous platypuses, and the Patagonians have been cutting into the very muscle and fibrous tumors of our defense mechanisms. Therefore, remember the spirit of Vienna, the spirit of Glassboro, the spirit of Moscow, the Spirit of St. Louis, *the spirit of Seventy-Six, and the spirit of Christmas Past. Ask not what you can do to your country, but what your country is doing to you. What this nation needs above all is a lift of the spirit, the lift of a driving dream, and a good mouthwash.* □

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THE TRUTH

When I was four my father went to Scotland.
They *said* he went to Scotland.

When I woke up I think I thought that I was dreaming—
I was so little then that I thought dreams
Are in the room with you, like the cinema.
That's why you don't dream when it's still light—
They pull the shades down when it is, so you can sleep.
I thought that then, but that's not right.
Really it's in your head.

And it was light then—light at *night*.
I heard Stalky bark outside.
But really it was Mother crying—
She coughed so hard she cried.
She kept shaking Sister,
She shook her and shook her.
I thought Sister had had her nightmare.
But he wasn't barking, he had died.
There was dirt all over Sister.
It was all streaks, like mud. I cried.
She didn't, but she was older.
I thought she didn't
Because she was older, I thought Stalky had just gone.
I got *everything* wrong.
I didn't get one single thing right.
It seems to me that I'd have thought
It didn't happen, like a dream,
Except that it was light. At night.

They burnt our house down, they burnt down London.
Next day my mother cried all day, and after that
She said to me when she would come to see me:
"Your father has gone away to Scotland.
He will be back after the war."

The war then was different from the war now.
The war now is *nothing*.

I used to live in London till they burnt it.
What was it like? It was just like here.
No, that's the truth.
My mother would come here, some, but she would cry.
She said to Miss Elise, "He's not himself";
She said, "Don't you love me any more at all?"
I was *myself*.
Finally she wouldn't come at all.
She never said one thing my father said, or Sister.
Sometimes she did,
Sometimes she was the same, but that was when I
dreamed it.
I could tell I was dreaming, she was just the same.

That Christmas she bought me a toy dog.

I asked her what was its name, and when she didn't know
I asked her over, and when she didn't know
I said, "You're not my mother, you're not my mother.
She *hasn't* gone to Scotland, she is dead!"
And she said, "Yes, he's dead, he's dead!"
And cried and cried; she *was* my mother,
She put her arms around me and we cried.

Copyright © 1949, 1969 by Mrs. Randall Jarrell

DEAR FELLOW TEACHER

I must confess I'm tired of these demonstrations.
Surely there must be better demonstrations
against brute force than brute force demonstrations.
Come now and let us reason together like
the Old Man says. What kind of a demonstration
is this from academically trained minds?
Is a stalled freight our cogent demonstration?
Is a blocked highway where some unwashed mob
panics at a mere word like "napalm" our
idea of perspicacious demonstration?
Would Aristotle, master of demonstration,
have dignified with the proud name "demonstration"
this massing of dumb bodies under flags?
Would Euclid have admired such demonstration?

What are we after with these demonstrations?
Accommodation? Compromise? Then let
that spirit permeate our demonstrations.
Was it not Secretary Rusk who said
We have already made our demonstration
of readiness to negotiate unquote?
What could be more amenable than that?
And had we not in fact for five whole days
called off, forsworn, and utterly regrouped
(for that is how we made said demonstration)
our prior and like-minded demonstration
of readiness to negotiate unquote?
Were we discouraged? Did we not resume
what McNamara calls our demonstration

that we shall not be bluffed or made to yield
until, in Bundy's words, some demonstration
of comparable etcetera unquote?
Lyndon, I'm sick and tired of demonstrations.
There is a demon in these demonstrations.
I'm fed up with the mere word "demonstration."
Furthermore, I accept your demonstration
that this or that or any demonstration's
about as much use as a plugged piastre.
Like alibis, like sides of beef on spits,
like children in thatch villages of huts,
if you don't watch them they get overdone.
That's the damn thing about these demonstrations.
Let's everybody go out and stop one.

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"Dear Fellow Teacher" is reprinted from **White Paper** by permission of the publishers, Atlantic–Little, Brown.

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A MODEST PROPOSAL FOR THE PERFECT ROCK CONCERT

Why try to *see* the bandstand? Why not just . . . oh, you'll say this goes too far.

BY JOHN L. WASSERMAN

On the right hand side of the Atlanta Braves Stadium, as you look toward second base, several thousand people were intently watching Cory Wells, of the rock group Three Dog Night, shout and stomp his way through the classic rhythm-and-blues song, "Try a Little Tenderness."

To be more precise, they were watching him shout. He was, in truth, stomping, but they couldn't see that because the large television screen at which they were looking showed him only from the waist up. Wells himself was performing in person over to their left, somewhere in the vicinity of second base. The ten-foot-by-ten-foot projection they were watching was in right field. Between Wells and this particular part of the audience were about 5,000 pounds of scaffolding and speakers, rendering him quite *perdu*. So the crowd sat in their $4–$6.50 seats in the hot night air and watched their favorite group. Live. On television.

Such was also the case down the third-base line, where another part of the crowd watched on *their* TV set. It wasn't all that bad, actually. On TV one could at least identify such facial characteristics as mouth and ears and, had there been any doubt, probably gender and species.

Unfortunately, that wasn't quite true for the center section, which spread from behind home plate to the first- and third-base dugouts and which contained more than 20,000 souls. To be sure, the stage was visible from these seats, and there was the distinct illusion of being present. But with every silver lining, a cloud. For there was no TV set at all for the center section. It seems that some seats came down so low to the field that the 100-square-foot screen would have blocked the view of the stage, where many people felt there was a rock group appearing.

Still, there were those who felt that Atlanta was a better deal than the night before in Dallas, at the Cotton Bowl. There were, of course, those who couldn't see in Dallas, either. Some were blocked off by stage equipment, others by enormous Tinker Toy towers that supported spotlights and sound-mixing equipment, still others by massive concrete columns in the stands.

But most of the howling mob of $226,367 could see just fine. Indeed, from the Cotton Bowl's fifty-yard line, one could quite easily make out Rod Stewart, who played second bill both nights, twirling the microphone stand like a cheerleader and periodically throwing himself to the floor, there to writhe and squirm for minutes on end.

Unfortunately—that word again— his efforts were lost on many in the crowd of 38,000, for they were sitting 300 to 400 feet from the stage. Stewart responded to the consequent ennui by marching off stage after fifty minutes of what was scheduled to be a seventy-minute set, muttering imprecations and tearing sequins from his bolero jacket.

Even with TV screens the extreme distances involved (Howard Hughes's all-wood airplane, the *Spruce Goose*, flew hardly a furlong farther) presented an entirely new problem. The TV image arrived at the distant screens before the sound arrived from the stage. This was immaterial to those watching the actual stage, for it was impossible for them to discern even teeth, much less the formation of a lyric. But those watching the TV screens could see lips form words quite distinctly. And those visible words were quite out of synch with their aural counterparts, creating more the impression of an English-dubbed version of *Godzilla vs. the Smog Monster* than a nice rock-and-roll group doing its thing.

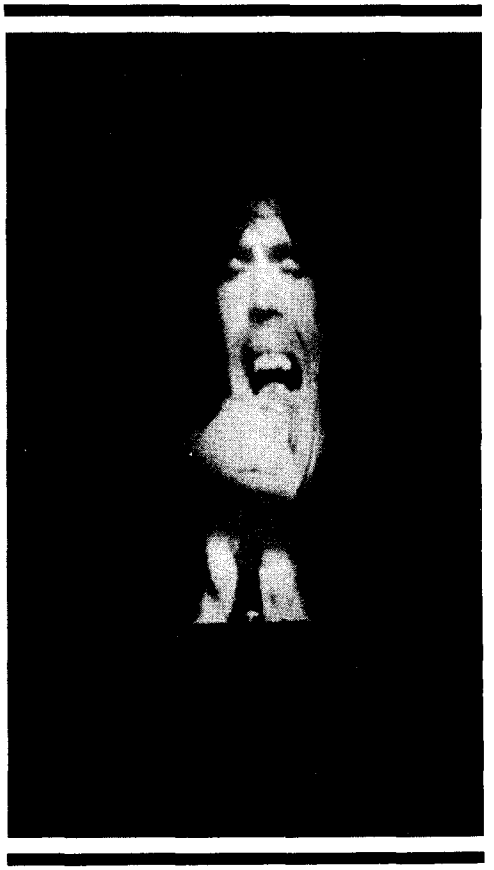
And so—as visions of another Altamont dance in your head—you imagine the predictable result of such a blatant rip-off: catcalls, riot, pillage of the popcorn stand, fornication under the lower deck, and miscellaneous trashing.

No. In fact, 38,000 boys and girls stood and clapped and shouted for fully the last fifteen minutes of Three Dog Night's hour-and-a-half set, weeping unashamedly, throwing their arms about the very pillars obstructing their view, and, in general, behaving as if the Dogs, as they are called, had been performing in their own living rooms.

Who are these mysterious strangers in tie-dyed bell-bottoms, with shoulder-length locks and transparent drum sets, these Three Dog Nights who travel in their own private Falcon Fan-Jet, who are all independently wealthy after just four years of performing, and who will probably gross more money in live concerts this year than has any act of any kind in the annals of show business?

Like Missouri's Senator Tom Eagleton, Three Dog Night has become a household word but, also like Senator Eagleton, in a limited context. The household, to start with, must comprise only children. Mention Three Dog Night to someone with a clear complexion and you're in trouble.

Well, the story is dull but fascinating. As contrasted to such organically generated groups as the Grateful Dead or Jefferson Airplane, the Dogs were assembled in early 1968 by Reb Foster Associates, a Los Angeles management firm that numbers Steppenwolf and former heavyweight prize fighter Jerry Quarry among its clients. The three singers—Chuck Negron, Danny Hutton,



John Wasserman writes regularly about rock and pop music and films for the San Francisco Chronicle.

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and the afore-mentioned Cory Wells—were all solo or lead singers with separate groups when Hutton and Wells decided to join forces. Negron, who was already managed by Reb Foster, soon followed in what was seen as an experiment in putting three singers who could actually sing in one rock group. This is more than three times the normal complement.

Manager Burt Jacobs subsequently suggested that a permanent back-up band be formed. It was (guitarist Michael Allsup, drummer Floyd Sneed, bassist Joe Shermie, and Jimmy Greenspoon on various keyboards), and within a year the group was playing major engagements. Interestingly enough, they do not seem to draw well in either New York City or the San Francisco Bay Area and have not played either region since 1970. But in the rest of the country, my dear, they are the biggest money-making group in the entire field of concert rock. The Stones, to be sure, could outdraw the Dogs if the former chose to play the Cotton Bowl, Yankee Stadium, and the Mojave Desert, but they don't. And so, at least on the basis of numbers, the Dogs may look backward at Creedence Clearwater Revival, Santana, the Who, Led Zeppelin, Alice Cooper, or Grand Funk Railroad, and merely lift a hind leg.

They have sold six million copies of eight ABC/Dunhill albums, 2,406,000 tapes, thirteen million copies of fifteen singles ("Joy to the World," "One," "Mama Told Me Not to Come," "Old-Fashioned Love Song," and "Eli's Coming"), more than 100,000 copies of souvenir booklets, including 114 photographs and all the lyrics from the "Harmony" album ($3.95, soft-cover), and, indirectly at least, countless thousands of binoculars.

On this one weekend, playing Rockingham, North Carolina, Dallas, and Atlanta, they did 100,000 people and $700,000 gross. The total time on stage was slightly less than four hours. Last year, over-all, they did nearly a million people and $5-million gross. To date in 1972, they've already passed both figures and have concert tours remaining for both Europe and the Far East. Even after significant outlays for management (15 per cent), business managers (5 per cent), press agentry, recording expenses, travel expenses, and the attendant costs of a corporation, even after splitting the remainder seven ways, each Dog had personal income for 1971 in excess of $350,000.

So if they're so successful, how come they aren't famous? They are accomplished professionals, excellent entertainers, and clearly able to reach vast audiences. But somewhere along the way they have managed to leave America's critics, commentators, and mass media mute. The Dallas *Times Herald* paid them tribute on the day of the concert by running their picture with a caption that began, "The British rock group Faces will be featured. . . ."

The problem seems to be that nobody takes them seriously. Critics dourly observe that they don't write their own songs (generally a capital crime in the upper echelons of pop music), their music is in no way innovative, they're not ethnic, they're not raunchy, and they don't drop acid, at least not on critics. Furthermore, they don't perform in electric chairs, wear codpieces, get busted, or have a charismatic leader on the order of Mick Jagger, the Who's Peter Townshend, or the late Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix, or Janis Joplin.

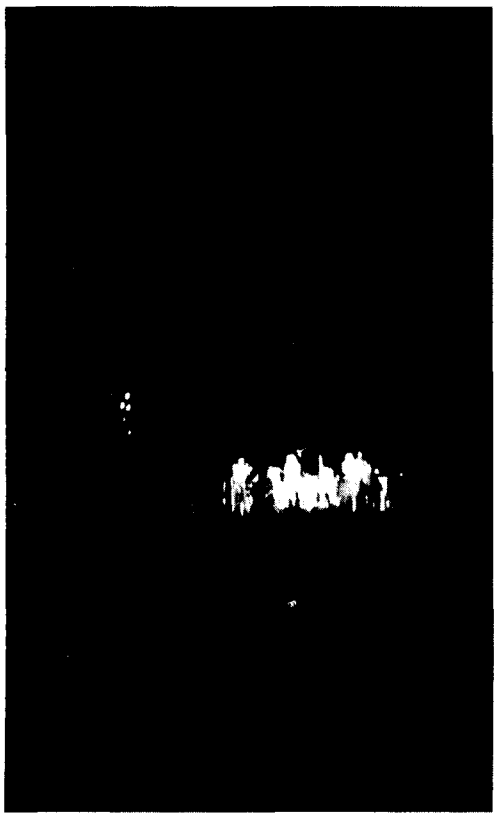
Well, no matter. They're nice chaps, first-rate entertainers, and have, if nothing else, exploded the historic myth about live entertainment, i.e., that its essence is an intimate interaction between audience and performer. In the last decade rock has moved briskly from the club to the civic auditorium to the indoor coliseum. But never before this year has a group played an entire summer in ball parks and stadiums, where such hopeless distances separate doer from doee. Apparently, a time has come when to *be* there is enough; to be able to *tell* others that you were there is satisfaction. Think of the Eiffel Tower, an attraction that puts the Dogs to shame. Why see it? You can't do anything with it; you can't relate to it. But you *can* tell Fred and Alice back home that you saw it. There, perhaps, is the reward.

Whatever the case, the potential of this discovery is, I would submit, awesome. If people will go to a live concert and settle for television, can closed-circuit radio be far behind? Picture it—100,000 gathered in the Los Angeles Coliseum, tiny transistors pasted to their ears, listening together to "Songs of the Humpback Whale," as Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters frolic in the aisles. Or maybe replica groups, like the dozens of Lester Lanin and Meyer Davis society bands—simultaneous Three Dog Night concerts in twenty-nine cities with twenty-nine different groups pantomiming to "Joy to the World." Maybe even pick up some Christmas trade in the process.

From there, who knows? Three Dog Night live in the Grand Canyon. Three Dog Night underwater, with Jacques-Yves Cousteau as opening act, while thousands of scuba divers thrash the water into a maelstrom. Three Dog Night in concert with Phileas Fogg, live over the Yukon, and pick up some extra bread from passing airliners.

The possibilities are endless. Even—well, you'll probably scoff. But how 'bout . . . what if you could actually *record* a concert and then somehow play it at home, in restful comfort, without having to buy a ticket or find a parking place or sit behind a pillar? Maybe just tack an 8x10 glossy of the group on the wall and then play a *record*.

Well, I suppose that's really going just a bit too far. □



Danny Hutton, singer with the rock group Three Dog Night, shouts the lyrics of their current hit, "Black and White," to a crowd of 38,000 at the Cotton Bowl in Dallas. At left, his image appears on a 100-square-foot television screen so that people can get a glimpse of him. The tiny figures in the distance behind the screen are the Dogs themselves, performing live on stage.

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Nightmares in Print

World War II thrust a generation of novelists into action. Now Vietnam veterans are beginning to reveal their anguished memories in other forms.

BY PERRY DEANE YOUNG

To get to the main and only office of the 1st Casualty Press, I took the A train to Brooklyn, got off at the Hoyt-Schermerhorn stop, and walked five or six blocks, through the common cityscape of cluttered sidewalks and storefronts boarded up and abandoned, to a row house: 208 Dean Street, an address that lately has been published in every major newspaper book-review section in the country. (Recently, 1st Casualty Press moved; its present address is P.O. Box 518, Coventry, Connecticut 06238.)

"They're down in the basement," someone shouted after I rang the doorbell. Down the stairs, around, and under was a gate with a little hand-lettered cardboard sign, "1st Casualty Press," with an ink drawing of a pair of unlaced empty boots. This unkempt basement apartment, belonging to Jan Barry and Paula Kay Pierce, was furnished in a mismatched jumble of used furniture. Its well-worn, uncarpeted floors bore witness to its years of service as a crash pad for Vietnam veterans. Barry was a founder and the first president of Vietnam Veterans Against the War.

I'm a veteran of the civilian press corps, 'Nam '68, and I had been enormously excited by the first and—until now—only publication of the 1st Casualty Press. The book is a collection of poems entitled *Winning Hearts and Minds* (one of the official slogans of the American pacification and relocation program in South Vietnam). In a full-page review in the *New York Times Book Review*, John Seelye had written, ". . . if one or more of the impact of all these poems does not make you weep, then by Jesus Christ you are not human and ought to destroy your Social Security card."

As intriguing as the book itself was an introductory note saying that this was "the first in a series of anthologies being published by 1st Casualty Press, a company formed by members of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War to create a forum for writings coming out of the Indochina experience."

The name of the press comes from Aeschylus: "In war, truth is the first casualty." With their truth, the veterans told me, they are fighting "a conspiracy of conscience" with which Americans have blocked out the Indochina experience. If we succeed in this conspiracy, we will surely repeat the horrors of war again and again. (I myself am haunted by the memory of watching U.S. soldiers unknowingly dig bunkers into the graves of French soldiers killed at the Mangyang Pass in Vietnam fifteen years before our boys arrived to repeat their experience.)

The day I arrived at the little office the editors of 1st Casualty Press were discussing the fate of a stage adaptation of *Winning Hearts and Minds*. Paula Pierce had placed the poems in a dramatically effective sequence and had created characters to speak the lines. She had first produced and directed the play as a benefit. This small community production, called *Warplay*, caught the attention of Joseph Papp, who decided to put it on at the New York Public Theater. Papp (who was arrested in an antiwar demonstration outside the U.S. Senate earlier this year and whose antiwar productions include *Sticks and Bones*) built a modern set, hired a director and cast, asked Paula Pierce for extensive revisions, and was nearly ready to open. But only one of the three editors at 1st Casualty Press (Jan Barry) had seen the revised production; the other two—Larry Rottmann and Basil Paquet—watched it for the first time when I went with them to see a run-through.

I must say I was awed by the production. The black actress who played all the female characters (a soldier's mother, a Vietnamese hag, a Vietnamese bar girl) seemed to me to be brilliant in her interpretation of the poems. All the male actors were veterans of the Vietnam War, except one who had been sent to Korea. I was moved as I listened to one actor recite lines written by Jan Barry, lines that seemed to be directed toward me and all America:

The longest war is over
Or so they say
Again
But I can still hear the gunfire
Every night
From
My bed . . . .

Or these lines by Charles M. Purcell:

No, I'm afraid to hold a gun now
What if I were to run amuck here in suburbia
And rush into the street screaming
"Airborne all the way!"
And shoot the milkman . . . .

It struck me that these were not the usual antiwar polemics or even, strictly speaking, antiwar poems at all. Instead, these were the words of men who had been pushed by a profound experience into translating their feelings into art. The poems were telling me about war—they were brief snapshots of something I had never perceived this way before.

Several times I was moved to tears. But my companions, former SP/4 (medic) Basil T. Paquet and former 1st Lt. Larry Rottmann, sat there stony-faced. In Papp's office they told the producer that the show was badly flawed, poorly cast, cheaply theatrical. Papp, they thought, was putting on an evening's entertainment that obscured the political impact of the poems.

The next morning Papp phoned Paquet and Rottmann and proposed a compromise, but the veterans refused. They said they were taking their poem-play back, although they were considering a proposal that the play be used as part of theatrical productions planned by peace groups in the seven key electoral states before the election.

"Did you hear that?" Rottmann asked me. "Joseph Papp. You know him, the cover of *Newsweek* and all. And we

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Perry Deane Young has written for Rolling Stone *and* Harper's. *He covered the war for United Press International and is now writing a book about how the Vietnam experience affected the men he got to know there.*

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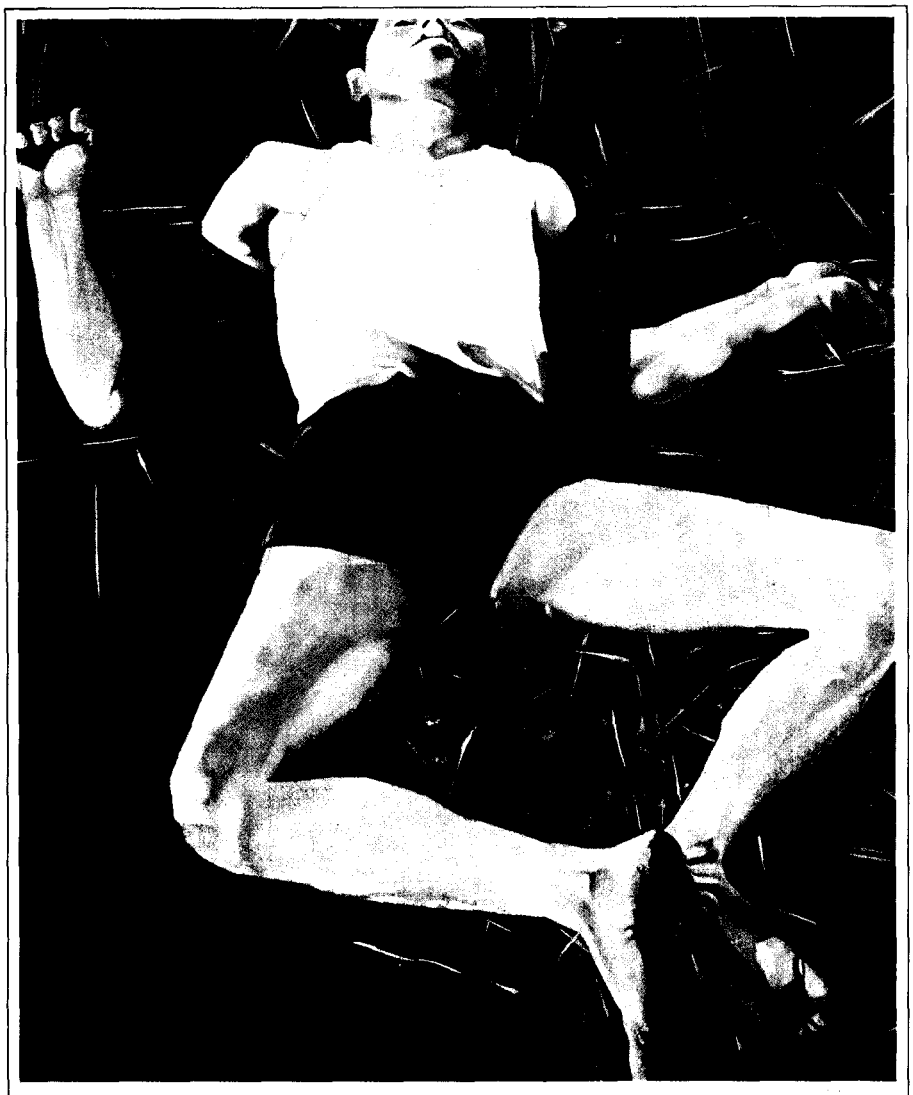

Painting Death

Karl Stringham came back from Vietnam and made a series of seven paintings on his way to an M.A. degree at the University of Wisconsin. Five are reproduced here. When he sent them to us, he attached a message:

My recollections of Vietnam are based on a brief but intense period during which I was an infantry platoon leader. After two months I was medically evacuated with fragmentation wounds that resulted from an exploded booby trap. My feelings concerning American involvement in this conflict were ambivalent during the months of training prior to departure. Shortly after my arrival in Vietnam, however, my moral position against U.S. involvement became firm and has since increased in conviction. The few decorations that I received for my own role in this carnage are, in retrospect, curiously unimportant. Lingering in my memory are the anxiety and tenuous calm that characterized the quieter moments, the transformation of a peaceful countryside into an isolated holocaust of indiscriminate destruction, and the stenchful combination of mud, explosives, and sweating or bloodied bodies in the aftermath.

These pictures depict the death of a man whose politics or homeland shall remain unlabeled. It is a condition familiar and common to all Southeast Asians regardless of the ideology they support. Familiar enough is it also to a large number of American servicemen who have fought the war not from choice and with very little thanks—servicemen who now reject the conflict as an insane policy not of their own design and not in their best interests. In addition, the seemingly minor, but very significant, social indignities forced on the Vietnamese citizenry by American presence has helped to create, in my opinion, an irreparable dislike for Americans by the Vietnamese countryside population, which we contend to support.

These works attempt to sort out questions and attitudes of a personal nature that have existed in my mind as a result of this experience. If the entire confrontation suggests to me an overriding belief regarding war in a general sense, it is this: When man emasculates man for self-righteous purposes, the morality of those purposes is highly questionable; when his actions become self-seeking and the destructive consequences of those actions are ignored, he betrays a loss of concern for humanity.

Karl W. Stringham
formerly active First Lieutenant
United States Army

told him no. If he were Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, we'd still tell him that."

They had come a long way—as poets and as men—to have the conviction to say no to Joseph Papp. In a perverse way it was the war that had brought them there.

Larry Rottmann is thirty, was born in Jefferson City, Missouri, got a B.A. in English at the University of Missouri in the spring of 1965, and enlisted in the army on Friday the thirteenth of August 1965, for all the old reasons: "I wanted to go; my father and grandfather were veterans; my classmates were going; my parents thought it would make a man of me."

From April of 1967 through March 1968 he worked in the public information office of the 25th Infantry Division at Cu Chi, Vietnam. He is even listed as author and editor of *A History of the 25th Infantry Division in Vietnam.*

The obscenity of the war hit him a few hours after he arrived in Vietnam when the helicopter pilot taking him to Cu Chi dipped down and hit an old fisherman in the back of the head with the helicopter skids. Several of Rottmann's stories came back from the Military Assistance Command Office of Information in Saigon, stamped "NOT CLEARED FOR RELEASE." So Rottmann "adopted a policy of end-running them," as he puts it, and he would leak stories to civilian newsmen when they visited his base. He had a running conflict with his superiors over his war reports, and one officer was moved to write a memo saying: "Some Information Officers out there are not playing on the team." When he mailed off a Christmas card emphasizing the war's atrocities, he was investigated by the army and eventually was court-martialed (but acquitted) in Boston. He told me he is still serving in the army (because his reserve obligation is not up), and there is still the possibility that his court martial will be reopened.

Before the war he never thought of writing anything. While he was in Vietnam, he wrote two poems, which he sent to some friends; they tried, without success, to get them published. "My stuff is not really poetry. Whatever it is, it seems the best way of getting my point across. Call it nightmares in print."

His words recalled the lines Wilfred Owen (killed in battle one week before World War I ended) intended to use as a preface to his book:

Above all, this book is not concerned with Poetry.
The subject of it is War, and the pity of War.
The Poetry is in the pity.

Except for a "belief in the power of brevity," Rottmann has no idea why he

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"Nobody ever asks a veteran about the war... because they share in the guilt... they don't want it spelled out."

chose poetry as the artistic form for relating his experiences. I think the American GIs might have turned to poetry as the most direct means of capturing the shock they felt at seeing such a beautiful landscape, and such a beautifully gracious people, destroyed by American power. Or poetry might have been the best way to express shattered idealism; again and again you will hear returned veterans telling about their friends who were either killed or maimed—"and all for what?"

Another reason so many GIs have chosen poetry, I think, might be that they received their Pacific *Stars and Stripes* newspaper and every day there was an incredible column called: "Boondock Bards." Poems (or doggerel) from GIs in Southeast Asia were published in this column, though, of course, they told only the best of the American effort in Vietnam and made shallow use of all the old words like *courage, honor, victory*. (Here are a few lines from the February 2, 1968, *Stars and Stripes*, published beside a news story headlined "BASIC DEMOCRACY BLOOMS IN VIETNAM": "In this far away land we try our best;/To defend their nation and help the rest./We have fought on land for freedom at home;/Now we travel so far to give them their own./ Many good men have given their lives; /But if they could, they would give them twice.")

Is it just possible that the finer poetry beginning to be published by the veterans came out of a revulsion from this sort of vulgar treatment of events as deep as death and violence?

In the last analysis, probably, there are as many reasons for writing the new war poetry as there are veterans who write. Unlike Rottmann, Basil Paquet had written poetry before he went to Vietnam, but he was unable to write a line while he was there.

Paquet, who is now twenty-eight, took a B.A. in English literature at the University of Connecticut in 1966, and, because he had long been very much against the war, he enlisted as a conscientious objector for duty as a medic. He spent some time in Germany, working in an American officers' club converted from an old retreat of Hitler's. Then he put in for service in Vietnam, giving as his reason, "I thought it was what I should do. Also, as a writer, I

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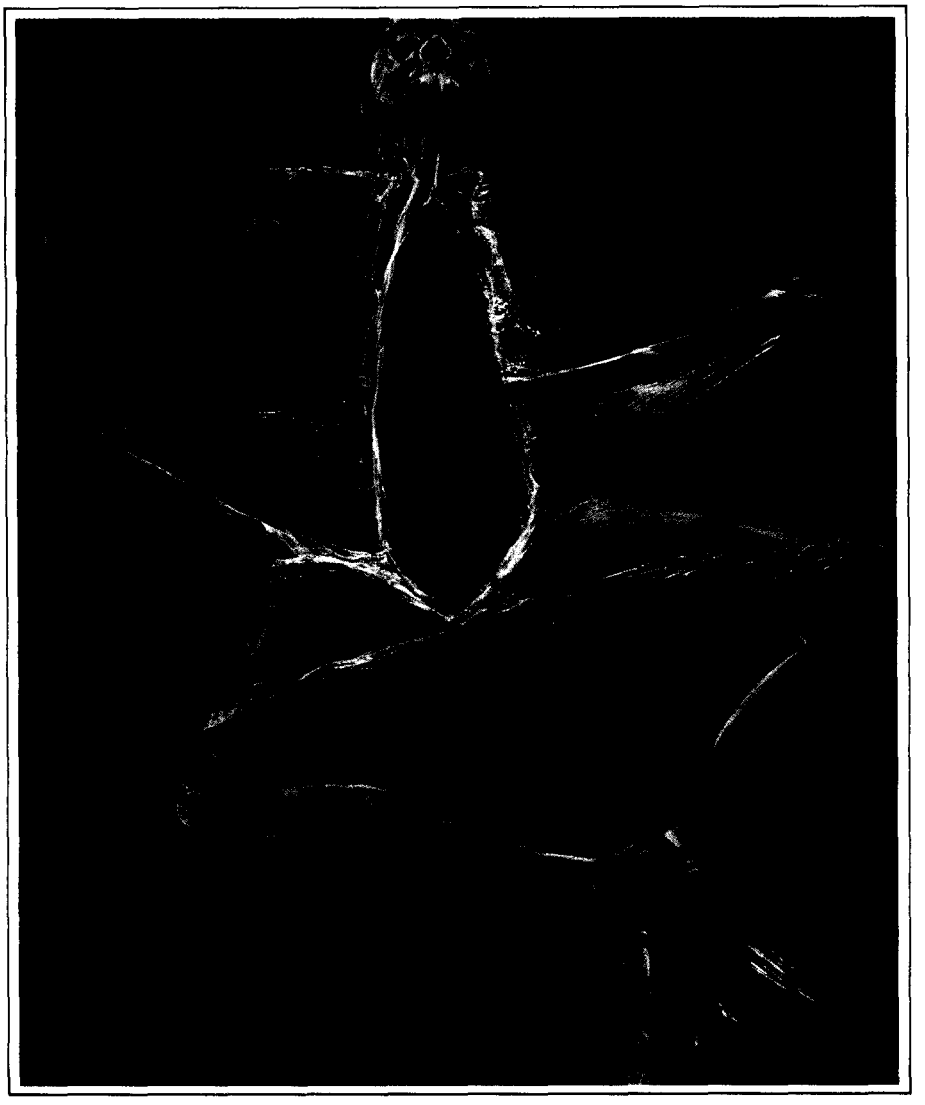

thought I had to go through the experience of war to write about it. That's very sick."

Except for sneaking a few rides down to Saigon, he spent his entire time either in his barracks at Long Binh or in the "pre-op" room of the 24th Evacuation hospital. He talks of the "sheer physical impact of seeing what war does. I had seen blood and guts before, but it's an entirely different thing when you see a guy with half his face blown away or with two stumps just twitching for legs and you know it didn't come from a car wreck."

On very busy days he and others preparing men for surgery would have their lunches brought in and would sit there eating while a man on one side was comatose and another on the other side was twitching.

Not just in the combat victims but in the minds of those men he worked with, Paquet came to see the real destruction of war. He remembers the X-ray man who hated the Vietnamese and would break their arms or legs before he X-rayed them (excluding him from blame). "He was considered a good soldier and a good X-ray man, and he knew they wouldn't do anything to him." Then there was the guy from Texas whom Paquet caught dropping spitballs down a GI's trachea tube just to watch his body twitch as each spitball stopped his breath. And there was the busy period during Tet when every Vietnamese casualty was shunted —three, four, five to a bed—into a Quonset hut until all of the Americans had been repaired. A little girl died for want of head surgery because the hospital administrator would not delay performing a minor toe operation on an American.

Paquet drank a lot in Vietnam, but he just couldn't write about it. The first month he was back, "I just stayed in my room and drank beer, and then I started writing." One of the poems of this period is "Easter '68":

I have seen the pascal men today.
Long past rising to a passion
they sucked their last sun
through blued lips,
buttressed their intestines in handfuls,
lifting their wounds to the sky
they fell silent as the sun,
as words not spoken. . . .

Paquet enrolled in graduate school at the University of Connecticut and studied poetry under Stephen Spender, who helped him to get five of his poems published in *The New York Review of Books* in December 1969. He also won the Wallace Stevens Poetry Award at the University of Connecticut.

He had known Rottmann and Barry through the VVAW demonstrations, and he was brought in to edit the book of poems after they had tried in vain to get it published. Forty-two publishers, including many of the church and underground presses, rejected the manuscript. The veterans believe their work was rejected, not on esthetic or even commercial grounds, but because editors simply couldn't face the reality of the war.

The veterans arranged to borrow $2,000 to have the manuscript printed. (The entire production to date has cost less than $4,000.) They used the Vietnam Veterans Against the War mailing list and also sent out review copies to all the major newspapers. Rottmann took a couple of thousand books with him on a trip from Boston to San Francisco. And he sold them, like an old-time peddler, from the back of a truck. He also gave readings and interviews as he went along. Sometimes he would wander into American Legion halls with his books, insisting he had a right to be there. Once an American Legion group even asked him to speak.

The first 10,000 copies were quickly sold from the back of Rottmann's truck and to people writing to the Brooklyn address. An additional 10,000 copies have since been printed. The day I interviewed them Rottmann and Paquet signed the final agreement with McGraw-Hill to reprint and distribute an issue of 25,000 paperback copies (and 5,000 hardbound). They intend to earmark all profits for an as yet unspecified Vietnam War relief organization.

I had one of those McGraw-Hill copies in my hand when I telephoned the company's public relations office to find out more details about the arrangement. (They had also discussed republishing and distributing two other 1st Casualty Press books—in October a book of short stories called *Free Fire Zone* and by January another book of poetry called *Post Mortem* by, and about, returned veterans.) McGraw-Hill's head PR man was out of town, but a woman said she could help me. I described the book to her, and she tittered: "McGraw-Hill publish a book of *poems*? About *Vietnam*? God forbid."

I don't blame the woman at McGraw-Hill for her reaction, because it is not that different from what I and thousands of veterans have encountered when approaching nearly every

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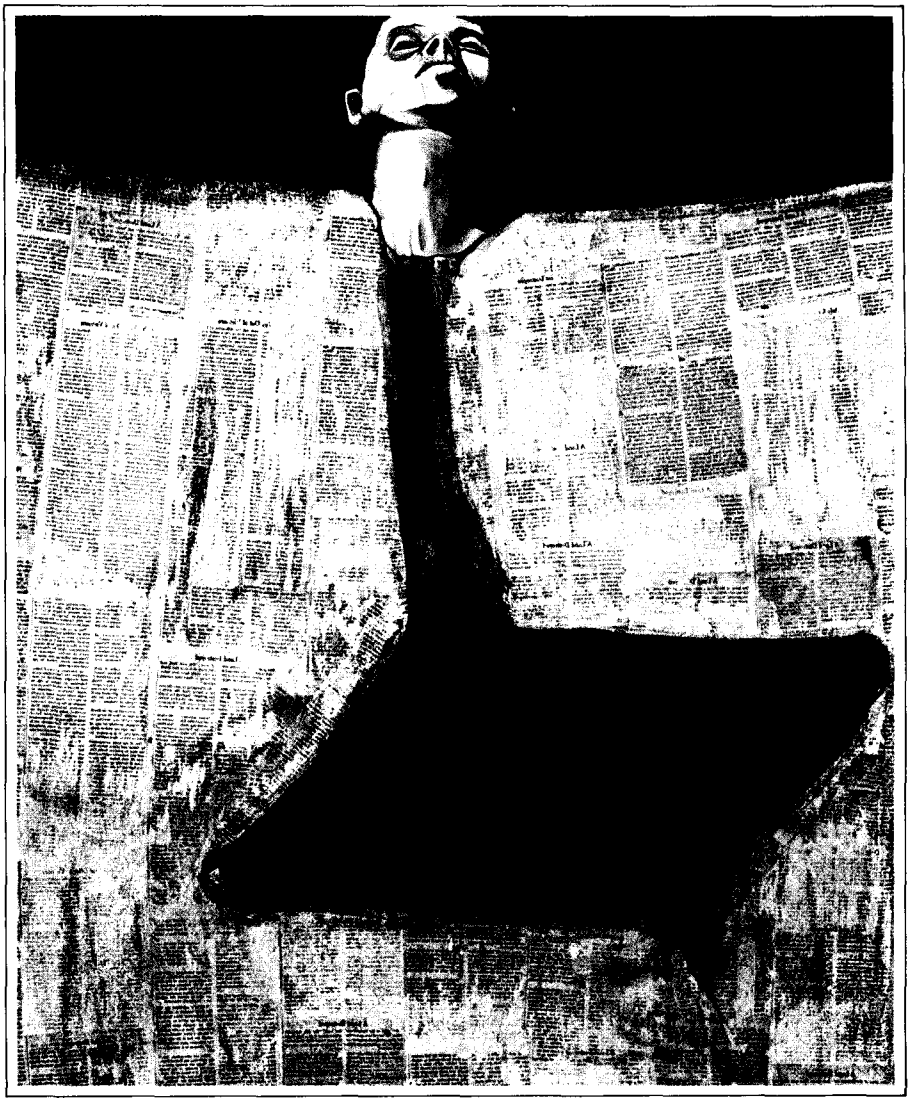
"As a writer, I thought I had to go through the experience of war to write about it. That's very sick."



major magazine and publishing house in the country. Vietnam? It just won't sell. "It's just not a very commercial war," a leading literary agent wrote one aspiring veteran and author. "I suppose we're afflicted with the general malaise on the subject," a magazine editor wrote me about a proposal for a Vietnam story.

I found that these veterans were speaking to that very point. "Nobody ever asks a veteran about the war," says Rottmann. "They don't want to hear what a veteran has to say because they know they share in the guilt, and they don't want it spelled out for them."

But these poems do spell it out for them, and this is significant. One poem is drawn from a real dialogue between Rottmann and his parents. In the poem—and in reality—the young man kept writing about the weather and his mother kept reading between the lines and demanding that he tell her everything. "So the next time he wrote, /'Today I killed a man./Yesterday I helped drop napalm on women and/ children. Tomorrow we are going to use/gas.'/And the father wrote, 'Please don't/write such depressing letters. You're upsetting/your mother.'/So, after a while, the young man wrote, 'Sure rains a/lot here. . . .'"

Larry Rottmann has stopped writing his mother about the rain. And so, obviously, have hundreds of other ex-GIs who have responded to 1st Casualty Press's requests for writings from the war experience. The very day I met him Rottmann spotted a veteran on the subway train. They chatted a while; Rottmann showed him the book of poems; the other veteran's immediate response was: "Great. I've written some poems myself, and I'll send them to you."

In one of the poems Charles M. Purcell writes: "Kick Amerika awake/Before it dies in its sleep." And I think this may be one of the main goals of 1st Casualty Press. These young veterans have come back from the war with a vitally important story to tell. If our society closes the door on them, saying, "It won't sell," they will stand outside and keep on yelling their stories:

"Lest we forget;
Lest we forget. . . ." □

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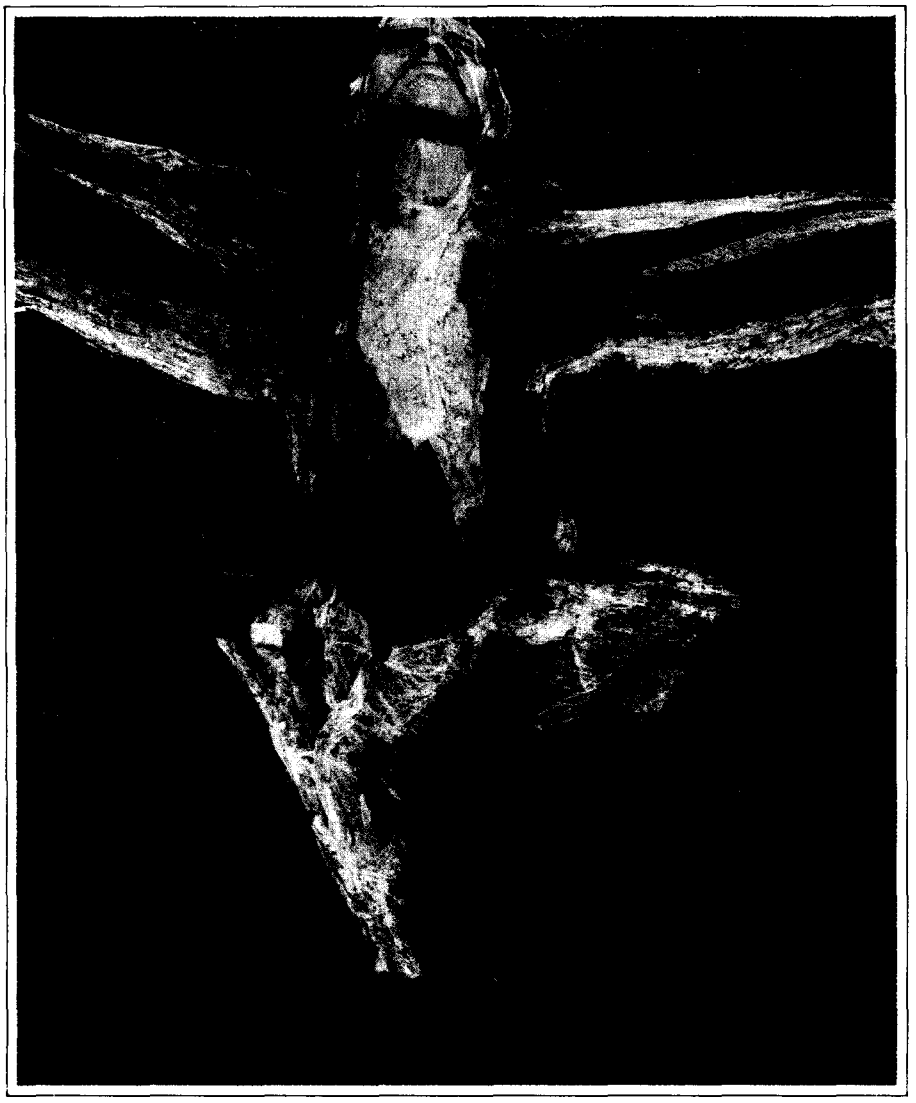

Art from the War

A sampling of some of the creative effort inspired by the war in Vietnam:

FICTION

Traitors
John Briley
G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers

The Lion Heads
Josiah Bunting
George Braziller

Coming Home
George Davis
Random House

***Man in a Box: A Story From Vietnam**
Mary L. Dunn
McGraw-Hill

***Cross-Fire: A Vietnam Novel**
Gail Graham
Pantheon

One Very Hot Day
David Halberstam
Houghton Mifflin

War Year
Joe W. Haldeman
Holt, Rinehart & Winston

Prisoners of Quai Dong
V. Kolpacoff
New American Library

Flame in the Icebox
Charles T. Morrison
Exposition

The Big V
William Pelfrey
Liveright

Count Your Dead
John Rowe
Tri-Ocean

War Games
James Park Sloan
Houghton Mifflin

*Juvenile Title

FILMS

A Yank in Vietnam
Marshall Thompson, director
Allied Artists

F.T.A.
Francine Parker, director
American International

The Green Berets
Ray Kellogg/John Wayne, directors
Warner Brothers

Parades
Robert Siegel, director
Cinerama

The Losers
Jack Starrett, director
Fanfare Productions

PHOTOGRAPHY BOOKS

Face of North Vietnam
Philippe Devillers/Marc Riboud
Holt, Rinehart & Winston

War Without Heroes
David Douglas Duncan
Harper & Row

Vietnam, Inc.
Philip Jones-Griffiths
Macmillan

Vietnam Photo Book
Mark Jury
Grossman

POETRY

Saigon Cemetery
D. C. Berry
University of Georgia Press

Obscenities
Michael Casey
Yale University Press

Cry of Vietnam
Nhat Hanh
Unicorn Press

Vietnam Poems
Nhat Hanh
Unicorn Press

Where Is Vietnam: American Poets Respond
Walter Lowenfels, editor
Peter Smith/Anchor

Winning Hearts and Minds
Jan Barry/Basil T. Paquet/
Larry Rottmann, editors
1st Casualty Press

PLAYS

The Dramatization of 365 Days by H. Wesley Balk, Based on the Narrative by Ronald J. Glasser
University of Minnesota Press

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine
Daniel Berrigan
Beacon Press/Samuel French /Bantam Books

Counting Sheep: The Log and the Play of Sheep on the Runway
Art Buchwald
Putnam/Samuel French

Summertree
Ron Cowen
Random House/Drama Display Service

The Red Burning Light or: Mission XQ³
Maria Irene Fornés
Winter House

A Vietnamese Wedding
Maria Irene Fornés
Winter House

La Repetition
Robert Patrick
Winter House

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel
David Rabe
Samuel French

Sticks and Bones
David Rabe
Samuel French

Viet Rock
Megan Terry
Simon & Schuster

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RECORDINGS IN REVIEW

BY IRVING KOLODIN

The Seamy Side of Puccini's "Manon"

Puccini: *Manon Lescaut.* Montserrat Caballé, Placido Domingo, Vicente Sardinero, and Noel Mangin; with the New Philharmonia Orchestra and the Ambrosian Opera Chorus conducted by Bruno Bartoletti. Angel stereo, SBLX 3782, $11.98.

This set comes with the uncommon attribute of a widespread preview involving its two principal performers. This was the performance of the Act II duet by Caballé and Domingo at the Met's Bing "gala," subsequently circulated by DG as its contribution to the charitable aspects of that occasion.

The supercharged response of the two artists to the music is almost, but not quite, equaled in the present studio product. The stimulation of the surrounding circumstances is absent, but it is perhaps more to the point that conductor James Levine is also absent and Bruno Bartoletti is present.

Not that Bartoletti is a conductor without credentials. He has a substantial recording file of them, although most of the best, in my experience, relate to Rossini. He is esteemed in Chicago as one of its opera company's most dependable assets, and he doubtless is.

However, Puccini is not an open book to every conductor, and *Manon Lescaut,* being among its chapters, takes rather more understanding than some of the other scores. Some of its transitions—both musical and dramatic—are rather crudely stitched together. When they are not artfully disguised, the seamy side tends to show.

This is regrettable in the instance of Caballé, whose voice is beautifully appropriate to Puccini's Manon, with an overlay of femininity upon its good, strong inner core. What she does by way of characterization strikes me as having been done mostly on her own, without any major assistance from the conductor. Too bad. She could have used more. As for Domingo, he begins singing *forte,* with Des Grieux's entrance air, and he rarely sings otherwise through the four acts.

The Lescaut of Vicente Sardinero is undistinguished, and Noel Mangin's Geronte is all too typical of the rather ordinary group of supporting performers obviously recruited in London, where the recording was made. The New Philharmonia plays brilliantly, and the reproduction is excellent. But the sweet, sad, foolish story of Des Grieux and his sweet, sad, foolish Manon merit something more Italianate than the reading it receives here.

Mozart "en Famille" by Stern, Zukerman, Barenboim

Mozart: *Sinfonia concertante* (K. 364). **Stamitz:** *Sinfonia concertante* in D. Isaac Stern, violin; Pinchas Zukerman, viola; and the English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Daniel Barenboim. Columbia stereo, M-31369, $5.98.

This is Isaac Stern's third recording of the choicest of all Mozart's concerted works in which the violin has a solo part. This suggests: a) It is a work for which he has an inordinate fondness; and b) He is very hard to please as a performer of it, especially where his own performance is concerned.

The probability is that the conditions *a* and *b* both pertain. The first of the prior performances, and to this time the better of the two, was the one he made at Perpignan in 1951, with William Primrose as the best violist the world afforded and Pablo Casals conducting. Recording conditions were nigh to primitive, and the technical results (mono) were easily surpassed in the stereo version, in which his partner was Walter Trampler, and no conductor was utilized.

Version No. 3 is clearly cut from another kind of cloth. Not only are all its members *en famille,* but the intimacy extends to the assorted instrumentalists of the English Chamber Orchestra. Barenboim is one of its most frequent conductors (Benjamin Britten is the other), and it recently made a European tour, for which the conductor-soloist was Zukerman.

All of this may give the impression of a build-up to a let-down, but such is not the case. It is one of the best performances ever of this exacting work, which costs an ounce of sweat for every dram of elixir it yields. Stern has rarely played anything so well in recent years, having perhaps applied all the preliminary effort required to set the pace for his younger associates. Barenboim's direction is crisp, well-modulated to the shape of the intricate line for the solo instruments, and altogether a joy to hear.

As most violinists can, with a minimal amount of thought taking, convert themselves into competent viola players, it should be no surprise that Zukerman performs well. That he performs brilliantly may be attributed to some inbuilt physical advantages as well as to more than minimal thought taking. He does, in any case, articulate the most involuted of Mozart's passages with total ease and a sense of coloration beautifully complementary to Stern's own.

On behalf of Karl Stamitz, son of the more celebrated Johann, his work for the same instruments should on no account be played *after* Mozart's. Before, perhaps. But, if afterwards, at some remove—two or three days, perhaps. It is very possible that Mozart heard this work of Stamitz (or its companion piece in A) when he visited Mannheim, home terrain of the Stamitz clan, in 1778. And he had good reason to admire its ingenuity and apt utilization of the likes and differences of the two solo instruments. But the results he achieved in his own work a year or so later began, really, where Stamitz's accomplishments left off.

The Vocal Art of Irina Arkhipova

Mussorgsky: *Songs and Dances of Death.* **Rachmaninoff:** "In the Silence of the Night"; "I Wait for Thee"; "Child, Thou Art Fair as a Flower"; "Loneliness" (fragment of Alfred de Musset); "Lilacs"; "A Dream"; and "O Cease Thy Singing, Maiden Fair." Irina Arkhipova, mezzo; with John Wustman, piano. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR-40198, $5.98.

By common consent of those most concerned, *Songs and Dances of Death* is the province of male singers, and very few of those. Over a period of decades the only representative effort still in the available category is George London's. Boris Christoff's has vanished, and Vladimir Rosing's is only a bright memory for those fortunate enough to have owned it.

Irina Arkhipova is one of the U.S.S.R.'s most honored artists, and she has been a welcome visitor to Carnegie Hall in New York and similar forums elsewhere in this country. She begins with an unquestionable plus in having the authentic text at the tip of her tongue. Her sound is excellent, her musicianship secure.

What she does not have, unfortunately, is the kind of imaginative intensity that produces a superior Boris, which London unquestionably was. Doubtless, there will be some liberationists who will contend that this is hardly surprising, as women who are trained to sing Boris are even less common than those who venture to sing the *Songs and Dances of Death.* But the criteria are there and must be respected.

The *Songs and Dances of Death* was

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based by Mussorgsky on the poems of his friend Prince Arsenyi Golenishchev-Kutuzov. They express a profound and cardinal emotion of the composer: his loathing for, and revulsion toward, death, which, in his view, always comes too soon. The "Lullaby" is, in a way, his "Erlkönig," a lament for a helpless victim of death, as "The Field-Marshal" celebrates the only victor of the battlefield, Death itself. The challenge to the interpreter is to bring to the subject matter the same kind of commitment that Mussorgsky did. Arkhipova falls short honorably but short nevertheless.

On the side devoted to the Rachmaninoff songs she is engaged with a much more manageable problem and succeeds admirably. In addition to "In the Silence of the Night," "Lilacs," and "O Cease Thy Singing, Maiden Fair," those staples of the Rachmaninoff song literature, she ventures a few that are less usual. (See listing, p. 60.) Throughout, the emphasis is on the Russianness of Rachmaninoff, the bred-in-the-bone identity with the land of his birth rather than with the later, international celebrity that followed his migration. Wustman's presence as accompanist is doubtless a by-product of work he has done in America with Madame Arkhipova. The results are highly professional. However, it is hard to believe that there is no one in the Soviet Union with whom Madame Arkhipova would have had closer rapport in Mussorgsky.

Nights (and Days) With Furtwaengler's "Ring"

There will be no "Prix du Disque" of this or any year for the engineering qualities of these discs, but they will outlast in musical interest many of such distinction. Indeed, they already have. It is nearly twenty years since the late Wilhelm Furtwängler undertook this project on behalf of Radio Italiana in 1953. Very few of its performers are still active, and scarcely any in the parts they perform here. Thus, it is a documentation of the best that Central Europe had to offer in the immediate post–World War II epoch.

The consequence is, in many respects, the equivalent of the Bayreuth enterprise, for which there was such demand but no phonographic fulfillment in the Fifties (save for the oft-duplicated *Walküre*). Both the orchestra and the studio acoustics are well short of the Festspiel standard, but Furtwängler's leadership and the response of his admirably selected personnel are each *sui generis*, superior to most incidental technical shortcomings.

Of surpassing interest for the American listener is the opportunity to hear Wolfgang Windgassen's Loge and Siegmund when he was in fresher, less used voice than when he came to the Met four years later; the sterling Brünnhildes of Martha Mödl at her best; the contrary appeals of the aging Julius Patzak as Mime and the young Gustav Neidlinger as Alberich (of recent date, the world's best); Sena Jurinac (then on the verge of her outstanding career as a Mozart-Strauss soprano) as a Rhine Maiden and Gutrune; Frick as a powerful Fafner and Hunding; Suthaus when he had the means to achieve some of his objectives as Siegfried; and, of course, the excellent Wotans of Ferdinand Frantz, who left the operatic scene before his time.

Should one be pressed for a comparison with the much more recent Solti (London) and Karajan (DG) *Ring* recordings, one would have to say, categorically, there isn't any. The emotional atmosphere as well as the musical attitude conveyed by Furtwängler is totally different from those that prevail in the mechanically superior *Ring*s of more recent date. Away with the clangor of Donner's thunderbolt as heard in the London *Rheingold*! Let us have the pure orchestral chord as written by Wagner. Chamber music ensemble in the first act of *Walküre, à la* Karajan? Perish the thought. It is red blood and crimson fire and pure sonority from first to last. The deliberation and care for which Furtwängler's versions with the Vienna Philharmonic of Siegfried's "Rhine Journey" and the "Funeral Music" from *Götterdämmerung* (on HMV) have been famous are here extended to a total *Ring*. At its best it is one of the greatest Wagnerian experiences of our time.

The results, understandably, tend to fluctuate according to the score and how much of it triumphs over the inferior recording. Act I of *Siegfried*, for example, is definitely dull, because of the conversational character of much of the writing and the lack of orchestral definition. Act II has more to offer in Furtwängler's beautifully colored treatment of the "Forest Murmurs" music and fluent singing by Streich in the "Woodbird" episode. Once into Act III, it rises steadily to the level of drama and eloquence attained in Act III of *Walküre*. Mödl has better equipment to deal with the "Love Duet" than Suthaus has, but the impelling force that Furtwängler commands is the compelling reason for listening to both.

With minor variations the same is the case with *Götterdämmerung*. Among the variations are Jurinac's choice Gutrune and the authoritative Waltraute of Klose. Suthaus also does his best work in the narrative of Act III, which means, once that magical episode is under way, the act moves to an overwhelming climax under Furtwängler's massively powerful direction. For those who wish to sample before purchasing, Seraphim is offering for $1 a "Guide to the *Ring*" that includes a verbal exposition by an unnamed speaker and the motives excerpted from the Furtwängler tape. After I spent fifteen hours-plus on several days and nights of *Ring* listening, the sample procedure seemed rather an attractive idea. □

FURTWAENGLER'S "RING"

Performers	Rheingold	Walkuere	Siegfried	Goetterdaemmerung
Wolfgang Windgassen	Loge	Siegmund		
Ludwig Suthaus			Siegfried	Siegfried
Martha Mödl		Brünnhilde	Brünnhilde	Brünnhilde
Ferdinand Frantz	Wotan	Wotan	Wanderer	
Gottlob Frick	Fafner	Hunding		
Josef Greindl	Fasolt		Fafner	Hagen
Hilde Konetzni		Sieglinde		
Julius Patzak	Mime		Mime	
Sena Jurinac	Woglinde			Gutrune, Woglinde, and Third Norn
Gustav Neidlinger	Alberich			
Margarete Klose			Erda	Waltraute and First Norn
Elisabeth Grümmer	Freia			
Alfred Poell	Donner			Gunther
Alois Pernerstorfer			Alberich	Alberich

Also: Ira Malaniuk (Fricka) and Ruth Siewert (Erda) in *Das Rheingold*, Elsa Cavelti (Fricka) in *Die Walküre*, and Rita Streich (Woodbird) in *Siegfried*, with Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Rome Symphony Orchestra and Chorus of Radio Italiana. Seraphim mono, IS-6100, $53.98

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Barbara Morgan: PHOTOGRAPHING ENERGY AND MOTION

BY BARBARA CONFINO

Barbara Morgan is quite simply the finest photographer of the dance that I know. A passion for motion and light, for rhythm and energy, has dominated her life's work, leading her as early as 1935 into experimentation with photomontage, multiple-flash techniques, and drawing with light. Ever since her first book, *Martha Graham, Sixteen Dances in Photographs,* appeared in 1941, her brilliant and original interpretations of dance and gesture have become classics in the genre. This fall a comprehensive monograph will be published by Morgan & Morgan, Inc., timed for the October 26th opening of the Barbara Morgan Retrospective at the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth, Texas. She is presently at work on two books: a new edition of the Graham book and *Dynamics of Composition,* an educational text. This summer a photography workshop conducted with Ansel Adams at Yosemite National Park helped reintroduce her to teaching—which she left over forty years ago.

Her outwardly conventional life in Scarsdale, New York, masks an unconventional spirit; mischief and irreverence combine with a vision of mystical intensity. Whatever the subject matter of her imagery—dance, children, nature—her unifying concern is always the ever-presence of light and energy and rhythm. All of Barbara Morgan's images are metaphors, finally, for her particular vision of cosmic order and harmony—a vision that inspired her life and work long before Oriental philosophy became popular with today's young people.

We have had many conversations over the past few years. In the pages that follow I have tried to re-create the substance of these talks—to present in Barbara Morgan's own words the fundamental insights of her art.

When I was a very young child, my father would sit down with me every time *Scientific American* came and go through the pictures, explaining things.

Barbara Confino is a photographer and film-maker whose work is represented in the permanent collection of Paris's Bibliothèque Nationale. She is currently working on a book of male nudes.

Barbara Morgan studies a manuscript in her studio. At right, her photograph of Martha Graham (Swirl) *in the dance* Letter to the World.

I vividly remember his telling me that the whole world was made of atoms and that they were all dancing. He had quite a sense of humor and created little fantasies about the millions of dancing atoms that were in my finger or in a tree. It was a game we used to play. He would tell me that you can't see most of the things in the world with your eyes, so you must imagine them in your own mind. At a very early age the whole concept of motion and recycling was built into me.

I'd always known that I wanted to be a painter, and my family was very for it. In fact, they gave me an unused carriage shed for a studio. At UCLA I enrolled in the art department and studied abstract design with two professors who were both attuned to Oriental philosophy and art. The ancient Chinese concept of Rhythmic Vitality—the idea of the Life Force—has functioned as the philosophic substructure for my whole creative life. Whether you find it in your body or in music or in thought processes, I think this thing of Rhythmic Vitality is the common denominator, and I find myself feeling empathy with a subject on these terms. The literal object or event triggers me. By transforming that experience into my own art form—photography—I am creating an entity that, for me at least, contains the essence of that Rhythmic Vitality.

After I was graduated from the university, I joined their staff as a teacher of fine arts. I also married Willard Morgan, who was a young free-lance writer and photographer. Willard believed that photography would become the art of the twentieth century, and we had some whimsical arguments over that. I said, "Photography is only a record of the exterior world. I'm interested in the imaginative aspect of things—so I'm a painter!" And he would say, "Well, you'll learn."

From 1925 to 1930 we made annual summer treks to the Southwest—he with his cameras and I with my paints. Hour after hour I'd sit perched on one of those promontories in the Grand Canyon, half-consciously thinking—strata upon strata upon strata, millions of years in layers! This feeling of geological progression struck me so deeply that I could imagine time progressions, and because the formation of the sandstone cliffs was so rhythmical, it all would begin to seem like a dance. Then we would attend a Hopi rain dance in which another type of rhythmical structure was occurring; I would see the dance in motion and time and would connect it mentally to this geological progression. I realized that the rhythmical structure underlying all phenomena is essentially the same. In a dance the form emerges quickly, in the Grand Canyon only after millions of years. But geological time and human time both end up in a rhythmical structure that we can identify and see in a visual projection. That sort of experience—and many summers of it—went deep into my nervous system.

We spent entire days with the Indians—Navaho, Hopi, Zuni. Certainly, my sense of rhythm was greatly developed through watching their age-old ceremonials. Dance is one of the unifying forces in their tribal life. Man has always observed birds in flight, animals in motion, the rising and setting of the sun—the whole seasonal flux. We are part of that transforming force, which is like an encompassing rhythm containing our private emotional rhythms. Taking place in the vastness of the desert, these Indian rituals were celebrated within a cosmic framework; the sense of harmony they created went far beyond the small worlds of the in-

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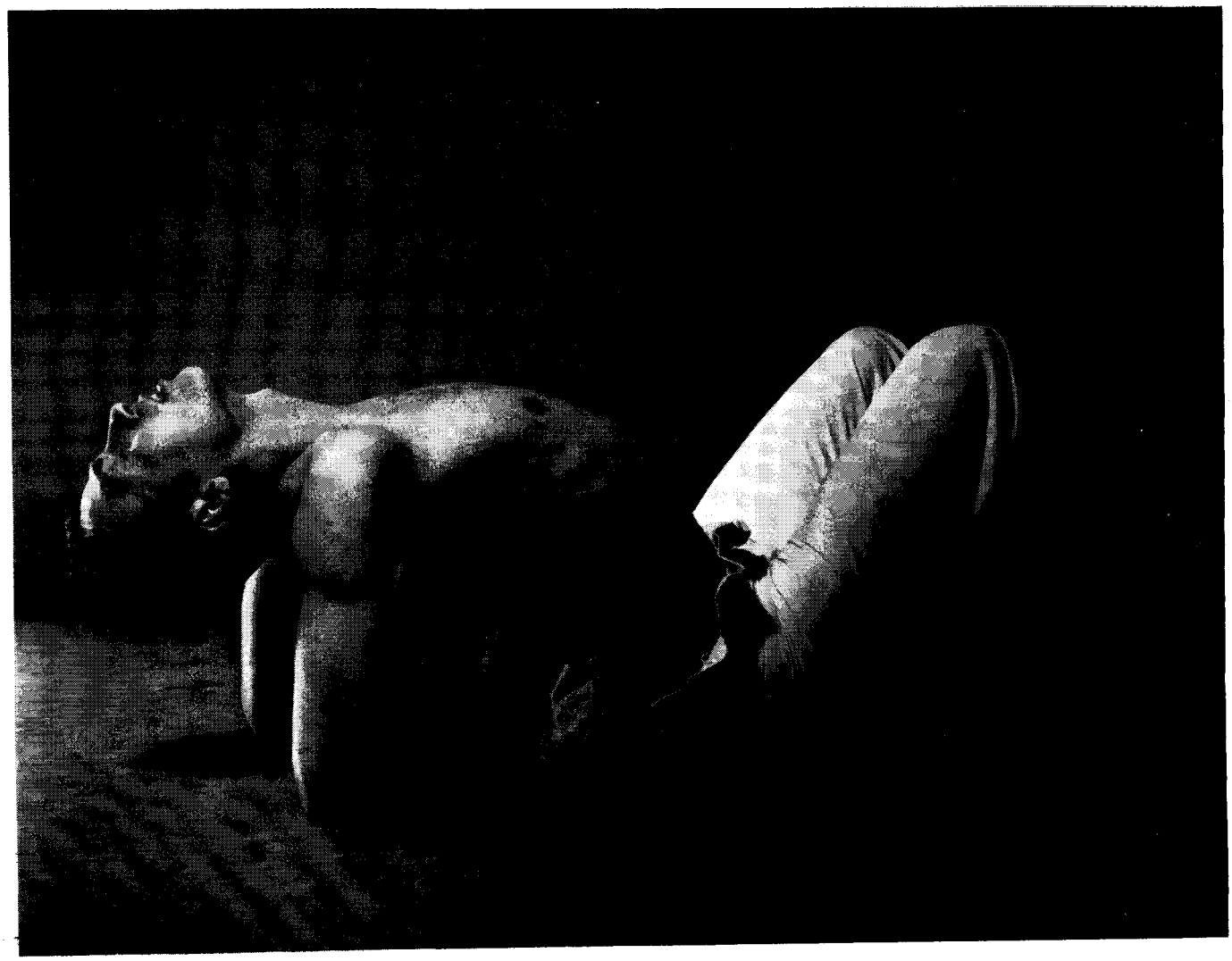
dividual and the community. We were told before we went to witness the Hopi snake dance that, in order to arrive at the deepest understanding of the ritual, we ought to be there before the first ray of light in the morning. Willard and I camped overnight near the mesa and rose before dawn. We watched very, very carefully, and, just as the first ray of light leaped into the sky, we heard the drumbeat—so simple and profound. Most of the community was just getting up—chamber pots were being emptied over the side of the mesa, people were half-dressed, dogs were ambling about sleepily. Slowly the community came alive as the drums became more animated. Everyone began to gather together and we found that, although we could communicate a bit in Spanish, language wasn't really necessary. When the sun had fully emerged, we heard in the distance the chorus and the musicians coming out of the ceremonial chamber (the *kiva*). It was like an awakening. The drums drew everyone together, and little by little you could feel the charge and the unification coming. Then, when the drums really went into action, the voices took on a higher, more intense pitch, and the people began to dance in a circle. The whole emotional force began to intensify. Before the ceremony began I had taken my pulse, as I had been told that the intensity builds during the day. I started at a normal rate, but by two o'clock there was a real encircling magnetic force at work, and my pulse had sped up. Because I had always been fascinated by dance, I was interested in this rising physical and emotional pitch and delighted in being able to predict a change in rhythm. I can almost always anticipate the coming rhythm or shift of pulse in ballet and modern dance, but there was an utter mysteriousness about rhythmical changes in the Indian dance. Sometimes it was a shock, and sometimes it was a subtle variation. The intensity developed during the afternoon. You could feel this exultant, ecstatic emotion rising, and once again I took my pulse to find that it had gone up another beat. People were communicating psychically, interchanging warm, shared glances. This emotional exchange was taking place everywhere, the drummers louder and more intense, the singers in a rhythmic pitch, the entire experience overwhelming. When the sun went down, everything ended; the dancers swung around and went back to the *kiva,* everyone rose, people embraced and celebrated. Willard and I said good-bye to the people we'd sat near. I took my pulse one more time, and it was still racing. The ceremony had affected my entire spirit, more so than any ritual I have ever experienced in any church or festival of our own culture.

In 1930 my husband and I came to live in New York. In 1935, after my second son was born, I stopped painting and turned to photography. Caring for the children made it difficult to paint in natural light during the day, but the photographic process allowed me to work at night. My first insight into the artistic possibilities of photography had come in 1926, when I helped Edward Weston hang a show at UCLA. His work, at once realistic and symbolic, dramatically revealed to me the camera's ability to sustain an inner subjective vision as well as to record an outer objective reality. Weston's photography made me realize that Willard was right, and years later, when it

Jose Limon in Peon *from* Mexican Suite *(1944).*



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became difficult for me to continue painting, it was Willard who suggested that photography might be more readily adaptable to my complex life.

In New York Willard and I attended various dance and theater performances. The most stimulating, for me, was the work of Martha Graham. The moment I saw *Primitive Mysteries*, I knew that she had derived a great deal from the Indian as well as the Spanish tradition. A mutual friend introduced us, and I said to Martha, "When I saw your dance, I felt that there was a deep connection with the Indian ceremonial of the Southwest." "Of course," I remember her saying, "that's had a deep effect on my whole vision." So I just said that I'd like to do a book on her work, and she said, "Fine, let's do it." That's really how it started.

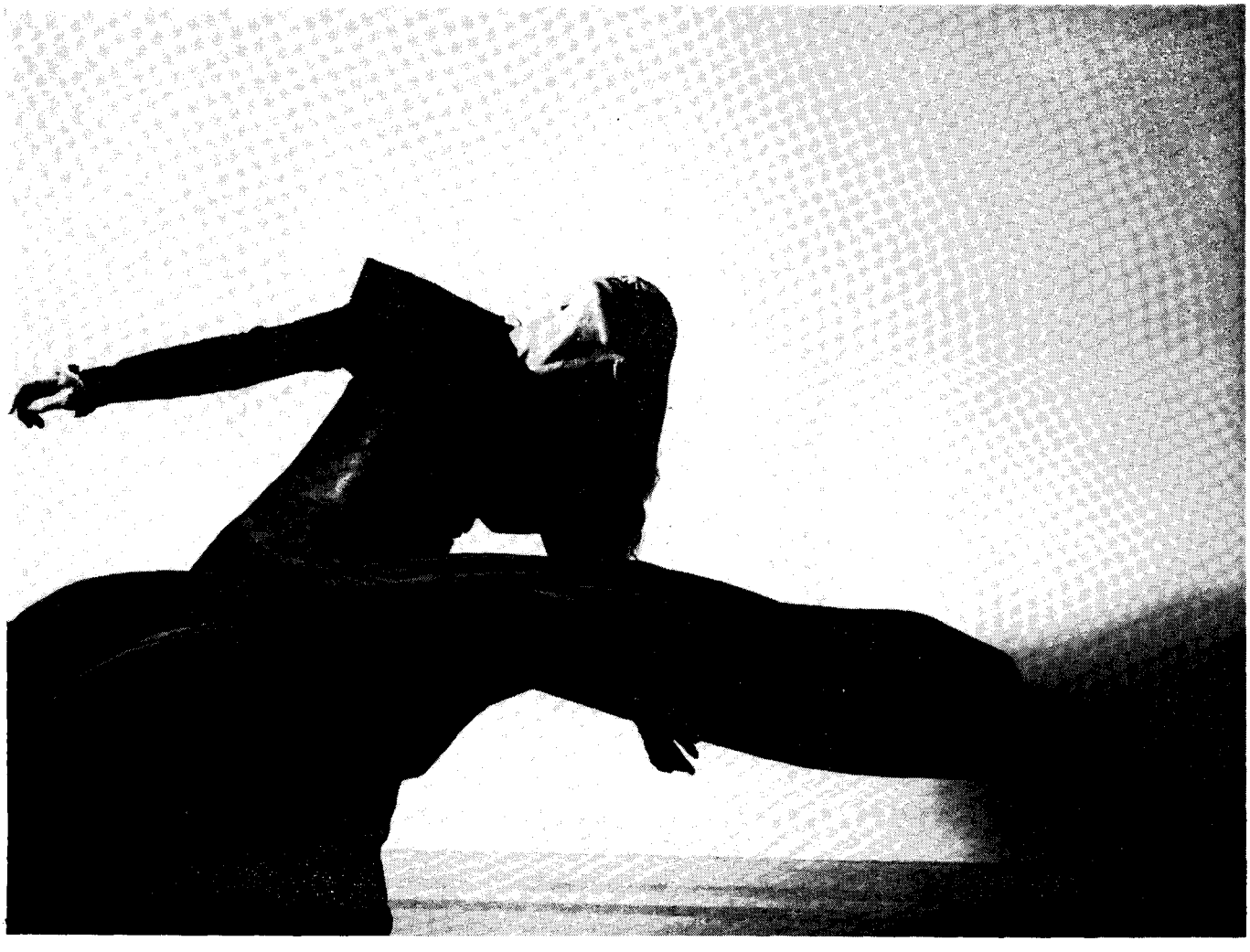
It wasn't theatrical virtuosity she was concerned with, and it wasn't just choreography. It was the search for a kind of communal ritual that made her work spiritually akin to Indian dance. For me the greatness of Martha's dance came from the fact that she tried to express her vision of the human condition, of human awareness. I wanted to do the book because I felt that our culture needed that kind of spiritual and esthetic unification. While working on it, I went to rehearsals, to classes, to performances, and discussed with Martha the philosophy or the poetic insight that brought the dance into existence. I was never interested in photographing the performances; I wanted to bring my own subjective response to her work. At the same time I didn't want to disturb the dance· I wanted it to be itself. Often I would absorb and study and think about it for a month before I would even take a picture, and after a while I invented a little method that seemed to work for me—the "extinction method."

After I'd seen the dance and discussed it with Martha, I'd let it percolate around in my brain. Perhaps the dance was twenty minutes long, but after two or three weeks I might remember only ten gestures that epitomized for me the entire concept. In other words, I was isolating those motifs that were the structural frames of the dance and eliminating all the connective tissue in between.

Usually, a gesture is made at least four times, but the last one functions mainly as a transition into the next movement. What I wanted in a photograph was the ultimate statement, usually that third gesture. I wanted to refine it in terms of lighting and to project it into the two-dimensional space of the photographic image.

My earlier experience with lighting came from a marvelous job I had had in a little theater group. As the lighting technician, I had to produce many changes of mood with light. I had always studied ambience, the body within the ambience of shadow and space. Whether you are dealing with theatrical motion or dance motion, the body itself is only one element. There are many others—space, light, and time itself, the fourth dimension. In going from my theatrical experience (which was four-dimensional) to photography, I was losing two dimensions. To compensate for that loss, I had to use visual implication—especially the implications of light as it contributes to or destroys a gesture. Since I greatly admired the use of implication in haiku poetry and Oriental art, implication was of my eye, and I began experimenting. I

War Theme, *improvised by Martha Graham and Barbara Morgan from a William Carlos Williams poem.*



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Fossil in Formation, *a photo montage.*

wanted to find out how to imply agony, joy, the irrational. It took me a year of experimentation before I felt confident. First, you have to assess what you're trying to say: the degree of intensity, the mood, the trajectory of motion, and the space needed for that trajectory. And then you must decide whether you desire that space to contract or expand around the body.

With these things settled in your mind, you must then make the technical and practical decisions necessary to produce them. Do you need side lighting, top lighting, front lighting, or shadowless lighting? What shutter speed should you choose? I experimented with speeds and depth of field, taking the same gesture and shooting it at 1/10th of a second to get a blur and at 1/10,000th to get a sharp, crystalline effect. As well as at all the in-between speeds. Just as a musician deliberately chooses a specific tempo, I felt that there was an optimum shutter speed for each composition. Whatever the tempo, the shutter timing has to be in harmony with the body rhythm.

I am thinking, for example, of my sequence of photographs of the dance *Letter to the World,* Martha Graham's interpretation of the life of Emily Dickinson. The photograph titled *Kick* symbolizes the agony of Emily's life after she has given up her tragic love affair. The second picture in the sequence, *Swirl,* was shot at a slower speed for a more relaxed feeling. In the first picture she is horizontal; now she's vertical. She's beginning to transcend that agony; she's no longer as burdened. I had her hand go off into the darkness at an oblique, vertical angle to show that Emily had risen out of her personal life and was arriving at the detached state of a poet. But there's also a twist in the form, indicating that she's not altogether released. The photograph of the finale has an utter stillness. Its criss-crossed composition conveys her inner adjustment and final serenity. She had gone beyond her personal life, had become a poet.

The relationship between the body and the emotions is quite clear in the photograph I took of José Limón in *Mexican Suite.* The experience of the peon, the agony of being made a serf by the conquistador, is expressed. I chose the moment when the peon is predominantly horizontal—the underling who is struggling upwards, head back, knees up, toes crunched, hands gripped, his rib cage so tensely arched that the ribs are visible. Illumination from the side gives his body an upward thrust. The skeletal feeling of his torso and the encircling darkness symbolize the partial death he is suffering. It is almost like a crucifixion—the physical and spiritual agony of a tortured race epitomized by the body in pain.

Whereas the sky is dark in the portrait of the peon, it is light in *War Theme*—ominously light, as though a bomb is about to be released. William Carlos Williams had written a poem about the plight of the Spanish people during the Civil War. He asked Martha and me whether we could dream up a picture to illustrate it. So Martha brought some costumes out to the studio, and we experimented. The figure in the picture is in fear and distress, looking up, awaiting the bomb, falling backwards in anticipation. I shot the flying skirt at 1/10,000 of a second to obtain a feeling of violent apprehensiveness. The hand is almost striking the edge of the picture, as though it were about to touch an electric current. Her face is dark, though, representing the Spanish people rather than an individual. I wanted a light-dark, black-white composition, so there's almost no tonality except for a curved gray shape that sits in the corner like a threatening presence.

As I mentioned earlier, I have always been preoccupied with rhythms, and they play a very important, very complicated role in the multivision field of photo montage. I frequently photograph a scene or subject, knowing that it isn't total in itself, but that it might serve as a component in a montage. One day I was in New York. It was an extra noisy, extra automobile-exhaust day, and I became fed up with the whole thing. After I had arrived home, I walked into my studio and noticed a fossil I had on the window ledge. Well, I thought, that's what New York is turning itself into—a fossil! Then I remembered a component shot in my files of the Chrysler building at night. So I picked up the fossil, set up my 5x7 camera, and designed the photo montage *Fossil in Formation.* When you are creating a dialogue between two elements, it is important to establish the confines of the thing, to set up a magnetic field. The fossil is the dominant element, the structural basis of the image. It grinds and rotates against the vertical spire of the building. The spire centers the image; the exterior form is established by the outer structure of the fossil. The ghostlike distant image of the city functions like harmonics in music, contributing to, but not distracting from, the overform. Linking the two elements, texturally as well as symbolically, is the pervasive, peppery play of light—the lights of moving automobiles and the lit windows of people trapped in the city.

Whether my work is large or small, abstract or realistic, the one thing that must be present is Rhythmic Vitality. Sometimes I find it logical to keep the realistic or external form of things, and other times I find it more meaningful to eliminate certain details while preserving others. In photo montage I go clear over into fantasy and in my light drawings into total abstraction. It doesn't matter if it is dance or montage or people or nature. There always has to be the presence of energy. I believe it's the artist's role to organize that energy into something that speaks esthetically and communicates some life experience. As you live, you are surrounded by one thousand and one relevancies. There are infinite possibilities for interpretation. The creative person's role, as I see it, is to extract the most significant, most moving aspects—to refine and to essentialize them, to get rid of the unnecessary, and to articulate the subltest, most intense, most profound expression possible. □

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WHY MAKE A MOVIE ABOUT THE ASSASSINATION OF TROTSKY?

Joseph Losey uses a historic event to express his hatred of murder as an instrument of political change in our time.

BY JUDY STONE

A French television interviewer took a random sampling on the question "Who was Trotsky?" before the Paris opening of Joseph Losey's new film *The Assassination of Trotsky* and so elicited one really revolutionary new theory: "She was a ballet dancer."

If somebody had asked Losey that question in the 1940s, he would have answered, "The enemy." But today, at sixty-three, his blue eyes weary in a powerful, furrowed face, the director is less certain. "There are no absolutes," he says. "I want to make films that break down certainty."

He is at the height of his career, years past films that the anti-Communist black list forced on him as well as star-studded failures like *Boom* and *Secret Ceremony*. He has achieved international respect for his skill in exploring ambiguous complexities in the relationships between England's upper and lower classes in *King and Country*, *The Servant*, *Accident*, and *The Go-Between*. If there are any themes that continue to grip him, they are those that involve a hatred of hypocrisy, as well as a troubled preoccupation with the "destruction and anguish and waste of most sexual relationships."

Now taking on a political subject he never dreamed he would touch, he has chosen to present the old "enemy" during the last four months of his life in Mexico, 1940: Lev Davidovich Bronstein, who borrowed the name Trotsky from his jailer; coleader with Lenin of the October Revolution of 1917, founder of the Red Army, exiled by Stalin from the Soviet Union in a power play, which thus precipitated the first of the big splits in the Communist movement.

The American premiere of *The Assassination of Trotsky* will take place October 13 at the New York Film Festival. Losey has drawn from his two stars the finest performances of their careers. Richard Burton is magnificent as the erect old revolutionary, meticulously dictating his memoirs: "In revolution there is no compulsion . . . except that of circumstances. A revolution takes place only when there is no other way out." Alain Delon—a mixture of premeditated charm, irresolution, nerves, hysteria—suggests mysteries that have never been solved about the man who killed Trotsky in August 1940.

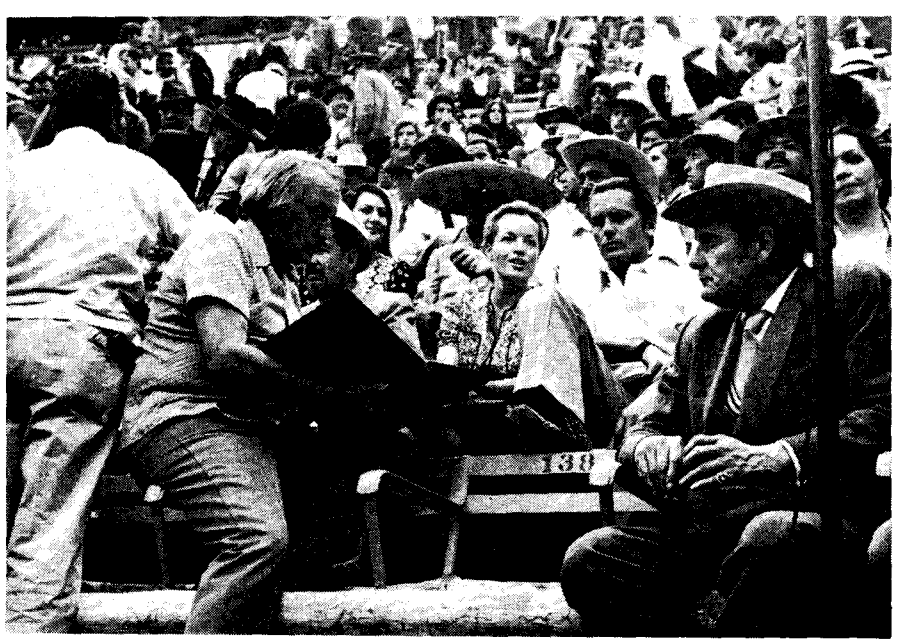
Losey became involved in the film out of some curiosity, but mostly out of loyalty to a black-listed old friend who wrote the original screen treatment (later discarded). Because they had shared a common pro-Soviet assumption that Trotsky was a counterrevolutionary, Losey wondered what had brought his friend to the project.

The director realized very quickly that he knew almost nothing about Trotsky; nor, he surmised, did the vast majority of people who had once taken an anti-Trotsky position. He was surprised to learn, for instance, that Trotsky's theory of permanent world revolution, so widely disseminated by his disciples, was confined to a few sentences in the large body of his work and that, unlike many of his adherents, Trotsky regarded the "unconditional defense of the Soviet Union" as essential.

Ironically, the final script, which contains footnotes citing sources for nearly all of Trotsky's lines, was written by Nicholas Mosley—son of Sir Oswald Mosley, once considered Britain's leading fascist, and of Lady Cynthia Mosley, one of Jessica Mitford's sisters. Lady Cynthia was a Trotskyist and Labour MP who had met Trotsky during his exile in 1930 in Turkey.

"I wasn't trying to do a *life* of Trotsky," Losey explained, somewhat irritably because that's what some people think he should have done. We talked in the unpretentious, black-and-white living room of the house in London where he lives with his fourth wife, Patricia. A ceiling-high mirror above the black-and-gray marble fireplace gives an illusion of spaciousness, and a small convex mirror offers a refreshing, almost Persian, miniature reflection of the green beech trees in the quiet Chelsea square outside. A death mask of Losey's old friend Bertolt Brecht is a reminder of the Hollywood witch hunt and of Losey's staging of an earlier inquisition, the American premiere of Brecht's *Galileo*.

"The point of this film is the horror of the means used to effect political change now, the horrible, gruesome hounding and secret assassinations that seem to have become the instrument of world-power politics. I would equate Trotsky's assassination with the terrifying cynicism of the meetings Nixon had in Moscow. It was all so brazen. The backslapping, the champagne drinking, the banqueting, the Bolshoi Theater, and the smiles—while genocide is being committed systematically in the East. It's a nauseating spectacle. If they have to have their bloody meetings,



Losey (left) coaches Romy Schneider and Alain Delon (center).

Judy Stone, recently back from freelance writing in Ireland, edits the daily entertainment section of the San Francisco Chronicle.

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they could have them without this hypocritical facade. I don't think it proves anything except that the whole world is sick and corrupt and cynical."

Losey grew up in the much simpler world of LaCrosse, Wisconsin, where the Losey Memorial and Losey Boulevard honor his grandfather, one of the founders of the Northern Pacific Railroad. He entered Dartmouth College at sixteen, thinking he would become a doctor, but the world of literature, music, and painting exerted a stronger pull. He took an M.A. at Harvard, began writing about theater, and directed and coproduced his first play on Broadway at twenty-three.

His first feature film, *The Boy With Green Hair*, was made in 1948 at the start of the investigation into "subversion" in Hollywood. To combat this infringement on the First Amendment, Losey staged a huge meeting in Los Angeles for the original "Hollywood Nineteen" on the eve of their departure for the first of the Washington hearings. Their framed letter of appreciation hangs on the wall of his fourth-floor study. "You have launched a counterattack," the letter reads in part, "from which our whole people will profit. This is small thanks, but you don't need any anyway."

Losey's own subpoena never arrived, and he left for England the day after General Eisenhower was elected President. In England he began gradually to direct again, and his films were "discovered," devoured, and dissected by a Losey cult on the Continent.

When he went to Mexico last year to research the Trotsky film, one difficult problem was his meeting with Trotsky's only surviving grandson, Vsevolod (Seva) Volkov. Volkov, who runs a small photographic laboratory, lives with his wife and two sets of twin daughters in Trotsky's old home, now a museum, in the Coyoacán section of Mexico City. An apolitical man himself, Volkov nonetheless jealously guards his grandfather's reputation against what he calls "Stalinist lies."

"It is not easy to get access to the house," Losey said, "or easy to win his [Volkov's] confidence. First, I was allowed to the door, then into the garden. Volkov was suspicious and, I think, also had been warned against me. He said, 'Are you a Communist?' I said, 'No, I'm not.' He asked, 'Were you a Communist?' I said, 'Yes, I was.' He asked, 'Are you a Trotskyist?' I said, 'No, I'm not.' He said, 'Do you intend to tell the truth?' I said, 'I intend to tell as much of the truth as I can find out.' He finally said, 'I'll help you as much as I can because I believe you're honest in what you're trying to do.'"

Once Losey began filming, he found that the Mexican government had laid down some "terrifying" conditions. Mexico is notorious for political censorship, and Trotsky's death is not exactly an uncontroversial subject.

"I had to have a representative of the censor on the set at all times, and she had to see all the rushes. The negatives had to be processed there, and they wanted to hold them until they saw the completely cut and finished film. For a two-and-a-half-million-dollar film it was quite a risk, but they were finally very cooperative. When some of the lab work was poor and we had to reshoot, they let the footage be processed elsewhere."

The most interesting government decree was that David Alfaro Siqueiros, last survivor of the great Mexican muralists, could not be mentioned by name in the film, nor could any of his art be shown. Historians agree that Siqueiros, a Communist who had fought in the Spanish Civil War, led an abortive raid on Trotsky's heavily fortified home on May 24, 1940. Two hundred shots were fired, but only Trotsky's grandson, Volkov, was slightly wounded.

Neither Siqueiros nor anyone else ever served a sentence in connection with that attack. The artist later said that the purpose of the raid was not to kill Trotsky but to provoke a "psychological shock" and protest his presence.

Losey wanted the ebullient Siqueiros to take an active part in the film for artistic reasons. "I wanted to use his paintings because they are very cinematic—particularly the later ones. I was also fascinated by the juxtaposition of Trotsky to the Mexican culture and the October Revolution to the Mexican Revolution. The close relationship of Mexican artists to the Mexican Revolution was totally unlike the divorcing of artists from revolutionary Russia.

"I said to Siqueiros, 'Anything you can tell me is not true—unless I can absolutely prove you're wrong—I will accept. Or, if you want to let me use your paintings, at the end you can appear in person and say, "This is one version of history, but it's not mine."' Up to the last day before shooting he wavered but finally decided against becoming involved in the film."

Speculating on the government's ban on Siqueiros, Losey said he thought the May 1940 attack on Trotsky's home was still "a touchy subject for both the government and the family. I'm sure the frightful event that occurred in June 1971 just before I began shooting —an unfortunate word—added to the difficulties. There was a perfectly peaceful student demonstration, and a group of uniformed, organized fascists attacked and broke it up. It was announced that there were nineteen dead, but there were, in fact, more. These gangs went into the hospitals and shot to death some of the wounded."

The violence he saw then returned to haunt him at a spectacular bullfight, which became a recurring motif in the film. "I wanted to make the point," Losey said, "that people can accept certain kinds of brutality as they accept the horrors of Vietnam."

Some people may see a bullfight as

An actor hides behind mannerisms and masks; he'll play safe until he knows the director won't let him be hurt.

Trotsky (Richard Burton) records his memoirs, his last literary work.

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choreography of a kind, but Losey believes that the only reason a person with feeling can stomach one at all is that it is always filmed in long shot. He filmed it all in "inescapable" close-ups. This bullfight was particularly horrifying because the picador's lance broke off in the bull. Every time the bull charged, the lance was a threat to the matador, who risked being impaled not only by the horns but also by the lance.

"This was an accidental, but particularly apt, parallel to Trotsky," Losey said, "because he was struck in the head with an alpenstock, a three-cornered ice pick for mountain climbing." The director emphasized the parallel by intercutting bullfight scenes with the assassination.

"The ice pick was buried in Trotsky's brain to a depth of two-and-a-half inches, sufficient to render him unconscious immediately. Instead, from almost a resigned, fatalistic attitude toward the inevitability of assassination, he sprang to life and struggled physically—a man of sixty-one with a man of twenty-five—for four minutes, and he lived another twenty-six hours. For the first two hours he made jokes, he tried to comfort his wife, he made political statements. Likewise, this bull went on charging, and the lance had to be pulled out before the bullfight could proceed."

Losey was struck by Trotsky's almost fatalistic acceptance of what was to come. The assassin had maneuvered his way into the household through a carefully cultivated relationship with a spinsterish New York Trotskyist, called Gita (played by Romy Schneider) in the film. He asked Trotsky to read an almost illiterate manuscript he had written, while he sat perched on the desk above him with an ice pick, a dagger, and a gun concealed in his coat! It was his dress rehearsal. Later, to his wife, Trotsky expressed unnamable anxieties about the visit. Yet he let him return.

"Some of the older Trotskyists dismiss him as a trained killer," Losey said, "but I find it difficult to believe that a trained killer would have made so many mistakes. He was either a very stupid man, a very untrained man, a very frightened man, or all three."

The assassin used the aliases of Jacques Mornard, "son of a Belgian diplomat," and Frank Jacson, a Canadian. Ten years after his conviction he was identified almost certainly, through a check of his fingerprints in Madrid, as Ramon Mercader, whose mother was a Cuban-born Spanish Communist known for her intimacy with the Soviet secret police.

However, the killer never departed from his "cover": that he was a disillusioned Trotskyist, acting from principle but also out of a desire for his mother's approval. His one human concern was to absolve "Gita" of complicity. After serving his full twenty-year sentence in a Mexican prison, he went first to Cuba and is now believed to be living in Czechoslovakia. The film itself ends with the assassin's capture—to which he offered no resistance—his identification still unknown.

Losey said he does not believe that Trotsky had a death wish despite his failure to act on his suspicion about the assassin. "Trotsky must have been terribly depressed and sad and discouraged and aware that he was working in a vacuum. At the time of Lenin's death he was the heir. There's no doubt that he could have taken power, but he didn't even come back from the Caucasus for Lenin's funeral. He stayed away for three months, and he deliberately provoked Stalin by calling him the 'undertaker of the Revolution' at a Politburo meeting. I believe he abdicated power. My own feeling was that, when he recognized what the revolution would mean in terms of more deaths, half of him didn't want to go on, didn't want the responsibility."

I said that I felt the one wrong note in the film was the assassin's fleeting glimpse of Stalin's face in the floating gardens at Xochimilco, to which he had taken Gita for an outing prior to the assassination. Stalin's ultimate responsibility had already been implied, and that apparition seemed melodramatic.

It may have seemed "stylistically isolated," Losey suggested, "but it was part of my original plan. I wanted to get much more visual documentary footage on Trotsky, but I simply couldn't find it. I needed that Xochimilco scene rhythmically, to give the audience a breathing space."

A perfectionist about the finest details, from the quality of the color prints to the music-and-sound mix, Losey stresses the necessity of shape and form in his work. "Beauty is very important to me. I risk being called, and sometimes am called, formalistic. A lot is being written now about happenings and similar activities. They more or less abdicate the function of the artist. True art is the breaking down of reality and the reconstructing of it in a shape, in a form, to show people something in a way in which they wouldn't otherwise have seen it. I want to show them ugliness that they wouldn't see, to show them beauty in connection with the ugliness that they wouldn't see. Beauty without the ugliness isn't enough, and ugliness without the beauty isn't enough to me."

He approaches each film with the utmost confidence. "But when it comes down to the nitty-gritty," he says, "I start getting sick to my stomach and being unable to sleep and having nightmares. I'm terrified of the actors for the first few days, of the technicians, of myself. I'm convinced I'll never make another film as long as I live."

Losey's sensitivity to actors grows out of the knowledge of his own trepidations. "The productiveness of the director/actor relationship depends on the degree to which the actor trusts the director. Unless the actor feels he can safely risk everything he has to give without making himself ridiculous, he won't try. An actor will hide behind mannerisms; he will hide behind a mask; he'll hide behind tricks; he will avoid using himself to avoid being hurt; he'll play safe until he knows that the director will not let him be hurt and will not let him make a fool of himself. Then he can draw on things he otherwise wouldn't dream of drawing on. If you wear your heart on your sleeve and some ass comes along and says, 'What's that red flash on your sleeve?' and cuts it to ribbons, then you haven't got any heart left to put on your sleeve or anywhere else."

Losey finds Burton a "most satisfying actor to direct, although a lot of people don't believe me. Richard is an extraordinary man of vast talent. He also has a small, but distinguished, writing ability. His relationship with Elizabeth is very important to him, but he's a perplexed man who is troubled by all sorts of contradictions. He mistrusts everyone, including himself. He has come to trust me as much as he can trust anybody. I think a large part of his life is not very happy. He doesn't take films or directors seriously and tends not to understand much of what goes into the making of a film. But when he saw *Trotsky*, he wrote me the most extraordinary letter."

"Dearest Joe," Burton wrote, "I rarely use the superlative unless I mean it so I don't think the dearest is a matter of useless form. It is rather nice to grab a portion of someone else's ephemeral immortality if you'll pardon the paradox. For whenever they have a Losey festival, I'm fairly certain that I will be in it together with lesser beings like Elizabeth Taylor and that has (the very name) a certain catch to it . . . . The particular virtue of this present film is that it compels one's imagination for many hours after the event . . . because of your pointing out with exactitude other lives than our own . . . . I think that this film might, at last, make Delon into the international star that he should have been a long time ago. I think that even I act with the most precise precision. There's a delicacy and frailty in my performance that I didn't think I was capable of and a reduction of my voice to its basic truth rather than a noble suggestion . . . . My wife loves you a great deal and she is sparing in her affections and also loves your wife and so do I and it is rare in our mentally suspicious world to love anybody at all. . . ." □

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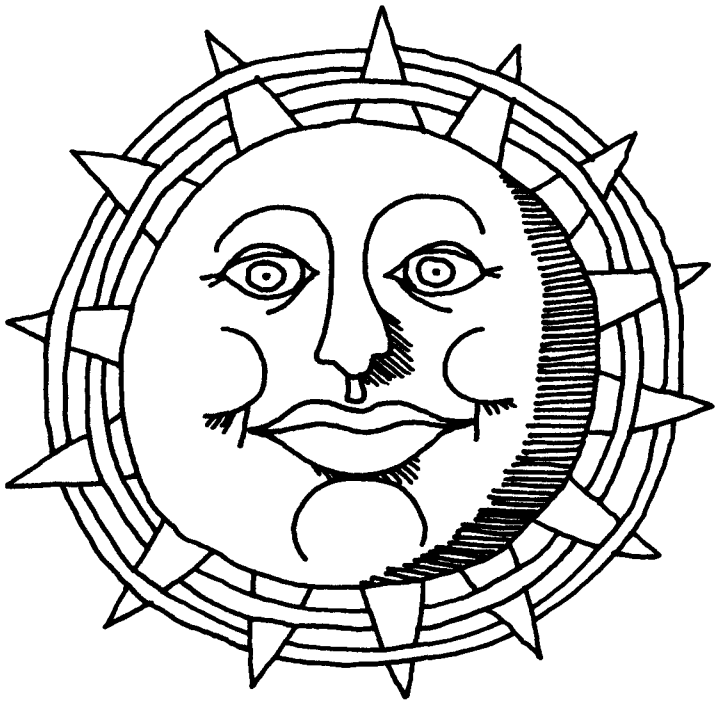
pleasure and treasure in the sun



Suddenly it's autumn, and winter isn't far behind. Even if snow and sleet are just last year's memory, this is the time to plan the trip that increasing numbers of Americans are saving for the cold months. You don't have to go half around the world to find warmth in winter. Just to the south, accessible from East, West, or Middle America, wait the Caribbean and Mexico. If you've already been there and want a continent more distant, look—not quite halfway around the globe—to Africa. When you find the sun, you can opt for straight hedonism, exercise, a cultural treasure hunt, or any combination you want. Beginning on the next page, we offer some suggestions. □

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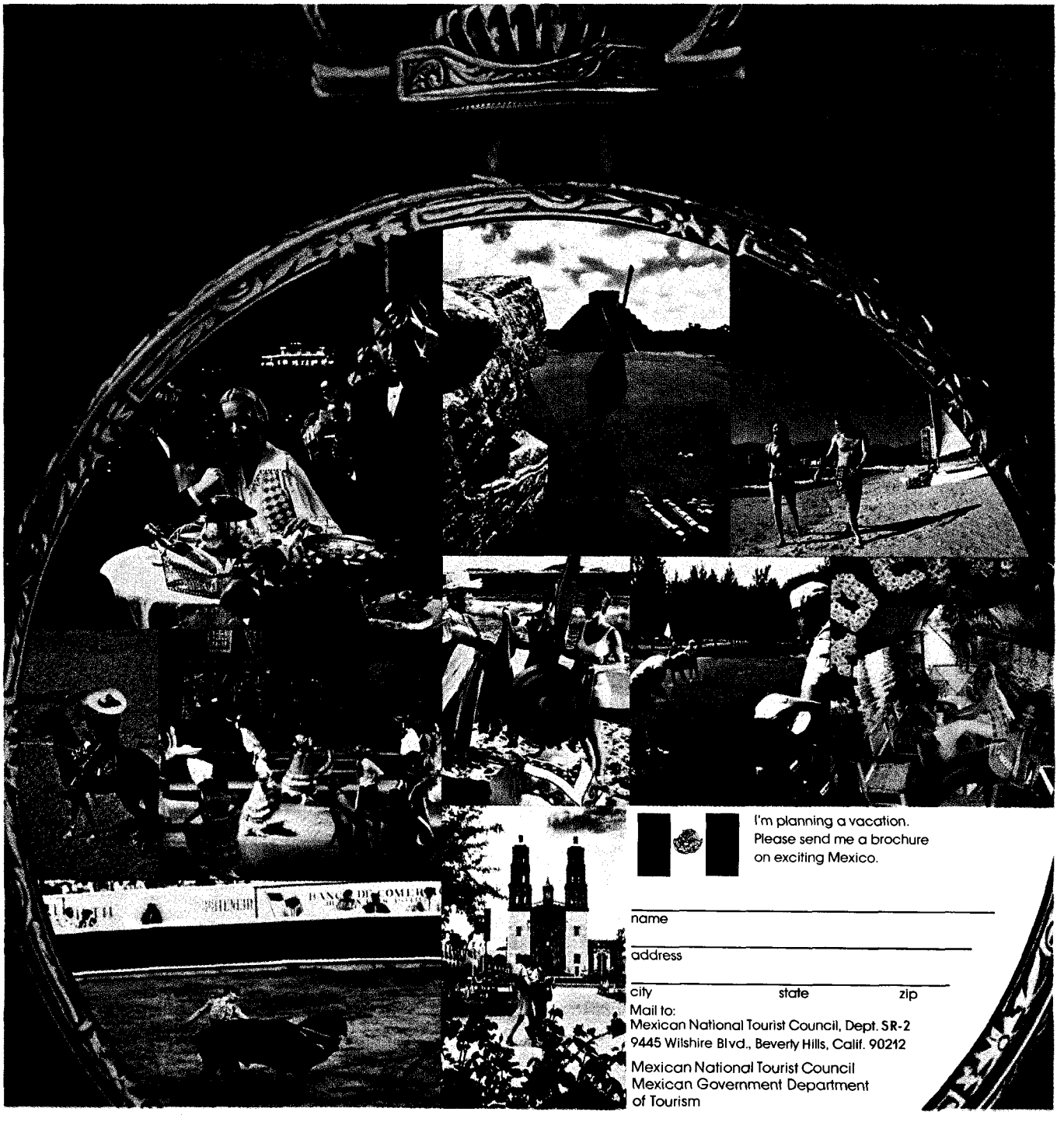

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time travel beneath the sea

Luxury high-rises are fast replacing the Caribbean's palms. But underwater waits a seascape that is centuries old.

BY PETER WOOD

Television is so rife these days with films of explorers at the headwaters of the Orinoco and hunters seeking the Abominable Snowman on some nameless Himalayan peak that we are conditioned to think that only by traveling to the ends of the earth can we discover life as God made it. Not so. Tucked conveniently into the underbelly of the North American continent, no more than a few hours by jet from most major U.S. cities, lies a habitat that supports some of the most varied, gaudy, and luxurious fauna on earth. The animals to be seen there range in size from minute, reef-building polyps to the great, gray shapes of prowling sharks. I am talking, of course, about that deliciously warm, limpid, sun-drenched sea, the Caribbean.

Though high-rise luxury hotels are replacing the native Caribbean palms at an alarming rate, the underwater seascape remains little changed from

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that of pre-Columbian days. In its plunging forests of coral, brilliantly hued and fantastically shaped sea life still swarms.

The Caribbean's 2,500-mile arc of islands reaches from Cuba all the way to Trinidad, off the Venezuelan coast, and the number of major islands in the group runs into the hundreds. Most of them are of volcanic origin, dramatically steep-sided and abrupt in profile. Smaller islands, cays, protruding rocks, and reefs are countless, and almost all of them support their own coral formations and fascinating marine life. Nearly any Caribbean shore will do to open your eyes to the incredible diversity of tropical water creatures that live there.

All you need to explore this watery domain is an airline ticket, a bathing suit, and the essential flippers, face mask, and snorkel. Though virtually all hostelries with water sports supply snorkeling gear, be certain your equipment fits. It is best to take your own. Your kit should not run you more than $20, and it should include a pair of cotton gardening gloves to help you move through the coral without being scratched or stung. Scuba gear—the self-contained breathing apparatus that will permit dives of 150 feet and more—can be rented at most resorts.

I can still remember in great detail my first sight of living coral, off a rugged stretch of the Cuban coast, some twenty years ago. I now know the place to have been unspectacular in the extreme compared to spots I have seen since, but then, enchanted, I glided weightlessly over thickets of staghorn coral, watching blue-and-orange parrot fish browse amidst the abrasive coral arms. I spotted a pair of four-eyed butterfly fish protectively decorated with a "second eye" near the tail, which gave them the appearance of swimming backward. I watched French grunts (a terrible name for so gracefully marked a creature) and a pair of angel fish playing tag in the grottoes etched under an automobile-sized coral head. I had my first brush with mustard-yellow fire coral, which stings like nettles and leaves a similar rash. But I successfully avoided the beautifully delicate, but sharp-spined, black sea urchins that nestle in coral creases and can give a swimmer a nasty prick. Indeed, so spellbinding was that first introduction that I might be there still if I had not encountered a three-foot barracuda.

I've learned a lot about snorkeling since then, not the least being that live barracuda, despite their abiding curiosity and fearsome teeth, are no danger to man. Their black-spotted aluminum forms, which are everywhere in the Caribbean, are more to be appreciated for their silvery grace than to be feared. The gnashing teeth have nothing to do with a desire to bite; when the 'cuda is swimming slowly, it bares its teeth to force extra water through its gills to breathe.

Crystal-clear water and brilliantly colored sea life await anyone who knows how to swim.

I have also learned a great deal more about where to dive in the Caribbean, frequently from men who make diving their business. One such is Dewey Bergman, owner of See and Sea Travel Service in San Francisco, one of several outfits that put together diving safaris to places as remote as the Galapagos Islands and Australia's Great Barrier Reef. Most of Bergman's expeditions go to the Caribbean. He rates it as the overall best diving area in the world, but some island waters are better diving than others.

The large islands with high mountains and heavy rainfall—Cuba, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, and Hispaniola (Haiti and the Dominican Republic)—tend to be relatively poor diving spots. Muddied rainwater running into the sea makes for a high level of solid matter suspended in the water, decreasing the underwater visibility that is such a large part of the diver's excitement. Where there are brisk onshore breezes or where surf, tides, and currents churn sediment up off the ocean floor—along the northern shore of Puerto Rico, for example—the cloudy, roiling water makes diving little better than it might be off Long Island, where visibility is ten feet. Elsewhere in the Caribbean, however, you can see 150, sometimes 250, feet through the transparent waters.

The Bahamas, lying just to the north of Cuba like a gigantic barrier reef, are low and flat. The water surrounding them is extraordinarily clear since the rain, when it falls, does not run off in torrents, but percolates down through the porous limestone foundations of the islands. The limestone acts as a natural filter for silt. Technically, of course, the Bahamas lie to the north of the Caribbean, but they have the same wind, sun, and wildlife as the islands to the south, and they offer hundreds of square miles of shallow, coral-studded banks that are ideal for snorkeling.

Freeport, on Grand Bahama Island and only a short hop from Palm Beach on the Florida coast, boasts extensive facilities for the diver that are run by an organization called the Underwater Explorers Society. In addition to an eighteen-foot-deep, windowed pool for teaching beginners how to use scuba gear, their complex includes a decompression tank and a marine habitat sunk in fifty feet of water off the coast. Divers can rest without coming to the surface. They can even spend all night in the habitat if they are so inclined and are willing to pick up the $150 tab. Though all facilities around the Caribbean that rent scuba equipment have competent instructors who can teach anyone who can swim to dive safely within a few hours, the facilities at Freeport are without parallel. Freeport itself is a bustling, busy modern resort, with gambling and all the frills. It pleases some and appalls others.

At the far end of the Bahamian chain are the politically independent Turks and Caicos islands. Far less developed, explored, and exploited than Freeport, they provide superb snorkeling, scuba diving, and spear fishing around their miles of deserted coast. Between the extremes of Freeport and the Turks and the Caicos is the dramatic 120-mile-long reef off Andros, the third longest barrier reef in the world. Twelve feet deep on the land side and 6,000 feet down at the outer edge, where it descends into a great submerged canyon called the Tongue of the Ocean, the reef offers among its wonders several "blue holes," vertical cavelike openings that plunge more than 200 feet into the reef. They can be explored with scuba gear.

Off the eastern tip of Puerto Rico lie the Virgin Islands, half British, half American. Two spots there are worth noting. Buck Island, a short boat ride off the north shore of St. Croix, is a national park. A perfect tropic isle in miniature, it has its own reef, where a trail has been laid out for snorkelers. Underwater signs identify the wildlife, including some fish that habitually keep to one spot. For experienced divers, such as the writer and underwater photographer Coles Phinizy, the signs serve to stifle curiosity. But for those who do not already know the difference between a brain coral and a gorgonian, or for those with young children, Buck Island more than serves its purpose and ranks with Yellowstone as a place of magnificent sights.

On Horseshoe Reef off Anegada, the

Since discovering the Caribbean's marine wonders nearly twenty years ago, Peter Wood of Time-Life Books has frequently returned to sail the islands and explore their hundreds of fascinating reefs.

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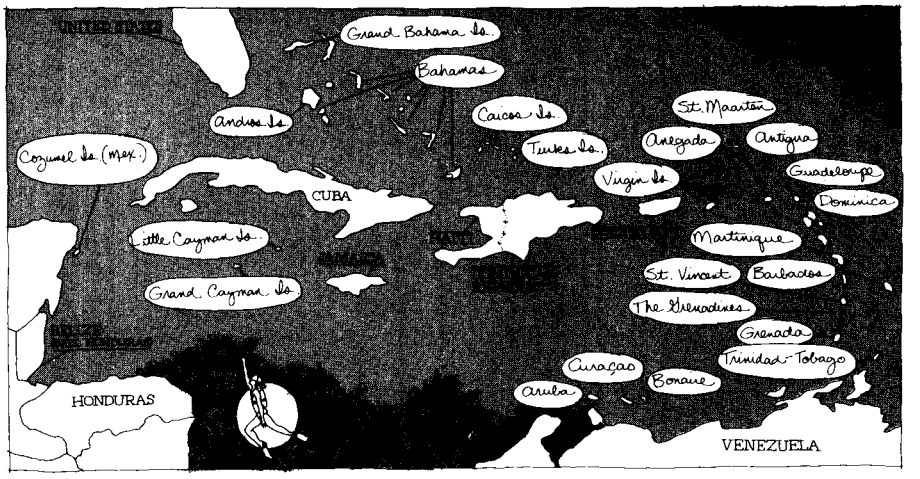
most easterly of the Virgin Islands, lies a graveyard of sunken ships, an adventure for more daring divers. Low like the Bahamas, Anegada, too, has unusually clear water. Its low profile also makes it hard to spot by ship, which accounts for the 150 reported wrecks of boats that have gone aground there in water usually no deeper than forty feet. One can explore the wrecks only by boat and with guides who know the area. The best guide is Bert Kilbride, who in the eleven years he has been diving there has located sixty-five wrecks. As there are no tourist facilities on Anegada itself, Kilbride operates off the eastern tip of Virgin Gorda. For $30 a day per person (which includes the boat, a guide, and two tanks of air), he will take a minimum of four persons exploring on the reef. Kilbride's fee, though slightly lower than it might be in a less remote resort, is a good benchmark of what it will cost you to go scuba diving with a boat and guide.

Prices for accommodations in Virgin Gorda are also a typical and fair guide to what you can expect elsewhere in the islands. A double room with meals at the modest Lord Nelson Inn in Spanish Town is about $30 a person out-of-season and about $45 in-season. The Rockefeller resort at Little Dix Bay is three times the price and ten times the posh. If you are a sailor, you can charter a bare boat for four with all provisions from Caribbean Sailing Yachts on Tortola for $800 a week on-season and $600 off-season.

Beyond the Virgins lie the Leeward and Windward islands, mountainous peaks protruding from the sea, with interesting reefs and, as of this report, with scuba facilities on all the major islands. Generally, the waters suffer somewhat from the clouding effects of rain, wind, and surf. One reef lying off the Tobago Cays in the Grenadines, however, is a snorkeler's paradise inside the sheltered harbor and is excellent for scuba diving farther out. It is accessible only by boat. (You can charter in St. Vincent or Grenada.) From nearby Palm Island, which has its own airstrip, or from the green Alp called Union Island, you can hire someone to take you out for the day.

The main current in the Caribbean sweeps in a westward direction. Entering from the Atlantic through the sieve of the Windward and Leeward islands, it flows westward for nearly 700 protected miles before it reaches Bonaire, sixty miles off the coast of Venezuela and a highly touted diving area. Along with Aruba and Curacao, Bonaire is one of the so-called ABCs of the Dutch Antilles. It is Bonaire, the sleepiest and least developed of the three, that, despite its rather high profile, boasts brilliantly clear water and a shore that



From Grand Bahama Island, near Florida, to Trinidad and Tobago, off the Venezuelan coast, the Caribbean offers hundreds of islands ideal for discovering underwater marvels.

drops off so precipitously that excellent scuba diving can be done right off the beach without bothering with a boat.

Beyond Bonaire the current gradually turns northwest along the coast of Central America, exiting finally through the narrow pass between the Yucatán peninsula and Cuba. Its crystal waters bathe other islands of the Spanish Main. These are areas for the adventurous diver with a boat. Many of them remain virtually untouched, including a number of coral atolls off Belize (British Honduras) that are as perfect as any found in the Pacific.

One island along this coast has been well-explored by divers. It is Cozumel, only twelve miles off Mexico's Yucatán peninsula and the island closest to the U.S. (It is only an hour and twenty-five minutes by plane from Miami.) Starting from a point about a mile out in the Yucatán channel, near the southern tip of Cozumel, is Palencar Reef, which runs for six miles in a southerly direction and is rated one of the four or five most spectacular diving spots in the world. To view the awesome reef face, studded with huge coral heads, honeycombed with great caverns, long tunnels, and deep crevasses, you need a boat, a guide, and scuba gear. But the reef is well worth it. (One note of caution, however. Reports are that the Mexicans are overly casual about the maintenance of their equipment. Take your own air regulator and rent only the air tanks.)

What makes Palencar so stunning is its vertical profile, which begins at a depth of thirty feet and slants down at a seventy-degree angle for thousands and thousands of feet into the blue-black depths of the channel. Palencar is Mecca for divers because of its fantastic underwater visibility, which averages 150 feet and often extends to 200 feet or more. The flow of deep currents between the reef and the Yucatán mainland continually sweeps the reef face clean of any sand and debris. The result is a blue-tinted atmosphere in which a diver can look up from a depth of 150 feet and see the clear silhouette of his diving boat on the surface, then look down into the deeper blue to see the pure white sand carpeting the floors of sheer-sided canyons hundreds of feet below.

Largely because of Palencar, Cozumel has boomed in recent years. While a decade ago there were accommodations for only eighty guests on the whole island, now there are ten times that many in several luxury hotels. The reef has been noticeably picked at by souvenir-hunting divers—not just for its valuable black coral, but also, unfortunately, for its sea fans and coral branches, which, at best, grow only an inch a year.

Less spoiled, despite an equal proximity to Miami (less than an hour by plane), is Grand Cayman Island, 200 miles below Cuba. Low and surrounded by a nearly continuous reef, its water is as clear as that off Cozumel. Several professional divers I have talked with consider the dropoff of the reef girdling Grand Cayman's north shore to be even more spectacular than Palencar Reef. But, as with nearly every jewel of nature, human plans will change that beauty. In this case the destruction will come from the dredging of North Sound and the filling in of the swamps around it to make a deepwater port. The port is certain to upset profoundly the delicate balance of forces that sustain coral growth. And when the coral dies, the gaudy and fantastic reef life that depends on it vanishes too.

So hurry if you want to see Grand Cayman before it goes down the drain. Or hurry to the other points of the Caribbean, not simply because time may be running out, but more importantly because they are so incredibly lovely to see. □

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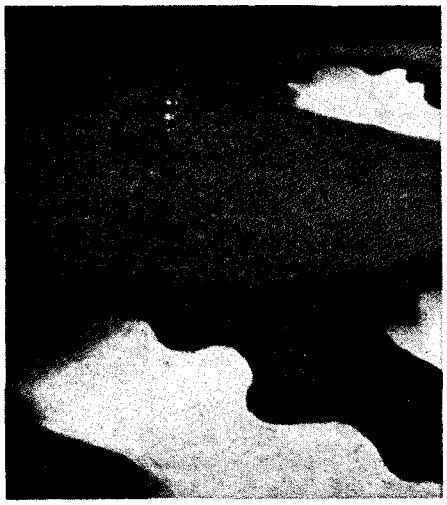
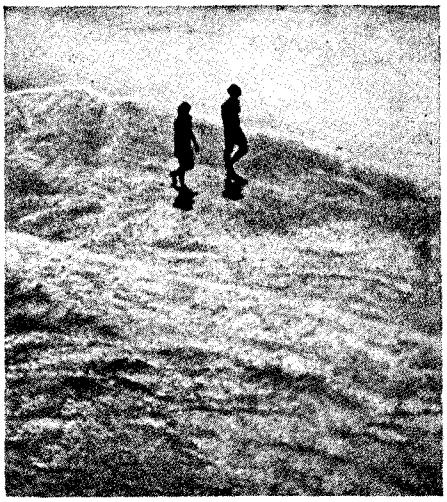
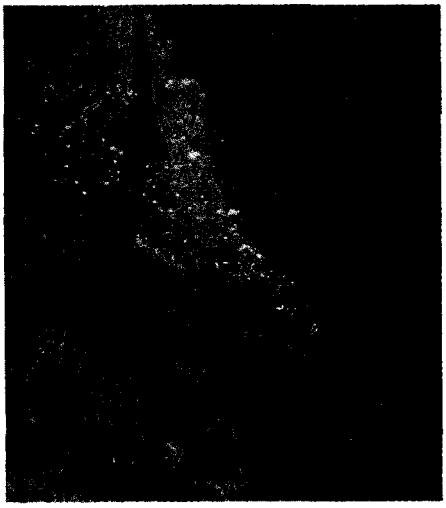


Freeport is five 18-hole championship golf courses. Another is at West End.

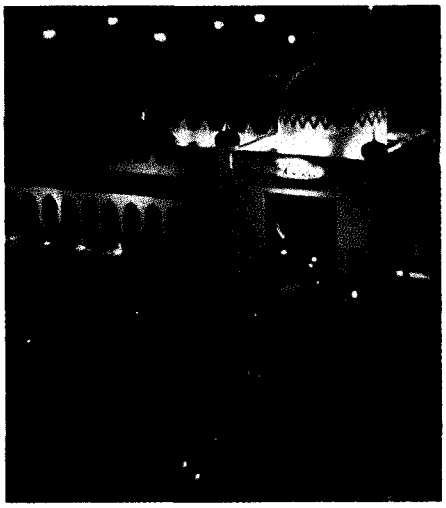
Freeport is a $3 million, 10-acre International Shopping Bazaar.



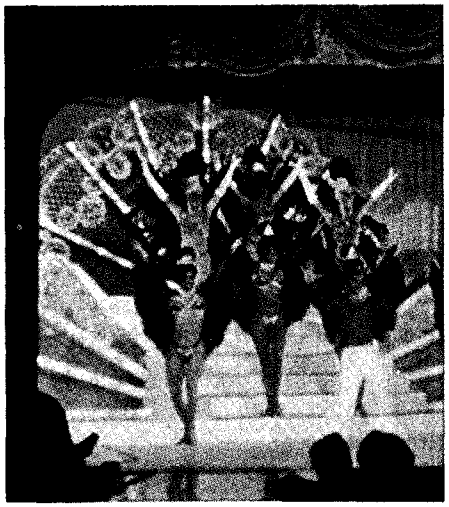
Freeport is the pink sand beach and turquoise waters of Lucaya.



Freeport is the Underwater Explorers Club and vertical diving on The Wall.



Freeport is the largest casino in the Western Hemisphere.



Freeport is international entertainment and Bahamian Goombay.

Abaco is where Freeport is. In the Bahamas. Abaco is in the 700 Bahama Out Islands. New Plymouth, on Green Turtle Cay, looks like the Plymouth, Massachusetts of a century ago. Wild boar and wild ponies still are found in the cedar forests of Great Abaco. Basin Harbour Cay has limestone cliffs sculptured by weather into gargoyles. And "Mother Mirle's" features a succulent fish called goggle-eye. When you come to the Bahamas, you come to a sea of islands. Starting only 50 miles off the Florida coast. Once you get there, you can have it quiet. Or not so quiet. Or not quiet at all. And all you have to do is see your travel agent.

The Bahamas. Not out of the way. Just out of this world.

Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First Street, Miami, Florida 33131

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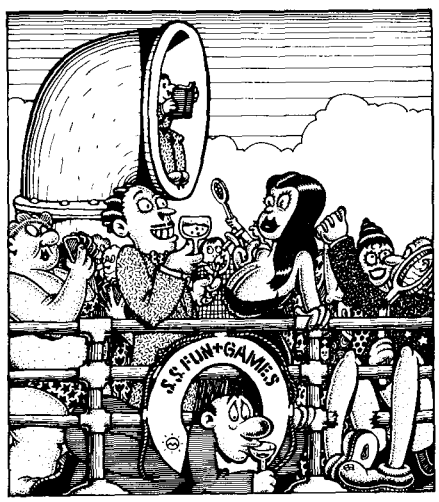
yo ho ho and a pony of cognac



On the pleasures and ploys of seafaring in style, by a seasoned aficionado of the cruise

BY ROBERT ALDEN

Comes vacation time and it's yo ho ho and I'm off to sea. I don't mean the seashore. What I have in mind is an ocean liner—the most luxurious that I can afford.

I love cruising. I love putting in at foreign ports, places like Dakar, La Guaira, Bombay, and Papeete. I love eating caviar, mounds of it. I love a gentleman's gentleman laying out my evening clothes for me and seeing that they are suitably brushed and pressed. I love the salt air and the roll of the ship and glorious sunsets with the sun —a great, glorious, shimmering circle—blood-red with touches of gold about its edges, sinking into a black sea on a distant horizon. I love the waters, gray and blue and green, and the foam-crested waves and the scudding clouds. I love sitting down in the smoking lounge in the evening in an enormously large, comfortable leather chair with a pony of cognac. Give me endless hours of relaxation with a good book and no telephone to ring. And then give me the delicious thought that days of this kind of luxurious living stretch out before me, that there are more ports ahead, and that there will be more caviar and more books to read and more glorious sunsets.

Cruising, of course, is not for every traveler. "Look," says a friend, "I would rather be where people speak another language and where I can feel the texture of the country, not for a few hours when the ship puts in at a port, but for days and weeks."

I understand. But I confess that such traveling bears little attraction to me because I have done so much of it professionally. For many years I was a foreign correspondent and moved about a great deal abroad. In one five-year stretch my usual schedule called for me to be in a new country every two weeks or so. Thus, when I vacation, I don't fancy hippity-hopping about in an airplane or driving in an auto or bus.

I'll take a large, slow-moving boat any day. And, having taken quite a few over the years, I'm quite happy to pass on from my experience inducements for the uninitiated and tips for any takers, with the understanding that what I write is quite personal and should be adopted by others according to their own predilections and personalities.

Robert Alden is chief of the U.N. bureau of the New York Times *and has traveled widely for the* Times*—and for himself—in Europe and Asia.*

Take the matter of shipboard sociability. For many years I was a bachelor, and, when I think about the virtues of cruising, among them looms the fact that the social life comes easy at sea.

Even if you never in your life talked to a stranger in a bar, it's easy to do so on a ship—in fact, it's expected. That's most important for a woman traveling alone. In other surroundings she would not think of going to a bar and having a drink alone. On a ship she can do so without a second thought.

In this matter of sociability I remember one eager fellow aboard the *Gripsholm* on a twenty-nine-day cruise that touched at ports in Africa and the Caribbean. This fellow slid into a chair alongside me in one of the bars and pulled out a little booklet that the ship distributes at the start of each cruise, the one that lists all of one's fellow passengers.

"Have I got you yet?" he said.

"I don't understand," I answered.

"Then I haven't gotten you," he said. "Here, sign alongside your name," and he handed me the passenger directory. "By the time we get home I'm going to meet every passenger on this ship, and I'll be able to prove it. I'll buy you a drink the next time I see you." And off he went in pursuit of his next signature.

Sociability is there for the asking, but, happily, you can also get away from your fellow passengers if you are so moved. Every ship has its hideaways. I once decided on a cruise to South America aboard the Norwegian American Line's *Sagafjord* that I would read a selection of contemporary Russian novelists. I found a place aft on the deck out of the wind that could be reached only by clambering across some piles of coiled rope. That foreclosed any possibility of social accessibility. For three or four hours each day on the three-week cruise I was happy with my books while the rest of the busy shipboard communalism went on apace in swimming pools and bars and tango classes.

Sociability can be more selective if you wish. At 35 cents a drink it's painless to entertain those you want to get to know for a before-lunch or -dinner cocktail, and, with a little studied rudeness, it's relatively easy to dispose of people you don't want to get to know. There is, however, one group of people whom you cannot avoid on the ship—your tablemates. Unless, that is, you choose to sit alone. As for myself, I prefer the company of attractive young ladies at table. I soon developed my own strategy for arranging such company. At the moment that the ship was departing for the cruise and passengers were all on deck waving frantic goodbyes and tossing confetti, I would make my way below, search out the dining-room steward, and say with an earnestness that even I could admire: "I'm young and, as you can see, quite handsome. I would like to be seated with the prettiest girls on the ship."

The steward was usually amused, and, even if he were not, at least my plea stuck in his mind. More often than not, whenever he came across girls with a little sparkle, he would cluster them at the table at which I sat. I willingly share my secret with whomever it might benefit, and good luck.

I would also like to share this bit of practical advice. The first night that you sit down at a table with five or seven strangers is going to be a difficult one. They are going to look like a pretty

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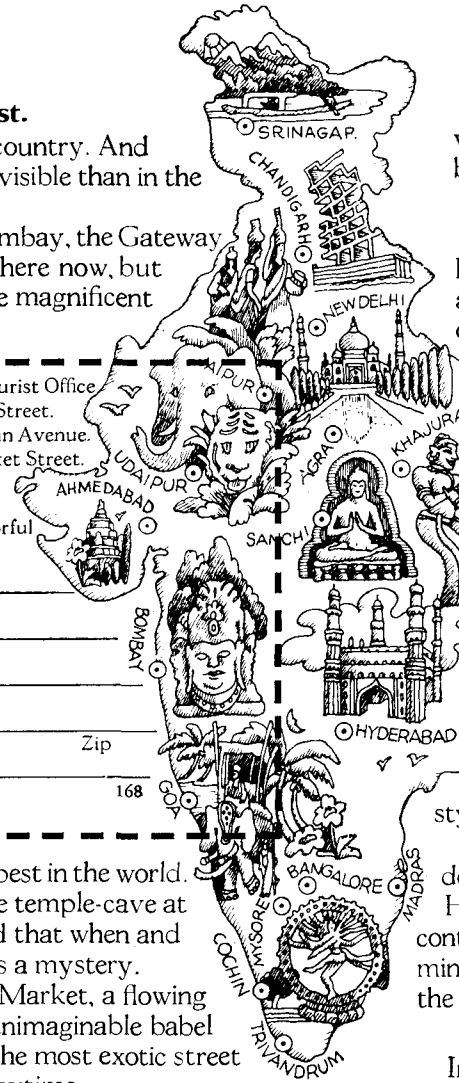

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unappetizing bunch, and you're probably going to say to yourself, "I'll never get through the next nineteen days with these people."

The temptation will be strong to switch tables, to switch to almost anywhere. I never have, and I've never regretted staying put. After a time the defenses start coming down and the personalities start coming out. You'll find yourself looking forward to the fun and fellowship of the table. If not, have an extra drink or two and you'll provide your own fun and fellowship, and everyone will appear to be a good deal more amusing, including yourself.

If you do have special table company in mind in advance—another couple, say—the best time of all to make your arrangements is when you book your cruise. Then you won't find yourself standing in line, waiting to see the dining-room steward and finding him having to do a lot of fancy juggling to give you exactly what you want. Or you can book a table in a favorite corner or one served by a favorite steward. The ship lines are able to accommodate all manner of special requests.

Including strictly negative ones. I recall some years back a situation in which a ship navigated a potentially treacherous social strait involving choices of tablemates. A socially prominent lady, whom we shall call Mrs. Vanderhoff, had booked a cruise on the *Caronia* and instructed the line that under no circumstance was she to be seated at the same table with another dowager, whom we shall call Lady Chichester. Came the cruise and, as per instructions, the ladies were indeed at separate tables. But Lady Chichester had a different idea: She let the dining-room steward know that she was most anxious to be seated with Mrs. Vanderhoff.

"Simply not possible," the dining-room steward said.

Thereupon Lady Chichester went to Mrs. Vanderhoff and said, "I don't understand. I asked to be seated with you, and I'm sure that you asked to be seated with me, didn't you?"

"Of course, my dear Lady Chichester," said Mrs. Vanderhoff, lying. "But then this ship is run so inefficiently, and what can one do about it?"

And so nothing was done. The dining-room steward stood the abuse, swallowed the complaints, and kept his own counsel.

While you're booking your ticket and your dining-room table, you might want to book other things as well—a deck chair out of the wind, a masseur after lunch. Experienced lady travelers will often make their beauty-parlor appointments well in advance. In a ship that has perhaps 800 ladies and eight seats in the beauty salon, the hours just before the Captain's Gala can become fairly hectic.

While on the cruise, don't forget you're at sea. Watch the cresting waves and flying fish. See a few sunrises.

But these are peripheral matters, paling, in some minds, before the fundamental concern of getting on the ship's confidential Commend List. It is this list that determines who sits at the captain's table and who is invited to the special cocktail parties tendered by the ship's officers.

Unless you are self-evidently Somebody, the best that you can do in this respect is let the shipping line or your travel agent know exactly who you are and any special reason why you should be accorded a particular kind of treatment on the ship.

The ship line examines these qualifications, and those it deems worthy of special attention are recorded on a special roster. At the moment I am looking at a particular list, and I will abstract some of the qualifications without mentioning names: Vice President, United States Steel; Professor of Criminology at University of Western Ontario; Made Maiden Voyage on This Ship; Well-Known Author; Fourteenth Cruise on the Line; Account of Blank Travel Agency; Prominent New York Attorney; Famous International Entertainer.

Some of the ship lines put an "R" next to a few of the names, meaning that they are especially recommended. Others use a numbering system, putting each of those listed into a category —1, 2, or 3—or, as one indiscreet employee of a line put it, "IIPs," "VIPs," and "RAMs." The "IIPs" are Incredibly Important People—movie stars, cabinet ministers, and the like. The "VIPs" are the Very Important People —corporation vice presidents, frequent travelers on the line, and socialites. Finally, the "RAMs" are the Raggedy-Assed Masses—including all the others on the Commend List.

It's nice to be on the list and to be invited to special parties and tables. But, if you're not, don't be depressed. I've been to a great many parties in captains' staterooms, and often they are crashing bores. The captain's table can be boring as well, and many an IIP has turned down an invitation to break bread with the captain, preferring to sit with RAM friends.

Establishing status aboard ship, in any case, is not what it used to be, in part because there is not nearly as much status among cruise-goers as there used to be. Cruising, for better or worse, is simply not as fashionable as it was before World War II. Gone are the days when everyone aboard was a millionaire, or at least behaved like one. You are going to find that your fellow passengers represent a broad cross section of America—schoolteachers, dentists, furniture salesmen, widows, real-estate brokers, retired manufacturers of junior dresses. On most cruises, and particularly the longer ones, most of the passengers will be elderly, although there will be a sprinkling of younger persons.

Food and service aboard ship are not what they once were, either. And this is often a reflection of the new cruise-goer, too. He is not sophisticated about food and wines, and, when the demands are not made, they are not met. The good ships today have the kitchen facilities and the cooks and the wine cellars to cater to the desires of the gourmet. But the lines have discovered that the American cruise passenger—and he comprises at least 90 per cent of the market—prefers steak or roast beef above everything else, and so medium-rare steaks and medium-rare roast beef have become the area of their concentration.

As for cabin service, in the old days it was your room steward who laid out your clothes for the evening and who saw to it that they were properly brushed and pressed and that your shoes had a good shine. He will not automatically do that today. But if you ask him to lay out your evening clothes on the evenings when formal clothes are called for, he will happily serve you. If you want fruit in your room, he will see that it is there. You will, of course, be expected to tip liberally for such favors.

If the democratization of the cruise is a dubious advance, be assured that there have been some unequivocal improvements in cruising in recent decades. Most important, the ships are now air-conditioned; tropical cruising was not always a pleasure in the old, pre-air-conditioned days. Also, seasickness is now much rarer. Stabilizing fins keep ships from rolling as much as they were wont to do before, and seasickness remedies have become notably more effective in recent years.

In any case nothing, and no one, can detract, in my mind at least, from the magic of the sea, and therein lies a final bit of advice: While enjoying the comforts and company a cruise affords, don't forget you're at sea. See a couple of sunrises and sunsets at sea. They're remarkable. Watch the cresting waves and the sea birds and the dolphins and the flying fish. And I will envy your vistas and aromas from the railing as you sail into Villagarcía de Arosa or Singapore or Kingston or Casablanca, Punta Gorda or Lisbon or Dubrovnik . . . . □

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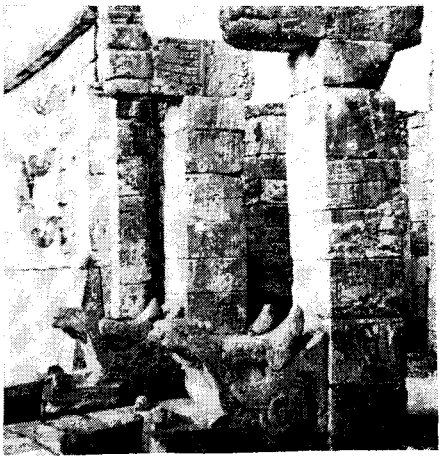
silent gods and sunburned stones



The real Mexico is more remote than you'd think—but this archeological tour can help you find it.

BY KARL MEYER

There may be countries more attractively mystifying than Mexico, but I doubt it. My own dawning awareness that there was something curiously baffling about Mexicans dates from my first visit in 1959. The Soviet Union was then sponsoring a great exhibition in Mexico City to impress the natives with Soviet technological prowess (that was the era of Sputnik). What struck me while strolling through the glittering show was the utter impassivity of the Mexican onlookers, who could have been wearing stone masks.

I noticed that there were black books conveniently placed on tables, and in them visitors were invited to inscribe their comments. I opened one of the books. All the pages were blank. Totally blank. In the words of Alexander von Humboldt, writing in 1803: "Mexicans enjoy making a mystery of even their most insignificant acts."

With a touch of proud despair, the Mexican poet Octavio Paz describes his country as a "labyrinth of solitude." The solitude is palpable as you drive through Mexico's vast stretches of sunburned earth, the highway bounded by cactus sentinels and lonely adobe huts. You feel it in the jungles of Chiapas, where a parrot's shriek can resound like a thunderclap. But you are also aware of it during the rush hour in Mexico's gleaming Metro, where the loudest sound is the purr of rubber wheels—and where the station walls are, incredibly, devoid of all grafitti.

In this labyrinth you need a guiding thread. And one important strand—it can be put no more strongly than that—leads through the half-lit tunnel of the past. Without some awareness of ancient Mexico, the bedeviling paradoxes of the present make no sense. To quote Paz again, "The history of Mexico is the history of a man seeking his parentage, his origins."

To share in this quest, I propose an archeological tour of Mexico, the itinerary consisting of ten sites, one museum, and a subway station. The visitor I have in mind is anyone with three free weeks, a moderate budget, willing legs, a little patience, and an at least semieducated curiosity about a republic infinitely more remote than the jet timetable suggests.

The subway station is the Zócalo stop of the brand-new Mexico City Metro (which, I realize, is not, technically speaking, a true subway, but I would cheerfully swap it for the miserable system in New York, which, technically speaking, is). In the Zócalo stop the three distinct layers of Mexican civilization—the Indian, colonial, and modern—are tangibly visible. The vast square above was once the solar center of the Aztec Empire, and some of the remnants of the principal Aztec temple can still be seen near the colonial cathedral that supplanted it. In the station—itself an emblem of Mexico's modernizing aspirations—you can study a well-executed scale model of Tenochtitlán, the Aztec capital that Cortez subdued in 1521. But the layers blend only imperfectly; they coexist but are not fused.

The sole museum on the itinerary is also the one imperative stop—the National Museum of Anthropology in Chapultepec Park, the greatest of its kind in the world, a portal opening into a dazzling past. Completed in 1964 after a whirlwind twenty months of construction, the museum is interesting in its own right as well as for the 100,000 objects it possesses. It testifies to an abiding Mexican trait: a flair for visual theatricality. After visiting it Sir Philip Hendy, then director of the National Gallery in London, reported: "In museography Mexico is now ahead of the United States perhaps by a generation, of the United Kingdom perhaps by a century."

The museum's theme is expressed by an inscription over its entrance, through which one sees a carved pillar of bronze supporting an immense canopy measuring 4,000 square feet. The inscription asserts spaciously: "Valor and confidence to face the future is found by people in the grandeur of their past. Mexicans, look at yourselves in the mirror of this splendor; stranger, know also the unity of human destiny. Civilizations pass, but man has always within him the glory of those who struggled to bring him into being."

Within, the unfolding pageant of pre-Columbian Mexico is faultlessly displayed in ingeniously arranged galleries that juxtapose dead and living Indian cultures. From the celebrated Aztec calendar stone and the great Maya chieftain's tomb at Palenque to case after case of flamboyant Zapotec figurines—it is all here. An admirable introductory hall helps the visitor make stylistic and chronological sense of the varied but interrelated civilizations that flourished in Mexico, beginning with the formative Olmecs, the mysterious mother culture that emerged abruptly on the Gulf Coast around 1200 B.C.

So surprising is the unexpected rise of high civilization in Mexico that a hundred theories exist to prove that the ignorant Indians got help from the wise Old World. Whatever one may think of these theories, the Indian achievement is incredible in its own right. Without metal tools, pre-Columbian craftsmen became master carvers of stone; without the ox, the horse, or the wheel, ancient Mexicans built temples on top of prodigious pyramids. (The principle of the wheel was known—wheeled toys from Veracruz can be seen in the museum—but, strangely, it was never applied to construction or pottery making.)

You can get a taste of the harsh environment by visiting Cuicuilco, a circular temple now in a small park on Avenida Insurgentes Sur, near the polychrome National University on the outskirts of the capital. The gloomy landscape is blanketed in *Pedregal*, soot-

Karl Meyer, formerly a foreign correspondent for the Washington Post, *has retired to Westport, Connecticut, to write on archeology.*

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Spanish invaders called Chichén Itzá's greatest temple El Castillo. *Here it looms beyond columns of the partially restored Temple of the Warriors.*

black lava of intractable toughness, yet figures were hewn from this obdurate stone, and the bleak terrain was ornamented with a temple that seems modeled on a volcanic cone. The lava reclaimed Cuicuilco, which was buried in an eruption from Xitli Volcano around A.D. 300.

Far more remarkable, early Mexicans not only raised temples but created cities, not simply ceremonial centers but true urban centers. The earliest American city was Teotihuacán, famous for its vast pyramids but more important for the evidence it yields of the first urban explosion in the New World. Only an hour's drive from Mexico City, Teotihuacán is the one site most *norteamericanos* are certain to see. Usually, however, they fail to see the dead city's most absorbing attraction: the partly restored palace residences of Tetitla and Atetelco, both outside the archeological zone, lying amid still-cultivated maize fields (the official guidebook pinpoints the exact locations).

In these residences, with their central patios, cunning drainage systems, and handsome frescoes, you get a sense of the urban amenities in a city that at its peak—around A.D. 600—had a population (unbelievably) of close to 200,000 and that covered more terrain than the Rome of the Caesars. (These calculations are not moon drift but are based on a meticulous mapping project of Teotihuacán directed by Professor Rene Millon of the University of Rochester.) Equally remarkable, this first American city was a planned metropolis, expanding on an orderly grid pattern over a period of centuries before its still-unexplained destruction in a holocaust around A.D. 750.

My advice is to go to Teotihuacán on a weekday, when the big tourist buses are not disgorging their trampling hordes. In the early morning hours you have the place to yourself, and in your imagination you can people the empty plazas with feathered warriors and reproving priests. Then you may reflect on an enduring Mexican trait: the love of fiestas, the antidote to solitude. Octavio Paz remarks: "Thanks to the fiestas the Mexican opens out, participates, communes with his fellows. . . . Their frequency, their brilliance and excitement, the enthusiasm with which we take part, all suggest that without them we would explode."

Teotihuacán was not the only high civilization of its time, but rather one of a family of nations. We now know that these nations, or tribal complexes, had extensive trade and diplomatic relations with one another. Evidence of this can be seen at the later site of Xochicalco, an array of ruins on an eyrie high above the Morelos countryside, some twenty-five miles from Cuernavaca. A bold relief on the principal pyramid shows a mingling of Toltec gods and Maya priests; an inscribed tablet found in 1960 has numerals based on the Maya-Zapotec system, normally found far to the south. The belief is that Xochicalco may have

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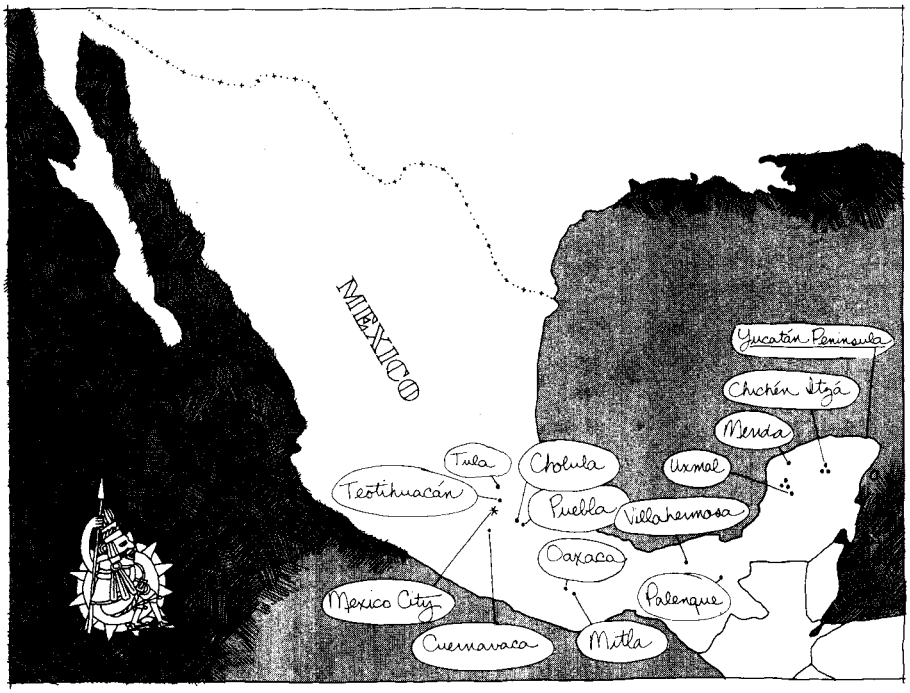
been the venue for a summit meeting of ancient astronomers, possibly dealing with the all-important question of calendar reform. (The time-haunted Maya calculated the length of the solar year with a precision unmatched in the West until the last century.)

Another agreeable trip is to Tula, the ancient Toltec capital, about fifty-five miles north of Mexico City, reachable on a good highway. With the collapse of Teotihuacán, the dying empire was invaded by warrior tribes, and, much like the barbarians who sacked Rome, the newcomers absorbed some of the outlook of the vanquished. Supreme among the invaders were the Toltecs, who burst into the Valley of Mexico around the tenth century A.D., creating a martial empire to which the Aztecs were the successors.



TEN MEXICAN SITES

Name	Interest	Setting	Comment
Chichen Itza (cheeCHEN eetSAH	•••	•••	A vast complex seventy-five miles east of Merida; a visit of two or three days essential.
Cholula (chohLOOlah)	•	•	Immense pyramid seventy-five miles east of Mexico City; interesting town, Puebla, nearby.
Cuicuilco (kweeKWEELcoh)	•	•	Near National University in Mexico City; early circular temple; en route to Cuernavaca.
Mitla (MEEtlah)	••	••	Twenty-four miles southeast of Oaxaca; famous for stone lace on walls; "oldest tree in world" en route.
Monte Alban (MONtay alBAN)	•••	•••	Six miles southwest of Oxaca; memorable sunset view of great, classic Zapotec site.
Palenque (palENkay)	•••	•••	Eighty miles southeast of Villahermosa; overnight stay imperative at Maya city embedded in emerald jungle.
Teotihuacan (tayoteewahCAHN)	•••	••	Thirty miles northeast of Mexico City; full day needed to see pyramids, houses of oldest American city.
Tula (TOOlah)	••	••	Fifty-five miles north of Mexico City; ancient Toltec capital with giant sculptured warriors; important monastery of Actopán nearby.
Uxmal (OOSHmahl)	•••	••	Fifty-eight miles south of Merida; incomparable Maya ruins; nearby sites are Labná, Kabah, Sayil.
Xochicalco (zoecheeCAHLcoh)	••	••	Twenty-four miles from Cuernavaca; lofty array of temples on hillside; near showpiece hotel Vista Hermosa.

Rising in the green farmland of Hidalgo State, Tula has a principal pyramid crowned with a file of giant Atlantean figures of Toltec warriors, *machismo* incarnate. Yet the same tough warriors revered as a god a Toltec high priest who took the name of Quetzalcoatl, a refined teacher of the civilized arts. The even fiercer Aztecs also worshiped Quetzalcoatl, or the Feathered Serpent, while drenching altars with human hearts offered to their war god. The pre-Columbian cosmos was a mingling of light and dark, blood and flowers. The mixture persists in modern Mexico.

The early friars were properly horrified by pagan human sacrifices and zealously implanted the True Faith, with fire and sword when necessary. At Cholula, a two-hour drive from Mexico City, you can see the energetic succession of religions from the church atop the largest Indian pyramid. There are enough bricks in the Cholula pyramid to cover an expanse twice as large as the Place de la Concorde to a level double the height of the Louvre. From its peak you see a hundred churches and chapels, each built on the site of a pagan shrine. "It was a sanitary precaution, a process of magical disinfection," remarked Aldous Huxley, who made an awed, if not pious, survey of Cholula's multitude of churches.

But the old gods linger still, especially to the south, in Oaxaca and the Maya realm. A three-day trip is necessary for going to Oaxaca to see the spectacular ruins of Monte Albán and the smaller, only a trifle less interesting, site of Mitla (I estimate that all the sites mentioned up to now would take a week to see). What makes Oaxaca notable is the continued and vital presence of the Zapotecs, the outgoing and gregarious tribe whose ancestors built Monte Albán and Mitla.

Monte Albán is a large complex of ruins—pyramids, a ball court, an ob-

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The pre-Columbian cosmos was a mixture of light and dark, blood and flowers. The mixture persists.

servatory, and burial vaults—planted on a hilltop southwest of the lime-green city of Oaxaca. As you clamber around the site, youngsters with enormous charm hawk *idolitos*, tiny figurines of suspect provenance, probably made last week. Classic Monte Albán rose at about the same time as Teotihuacán and perished as mysteriously, around A.D. 900, when the site was abandoned by the Zapotecs. Later, it was occupied by a new tribe, the Mixtecs, the supreme goldsmiths of ancient Mexico. Evidence of Mixtec skill came to light in 1932 when a trove of 300 superb pieces came to light, the richest such find in the New World.

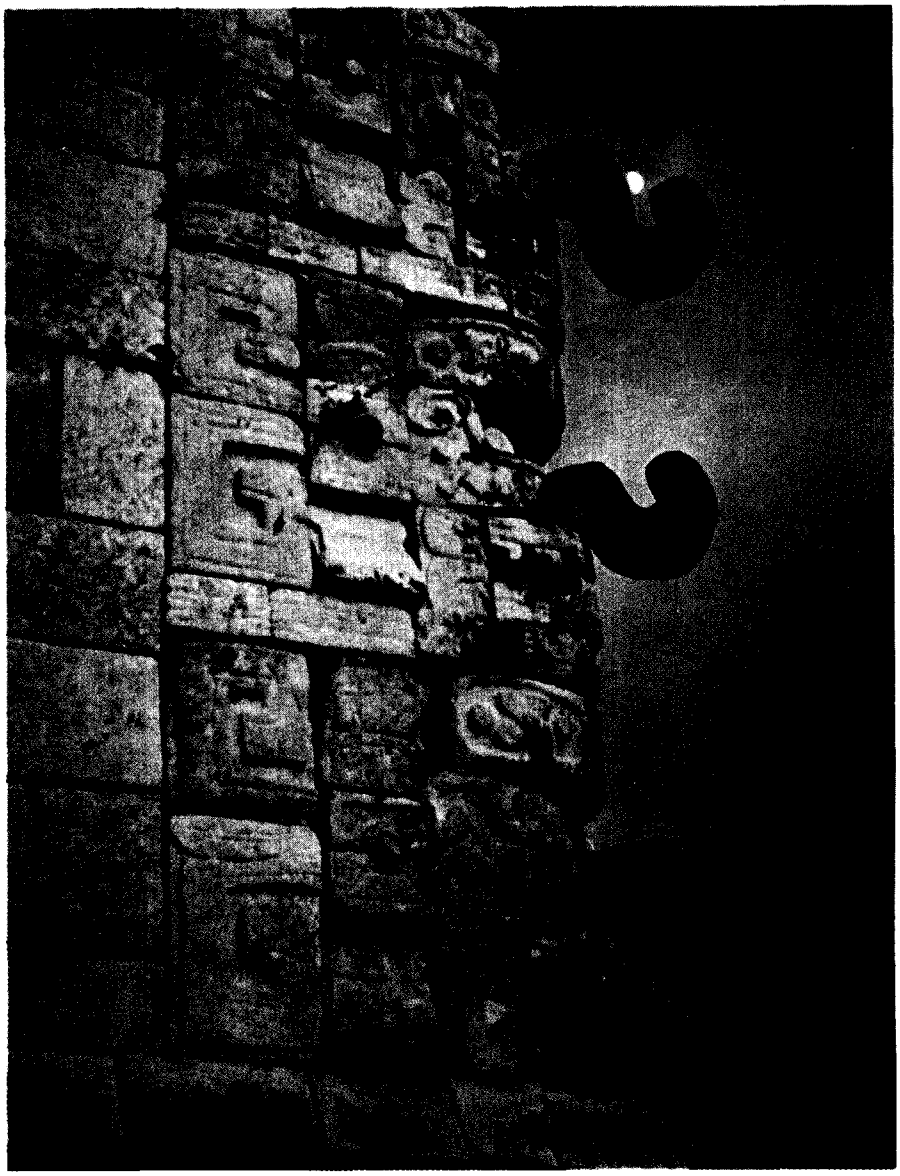
When Monte Albán was abandoned, the Zapotecs founded a new capital at Mitla, a site a few hour's drive from Oaxaca. Here the style is a surprise. There is a tidy compactness at Mitla, rather than the incredible spaciousness of the old capital, as if in retreating the Zapotecs were looking inward even in their architecture. Most unforgettable are the walls, brocaded with 100,000 small stones into intricate tiny motifs—indeed, one could compile a book solely on the marvelous Mexican obsession with walls, taking the form, at Mitla, of a tesserae fugue.

In the Maya area—the final stop—you need at least ten days (two weeks would be better) to see the three supreme sites, Chichén Itzá, Uxmal, and Palenque. In the Maya area, as nowhere else in Mexico, you confront the paramount riddle of pre-Columbian times—the collapse of the great classic civilizations, which flowered at Teotihuacán, Monte Albán, and scores of Maya centers. The fall was the greater in the Maya region because no other pre-Columbian people scaled such heights—the Maya was the only New World culture to develop what can be called a true form of writing (they also hit upon the concept of zero and the decimal system while Europe still groped in the Dark Ages).

I know of no ruin more dramatic than the temples and pyramids of Palenque, which from a distance look like carved ivory mounted on green velvet. Here you find every token of civilization—superb stucco bas-reliefs, buildings of Grecian grace, tablets inscribed with man's most intriguing script—and yet Palenque has been populated chiefly by monkeys since around A.D. 900. (Palenque is reachable from Villahermosa, capital of Tabasco, by car or plane; I would recommend the latter, and a stay of two or three days.)

After the classic Maya civilization fell, there was a regrouping in which survivors continued to inhabit some of the old centers and cultivate the old arts. But it was an epilogue, and at Chichén Itzá and Uxmal—two centers in Yucatán that persisted until the arrival of the Spaniards—you can see the deterioration that set in when the Classic Maya became post-Classic Maya. This is notably so at Chichén Itzá, where Toltec invaders from the north grafted their own esthetic notions on an old Maya center, engraving grisly skulls everywhere. And at Uxmal the classic Maya architecture of the Palace of the Governors presides like a shaming ghost over later, inferior works. There are luxury hotels at both sites and perhaps too many tourists. One sometimes feels that North Americans could benefit from just a bit of the Mexican obsession with solitude. But that is another problem—and another story. □

Chac, the rain god of the Classic Maya, was a benevolent deity whose face adorned many buildings. Below, the curling noses of three Chac masks jut from a corner of the Temple of the Warriors at Chichén Itzá.



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"visit me with safety"

The old gods of the Lacandones are still alive, but retreating.

BY RICHARD A. COWAN

Pepe, the old man who preserves his tribe's ancient rituals, prepares sacrifices of incense, food, and drink to the gods of the Lacandone Mayans.

Far up the Río Usumacinta, well past the modern city of Villahermosa and the ancient ruins of Palenque in the Mexican state of Chiapas, lies Metzabok, a tiny settlement of Lacandone Mayas. There is a place where the old gods of the Mayas still live, their privacy virtually undisturbed by foreign visitors.

Early in the twentieth century Alfred M. Tozzer, an archeologist from Harvard University, journeyed to the Lacandone area in search of living survivals from the classic Mayan civilization, whose remnants he was excavating. He found few parallels to his work in the structure of Lacandone society or in the buildings they inhabited. These people were probably always *massewal*, or common folk, living in tiny communities of brush huts and organizing their lives solely through family ties to various animal totems. But Tozzer learned that to an amazing degree the Lacandones still followed the same religious rituals and customs once practiced by the priests who climbed the pyramids of the magnificent Mayan cities that were mysteriously deserted more than 1,000 years ago.

True, Kukulcan—the famous feathered serpent—had become just a mythical snake that must symbolically die at every eclipse of the sun. And the Lacandones had reduced the ornateness of the many-tiered Mayan heaven to a land little more complex than their own settlements. Yet, like the classic Mayas of Chichén Itzá, Uxmal, and Tikal, they still spoke of how the peoples of the world were created of baked clay and of how the gods gave them corn seeds made from the stars of the Milky Way and of how the world would end in darkness when the jaguars of Cisin, the god of the underworld, would get loose and eat the sun and the moon.

Hachacyum, the creator; his wife, Akna; Metzabok, the god of rain; and all the other old gods still lived among the Lacandones, albeit with new or simplified attributes. And it turned out that they were still worshiped with a ceremony that extended backward through Mayan tradition at least to the heyday of the great Mayan cities.

When Tozzer visited the Lacandones, he discovered that each god was honored with food and incense placed in his own special *incensario*, or god pot. God pots are small clay bowls, modeled on one side of the outer surface into a grotesque face. They are identical to artifacts found at the Cave of the Winds, close to the ruins of Chichén Itzá. According to most archeologists, they form part of a timeless Mayan religious pattern.

Even now the Lacandones of Metzabok worship with god pots very similar to those excavated at the ancient ruins. Each pot is the servant of a distinct god. The Lacandones hope that once the spirit of the pot has accepted an offering the spirit will bear the offering away to the god who is its master. Inside every bowl is the small stone idol of the true god of the god pot. Although the Lacandones remake their god pots every year in a sacred renewal ceremony, these stone medallions supposedly have been passed down from earliest times. They symbolically link the Lacandones of today both to past generations and to their present gods.

In every Lacandone settlement there is one old man who remembers all of his tribe's religious lore. At Metzabok it is Pepe who places incense to burn in the bowls of the god pots and who pours food and drink on the protruding lips of the pots. The heat produced by the burning incense vaporizes the provisions. Their fumes, as well as the smoke of the incense, travel upward to the skies. Thus the spirit of the god pot carries food to its master. The supplicant hopes that the god will be pleased and will visit the settlement, bringing good health and long life. Throughout the ages Maya Indians have shared their bounty with their gods, knowing that only if they make the gods happy can they ensure their own success.

Pepe chants as he feeds the gods. He describes what ritual is being performed and asks for well-being, for freedom from pain. He ends with a recitation of the names of the Lacandones for whom the offering is being made. Feeding the pots is a festival, not a solemn affair. The old man drinks native beer as he chants and feeds the gods. Sometimes his speech becomes slurred, but he retains a constant, slow rhythm. The other men join in his singing, for all Lacandone men eat and drink with their gods. They never stand apart from them:

Richard A. Cowan is an anthropologist and film-maker who lives in San Anselmo, California.

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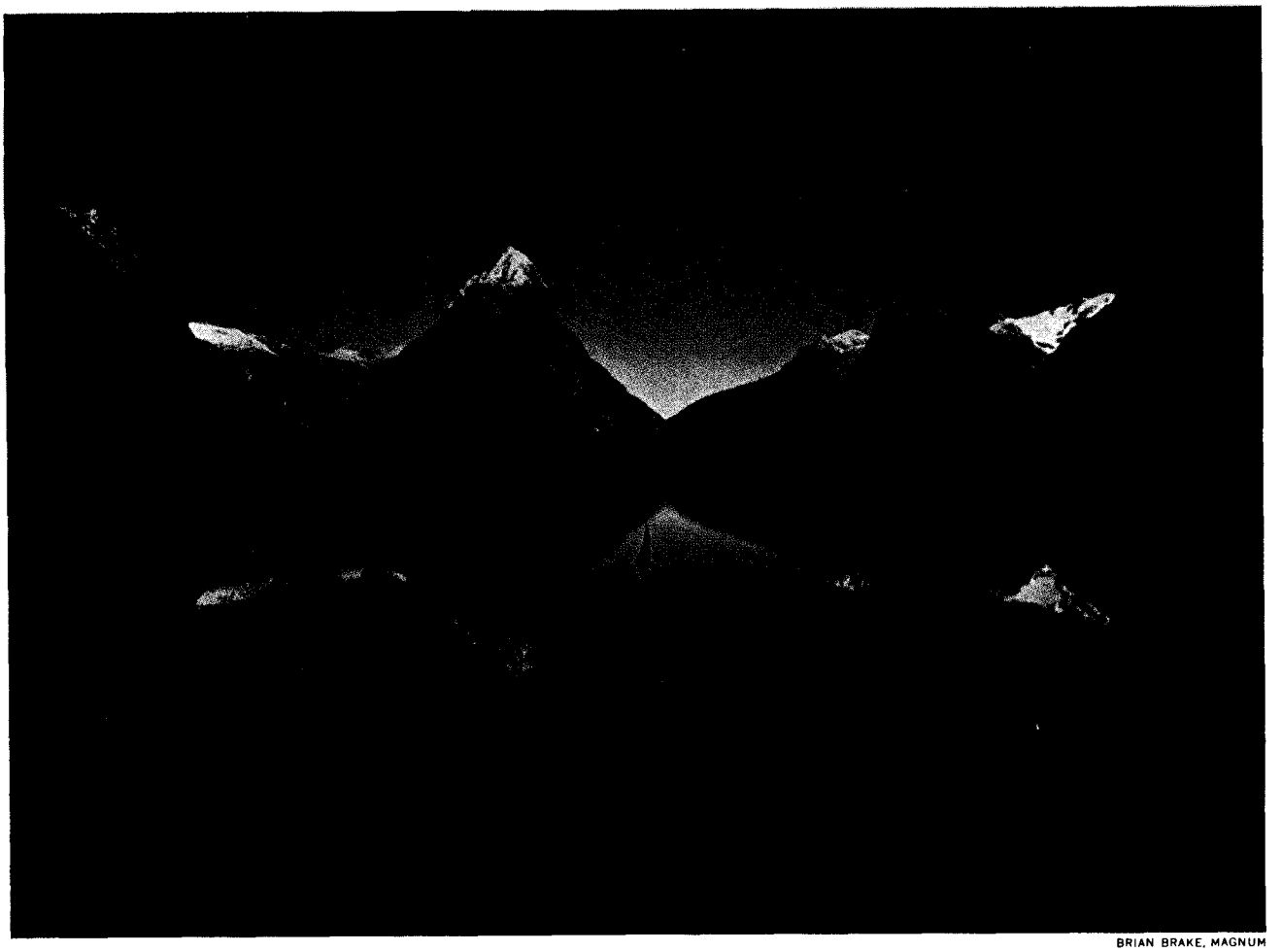

BRIAN BRAKE, MAGNUM

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For the Lacandone gods this voyage up the river will be the last.

Here is my offering of incense.
Raise it up to Metzabok, our father.
Restore it to our master.

I have burned incense for decades,
Metzabok, descend to see my gifts.

I burn incense for your welfare.
Do not trample me with fevers.

Now I light incense at daybreak.
Visit me with safety.

This god-pot chant and those that follow are legacies of Alfred M. Tozzer. Tozzer attended several god-pot ceremonies and wrote of them in his report to the Archaeological Institute of America. There his experiences remained, in a rare volume, only occasionally seen, and then only by scholars.

Last year, while I was doing background research for a film on the Lacandones entitled *Twilight of the Maya*, I chanced upon Tozzer's report. I found a whole series of god-pot chants translated into English from the original Lacandone Mayan. Tozzer reproduced these chants with no frills and with no concessions to modern American poetic taste. Nevertheless, here was a chance to feel for myself a little of the Lacandone spirit.

To me, whether the Lacandones were offering their gods incense, corn gruel, native beer, or tamales, their religious intent seems always the same. They seek a merging of land, people, and gods into one unified moment of magical communion, still tempered with humor and joy. By rendering a few of these chants into contemporary English, I hope I can convey a little of what the Lacandones experience when they call on their gods. Perhaps this chant for feeding *balché*, or native beer, to Metzabok will give you some of their feeling:

Native beer is enjoyed during worship, for the Lacandones' rites are festivals blessed with humor, camaraderie, and a desire to merge land, people, and divinities.

Here is my offering of balché.
Receive it with pleasure.
Carry it to Metzabok, our protector.
We pray that he sees us.

I am pouring out balché *so you may drink.*
I am giving you balché *for your welfare.*

I pour you balché.
May my children continue to enjoy life.

I pour you balché.
May my wife continue to enjoy life.

I pour you balché.
May I continue to enjoy life.

And here is a chant to accompany the feeding of *posol*, or corn gruel, to Metzabok:

My offering of posol *to you, oh father.*

I am dipping out posol *for your lips.*
May you carry it to Metzabok, our protector.
May he come to charm our lives.

Eat my offering of posol.
Take this offering of posol *for your welfare.*

Take this offering of posol *in behalf of my children.*
Take this offering of posol *in behalf of my wife.*
Take this offering of posol *in behalf of me, that I may enjoy life.*

Once the gods lived at Palenque, Yaxchilán, Bonampak, and the other Mayan ruins near Metzabok.

Recently large lumber companies have begun to invade the forest, destroying the ancient Lacandone refuges. Now the gods have withdrawn to hidden caves, far, far up the Usumacinta in a sacred place still untouched by invaders. For the Lacandone gods, this voyage up the river will be the last. There are no more holy places to which they can escape.

When a Lacandone undertakes a long journey, he must first appeal to the gods. Here is a traditional chant for a safe trip:

They are going.
Guard them, my fathers.
Do not permit any evil.

They are going.
Do not allow snakes to strike them.
Do not allow jaguars to hurt them.

They are going to Palenque.
Do not allow sticks to spear them.
Do not allow fevers to burn them.

When they return, they will give you offerings.
They will burn incense.
They will give you posol *to eat.*
They will give you balché *to drink.*

Guard them, my fathers.
Do not permit any evil. □

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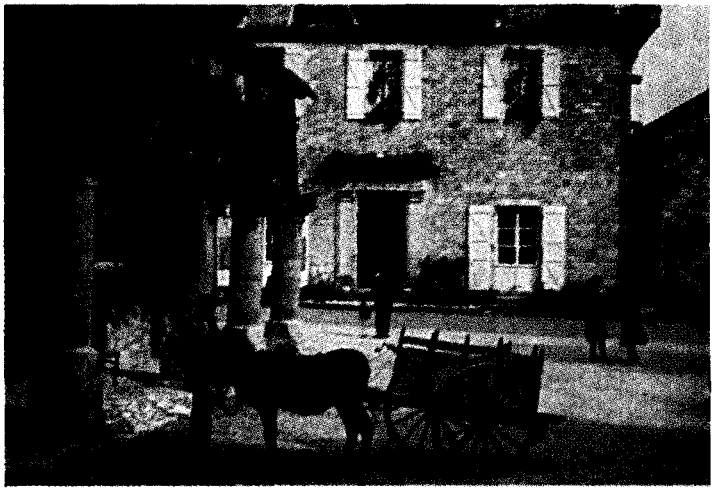

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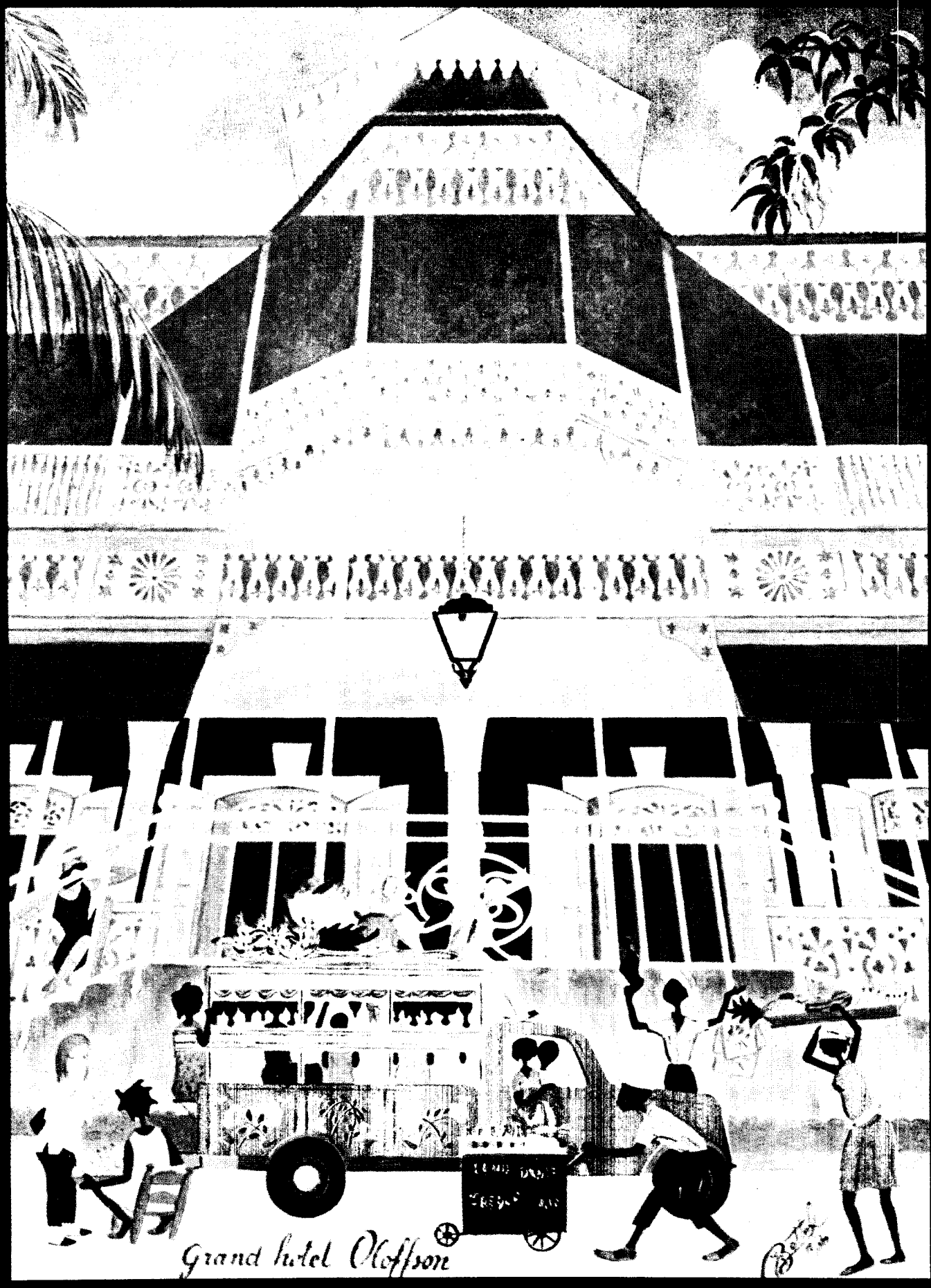

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what's so great about the Grand Hotel Oloffson?

BY BETH DAY

Haiti is changing, and you can hear all about it at the bar of one of the world's most unusual hotels.

"Great" hotels mean different things to different people: superior service, architecture, ambience, setting, cuisine. I was curious whether the word really applied to the Grand Hotel Oloffson at Port au Prince, Haiti, the tiny, troubled black republic's first—and for many years only—hotel. Aficionados unblushingly proclaim the little (twenty-two-room) Oloffson as "one of the greatest hotels in the world." A lady author from Westchester County, on the other hand, sniffed that the Oloffson was "overrated, uncomfortable, awful. People go there to see celebrities," she told me, "or because they are masochists at heart and enjoy being insulted by Al Seitz." And *Fielding's Guide* steers guests away from such "primitive bivouacs."

If cloying service, luxurious furnishings, or round-the-clock activities are your bag, by all means pass up the Oloffson. "Great" means something quite different in this intimate, offbeat spot. "It's a private club," one Oloffson regular insisted. "A nonstop house party," another glowed. Set designer Oliver Messel recommended it to his niece (by marriage) Princess Margaret as a perfect getaway spot for an informal holiday. Repeat guests—a list of hearty individualists that includes such theatrical and literary greats as Sir John Gielgud, Truman Capote, James Jones, Ann Bancroft, and Charles Addams—consider the Oloffson "a meeting place for friends."

Despite its impressive title, the Grand Hotel Oloffson is hardly a hotel at all. A rickety, rambling, white-mahogany palace perched on a mountainside in unfashionable downtown Port au Prince, it is at first glance a spooky, bewildering mass of cupolas, wooden fretwork, and minarets, towering eerily above a grove of mangoes, papayas, and coconut palms, its empty eye of a bell tower glaring forbiddingly at the new arrival. "You expected a witch to open the door to you," wrote novelist Graham Greene, "or a maniac butler. . . . But in the sunlight . . . it seemed fragile and period and pretty and absurd, an illustration from a book of fairy tales."

"You won't like it here!" Al Seitz, a burly, sunburned man in swim trunks, bellowed down from the hotel's open verandah to a taxi-load of fussy-looking newcomers in the drive below. "Why don't you try the El Rancho?" (A second, more relaxed-looking pair of arrivals was allowed upstairs for a rum punch, and, as they passed that test, a room was miraculously found for them.) "We want people who enjoy this kind of place, and people that we enjoy," Seitz says simply. (A passionate hosteler, Seitz is known to have sent one guest packing who didn't enjoy the food, during Haiti's politically dark days in the 1960s when Seitz had only two paying customers at the hotel.)

At first glance Seitz appears more bouncer than hotel owner. "Like it here—or leave," his attitude suggests, and Oloffson regulars go along with this. Perhaps the greatest evidence of devotion occurred when the hotel was completely without water for three days during the height of the season a few years ago; although it was full, not one guest checked out. When a fellow guest was checking out after stoically sharing his suite with nests of honeybees that the Haitian staff, for religious reasons, had refused to remove, Seitz congratulated him: "You passed through without a crisis!"

Sue Seitz, Al's willowy, gracious, blonde wife, who went to Haiti as a technician with the Schweitzer Hospital, has more patience with guests than her husband has and treats each one as if he or she had arrived at her personal invitation. Together they make a balanced pair of hosts—the serene and gracious front of the hand, the raffish and sardonic back of it in one warm clasp.

Beth Day's eleventh book, Sexual Life Between Blacks and Whites, *will be published this month by World.*

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Guests who respond well to this combination of friendly insults and friendly charm feel comfortable and happy.

The Oloffson is so relaxed it is possible to have difficulty checking in and, occasionally, checking out. Oldtimers tell a story of Seitz's being involved in a Scrabble game when someone wished to leave, and of Seitz's telling the man to make up his own bill and leave the money on the desk rather than interrupt his game. You never see a bill until you leave the Oloffson. César—who provides his own justly famous rum punches at the bar—keeps discreet tab on the number of drinks each guest consumes or orders for friends, and they all turn up on your final bill. Guests are known to César and the rest of the Creole-speaking staff by their room numbers. Since I was in No. 20, my drinks were charged to "Cham' vingt" and, as the days passed, "Cham' Beth."

Rooms range from the elegant two-bedroom Gielgud suite, which was the master's chambers of the original old mansion (built as a private palace for one of Haiti's presidents), to single rooms in the so-called Maternity Wing, which was added to the original structure during the U.S. Marines' occupation of Haiti when Oloffson was used as a military hospital. In addition, individual thatched-roof cottages have been tucked in, either connected to or separate from the original building, wherever the rocky terrain allows.

Reached by a spiral, mahogany staircase from the lobby below, the Gielgud suite contains, besides the cool, shadowy bedrooms, a small sitting room and a semicircular outside verandah. There you are captain of your ship, with full command of the sea, the harbor, and the city itself. It has one of the great views in Port au Prince. When I first stepped onto the Gielgud verandah, I thought, "What a place to write a book!" Then I caught myself up short, realizing I would only gaze at the sea and never write a word. Yet Graham Greene penned his devastating portrait of Duvalierist Haiti (*The Comedians*) from this deck, as did Truman Capote his gentler *House of Flowers*. Novelist James Jones was married at the Oloffson, which seemed to me a more fitting enterprise in such a setting. Another of the hotel's cottages is named for a novel rather than a novelist (*The Agony and the Ecstasy*), and during my visit it was occupied by a voluble New York divorce lawyer and one of his wealthier clients.

Down an outdoor corridor past the Gielgud suite are the other suites, which contain sitting rooms as well as private verandahs. Beyond them the Maternity Wing holds the hotel's single rooms, without sitting rooms but each with its own bath, Haitian art, goatskin rugs. Sue Seitz, who shares her husband's respect for Haitians and their skills, shops constantly, adding new examples of Haitian handcraft to the rooms. The punched tin lampshades (reminiscent of Mexico), which cast snowflake patterns on the high ceilings, are from the local iron market. The bedspreads are handloomed in Port au Prince, the tick-tack-toe-designed, brown-white-black goatskin rugs are all made in the area around Port au Prince. If you wish, you can buy the paintings off the walls. What original furniture has withstood the marine occupation has been retained. There are no closets in any of the rooms, for example, and some of the old palace's original armoires still exist.

There is no air conditioning or closed area in the high-ceilinged public rooms of the hotel. The room that in other hotels would be the lobby is a casual, comfortable sitting room serving as a spillover area for the bar, to the left as one enters, or the dining room to the rear.

Haitian coffee—like the rich Haitian Barbancourt rum—is marvelous, and the hotel's supply is delivered by the woman who grows it up on Kenscoff Mountain above the capital.

There is no choice at the Oloffson table. The menu is posted each day on a blackboard. The owners' attitude suggests that, if you don't like what's being served that day, this is a good time to try out other Port au Prince restaurants. Lunch is available and generally simple: a club sandwich or a fillet of snapper with Haitian hot sauce. If you don't like that, you can always switch to a plate of freshly cut, local fruit (mango, papaya, pineapple, banana) for $1.

Breakfast is served at any hour of the day. Guests begin wandering in, in swimsuits or slacks, from 7:30 on. The willing staff can be conned into serving at nearly any hour and will even produce *café et du pain* at 5 a.m. if you ask politely at the kitchen door and say you are taking an all-day excursion.

I was allowed to visit the kitchen, which is usually off limits for guests, since the Haitian cooks are permitted to use a choice of equipment that may appear primitive to the American eye: a charcoal brazier under an open shed, an ancient black stove with iron pots and kettles, a vegetable pantry in which turbaned women prepare island-grown fresh fruits and vegetables (all washed in sterile water).

Breakfast is excellent—a selection of freshly squeezed fruit juices and fruits, then bacon or ham and eggs cooked to order. The French toast, made from their homemade bread lathered with fresh eggs and cream and sautéed in sweet butter, is among the world's best, but it should be ordered twenty minutes in advance or the pleasant staff may grumble (enough time for a quick dip in the pool, and no one minds if you eat your meal dripping wet).

For the activity-minded tourist, there is little to do at the Oloffson—no tennis court, no golf course, no programed entertainment (except for a Monday-night floor show during the winter season). Life—rest, relaxation, conversation, an occasional love affair—is carried on around the small, pleasant pool, along the breezy open verandah, around the cozy mahogany bar (once the marines' billiard table) or at night in the candlelit dining room. Ambitious guests can plan a two-day junket to Cap Haïtien and the Citadel on the north coast of the island, and Seitz will obligingly keep tabs on their luggage and have a room available for their return. Or there are day trips to be made to the local iron market, or up to the

However you slice it, Haiti is a bargain. ...According to your taste and pocketbook, you can spend anything from 50 cents for a hand-carved mahogany bowl to $1,000 for an internationally recognized oil.

The Grand Hotel Oloffson is decorated with Haitian art, an example of which is pictured above. Wedding Scene *by André Normil is reproduced by permission of the Galerie Issa.*

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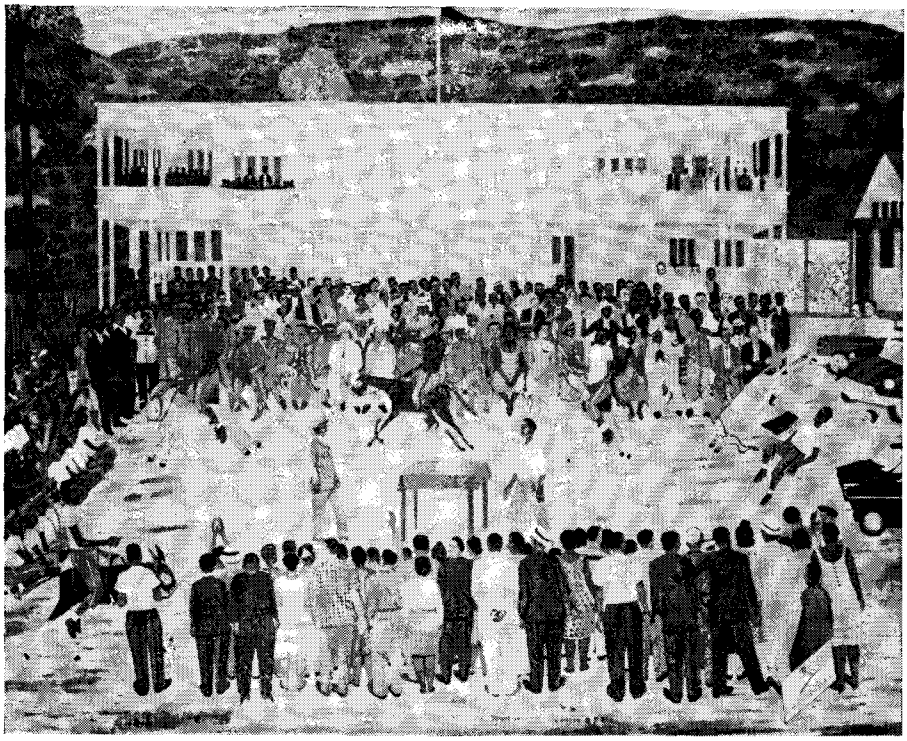

Native art captures the color of the Creole republic. Philomé Obin's Celebration of Army Day *is done in a style all its own, yet reminiscent of the miniature painting of India.*

open market on Kenscoff Mountain, or to the beaches for salt-water swimming.

It is possible to find out what is going on politically, artistically, and intellectually in Haiti without ever leaving the Oloffson's bar (several U.S. reporters on assignment in Haiti have done just that). It is a gathering spot, a gossip exchange for locals as well as for guests. Among the regulars are the birdlike Monsieur Joliecoeur (the model for Graham Greene's character Petit Pierre in *The Comedians*), a dapper little man given to mauve-colored suits and a silver-encrusted cane, and tall, dignified Antoine, a former mayor of Port au Prince and longtime friend of Al's, in whose home the Seitzes themselves were married.

For all the special atmosphere and charm, the Oloffson, as all of Haiti, is astonishingly cheap. The ten days that I recently spent there, which, because of a delay on my part, ran into the summer and thus the cheaper season, cost me less than $300 for the roomy cottage, two meals a day, and bar bills.

However you slice it, Haiti is a bargain. Now that the word has got round that the political situation has eased in the year since the President, Dr. Francois Duvalier, died, and his young son, Jean-Claude, took office, tourists are flooding anew into the black republic. The round-trip airfare from New York City is less than $200. Port au Prince hotels (except for the swank El Rancho, which maintains rates of $50–$60 per day) can be had for from $12 for the most modest to $40 for the most elegant on Modified American Plan. At the Oloffson the rooms in season go for $24 to $36, dropping to $15 to $26 in the summer months. A car and driver runs (at fixed government rates) from $12 for the full day to $20, depending on how far you travel.

Shopping can also be a bargain in Haiti, since almost all Haitians are artisans of some sort and happy to dicker about price. Oils, collages, wood and metal sculpture, and fascinating pierced-iron silhouettes (usually of voodoo spirits) can be found in the teeming public market and at the prestigious Centre d'Art or at Issa el Saieh's sophisticated gallery a few blocks from the hotel. Issa provides studio work space, as well as a showcase, for Haiti's leading young painters. He is the man to see if you want to buy the painting in your room at the Oloffson. According to your taste and pocketbook, you can spend anything from 50 cents for a hand-carved mahogany bowl to $1,000 for an internationally recognized oil. Hand-woven fabrics and mahogany items are also to be found at the Salvation Army workshop and at the Trinity Episcopal craft center, and architecture buffs can revel in Port au Prince's amusing and fanciful nineteenth-century houses, on foot, at no cost.

Another bargain item that is drawing Americans to Haiti is divorce. Ibo Tours offers a package deal that includes the round-trip airfare, overnight hotel accommodations, and the legal fees all for around $900. Since Mexico shut down its quickie divorce mill at Juarez last year, more than three thousand Americans have gone to Haiti for their divorces.

First-time guests at the Oloffson often arrive at the suggestion of satisfied friends. Rex Reed remarked that it helped to know Marlon Brando. I was guided there by an old friend, dress designer Ken Scott of Milan, who prophesied: "You'll like it, and it will like you. It's the only place in the world where I know you will be happy vacationing alone."

And I was.

What the Oloffson adds up to is a special ambience, a quality of life. You can retire into your own private world and speak to no one, or you can take advantage of the Seitz hospitality and become personally acquainted with everyone from the latest arrival to the oldest waiter, C'Dieu. You can trail into the dining room barefoot in blue jeans or dust the parquet floor with flowing formal silk, according to your mood.

Life around the Oloffson's verandah and pool is reminiscent of the reputation achieved by Lisbon during World War II—a place so romantic and out-of-time that political appointments were often neglected and state secrets mislaid. A few important items have been mislaid at Oloffson, including the wives of one American ambassador and one well-known novelist. Charming Haitians emerge from the fretwork to turn the heads of romance-hungry tourists. And then there's that music: the heel-rocking, hip-swiveling Haitian *maringe* (not to be confused with the wooden-legged Dominican merengue) that is played each evening by a local group on the verandah; the occasional far-off beat of voodoo drums; the heady scent of frangipani; the improbable scuffle of a pair of brilliantly feathered cocks fighting in the tall palm trees (chickens in Haiti do climb trees); the arrogant black crow outlined against an enormous, pale, waxen moon on the tallest tip of the tallest pine; the nimble goats that sometimes slide noisily onto the tiled roof of the dining room; the bats that wing in for a nightly drink in the swimming pool as the sun sets and the first cool breeze comes up.

A place to get lost in, the Oloffson, a place to forget one's problems and responsibilities. A charming anachronism, fantasy-laden, scented with lost hopes. Those who fall under its spell leave reluctantly, talking of their future return. One can easily become an addict.

If you do go, leave your big-city tempo and your critical eye at home. "If you got a complaint, I don't want to hear it!" Seitz growled as a guest was about to interrupt his sun bath at poolside.

You fall in with the Oloffson mood, or you don't. If you prefer shiny service to haunting romance, stay away.

Al Seitz will be grateful. □

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what you should know about going to africa

Night life may someday vie with wildlife as the sub-Sahara's major attraction. Meanwhile arm yourself with information for a sane safari.

BY ROCHELLE GIRSON

"What's it *like* to travel in Africa?" friends keep asking me, which, fortified by subsequent questions, takes so much time to answer that we never get around to looking at color slides—conceivably the animus for the prolonged quiz. Anyway, I want to consolidate here answers to the most prevalent queries about East and West Africa so that people will have no stall against at least sitting still for an anecdote or two. What follows may not be everything you've always wanted to know about sub-Sahara travel (and weren't afraid to ask); it may be more than you wanted to know. In which case let's set up the projector.

Early on comes the challenge "What's so great about Africa?" In West Africa it's the juxtaposition of traditional tribalism with Western progress. En route to a new hydroelectric dam one may pass, on a dusty road in a Fantes village, a procession of beautiful teen-aged girls—each of them like the anointed and perfumed debutante to whom they are handmaidens in their house-to-house celebration of her puberty—dazzling in lamé and brilliant brocade and ornaments of twenty-two-karat gold. (After all, Ghana was the Gold Coast.) Back in Accra you might be invited to watch, in an enclave of the business district, the portly royalty of the Ga tribe singing and clapping and dancing to the tom-toms during the "enstoolment," under a big, crimson-flounced umbrella, of a new local chief—whose ceremonial investiture is sealed in blood with the sacrifice of a silken-haired goat. In East Africa wild game is the magnet, along with the glorious, multihued birds. One need not be manic over mammoths to go berserk with excitement stalking elephants. I was in a jeep driven by a lean, sharp-eyed Kikuyu, who rode roughshod over prairie bushes and sagebrush while high-strung little dik-diks leaped fore and aft and guinea fowl waddled impassively very close to the wheels.

"How about the Africans? Are they friendly?" Some are; some aren't—like everyone else. A few years ago—to cite the worst—it was worth a white stranger's life to enter any Masai village, even with an African guide. And, although their elders were cordial, Ethiopian kids were fiercely, and vocally, angry with all Americans. In Senegal the airport personnel at Dakar can be surly, even rude, the sidewalk vendors relentlessly aggressive, the hack drivers tricky about inflating the fare. Yet students near the university and educated passers-by graciously extend themselves to assist a tourist. In Abidjan, perhaps reflecting its happy economy, the populace is amiable, and at the open-air market an Ivorian will indignantly intercede to protect a visitor he thinks may be getting fleeced. Although theirs is a poor country, the Ghanaians are exceptionally warm, hospitable, and convivial—too happy-go-lucky, some say, for their own good. From Bamako to Timbuktu, Malians seem listless, indifferent, depressed—subject to a malaise foreign residents ascribe to lack of incentive in an impoverished "republic" where most enterprise is controlled by the state. In Dahomey, a black from California reports, venality was so pervasive that he immediately got the hell out. As for Nigeria, no American associated with the press or wishing to do any sort of scholarly research there can enter. And Guinea denies visas to all.

What, people always worry, do you *eat* in Africa? In erstwhile British colonies, such as Kenya and Uganda, underseasoned English food, often elegantly displayed *en buffet*; in Ghana less spectacular portions of the same, with tougher cuts of meat and curiously crunchy, delicious white yams. The capitals of former French territories—Senegal, Ivory Coast, even Mali—pamper one with croissants, *dorade au fenouil, langue de boeuf au madère, tournedos Béarnaise, sole Bamakoise,* and *steak tartar au cheval.* I bypassed the last. But, content with the Gallic cuisine and the carafes of quite good local wine with which it was served, I seldom ventured to establishments that featured the cooking of Italy, Mauritania, China, and Vietnam, the last of which is well represented in Abidjan.

There are no soul-food restaurants in Accra. Nor did I encounter the indigenous palaver stew. Gumbo is readily available, however, from there to Dakar, as are other native dishes, among them ground-nut stew, the distinctive ingredient of which is a thick peanut sauce; yassa, an onion-doused marriage of chicken and rice; and pili pili, a smoked fish that is mixed with the greatly cherished, onomatopoetic fufu. Fufu is the library paste that results from mushing cooked yams and palm oil in a deep mortar with a stout, two-foot stick, and I'm inclined to think you have to be West African to enjoy it. Or have been long under Britain to relish, as the Ghanaians do, large bottles of tepid beer. They do know how to brew a proper pot of tea, which is a four o'clock ritual among bourgeois Accrans and attracts a dressy crowd indeed to the terraces and patios of the Continental and Ambassador hotels.

"Isn't Africa terribly hot?" Most of it won't faze anyone who has endured a heat wave in New York. Between December and May the temperature in Dakar seldom rises above 84 degrees, and the nights are cool. In addition, as elsewhere along the Atlantic, the wind always blows. Although Abidjan in late April seemed well above 90, and the rainy season was beginning, the air conditioning at the Hotel Ivoire, like that at so many of the Third World's showplaces, could have frozen ice cream; only by stuffing the vents with yards of dainty, pink toilet tissue was I able to thaw out. The equator is crossed on the drive from the airport to Kampala, but Uganda's overall altitude (the key factor anywhere) is 4,000 feet above sea level; thus it, too, is pleasant, the mean temperature at Entebbe being 71 degrees. The "long rains" in Uganda extend from mid-March to May and the "short rains" from September to November. Then they shift for two months to neighboring Tanzania, where May to October is the best season, during which, as a rule, the temperature even in Dar-es-Salaam rises no higher than 75 degrees. Nairobi, which has one of the world's healthiest climates, averages 70 degrees, and there, as in Accra, the coolest time is our own midsummer. Addis Ababa, Gondar, and Lalibela, in Ethiopia's central uplands, are sunny and fresh from October to

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A new local chief of the Ga tribe is "enstooled" in a ceremony enlivened by singing, clapping, and dancing to tom-toms in an enclave of the business district of downtown Accra, Ghana.

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May, but along the Red Sea, in Asmara, for example, one can scorch at the end of November.

"How about those military governments and political coups? Do they affect the tourist?" Only insofar as it's a nuisance during an overland journey from one area to the next to be stopped in some countries for frequent police checks. These—in Mali, for instance—usually are just routine inspections of one's driver's credentials; however, in times of crisis the traveler, too, may be involved. I arrived in Uganda immediately after an attempt had been made on the life of President Obote, and for the next several days we were halted every few miles by a roadblock.

Armed soldiers briskly asked the driver for his identification papers. "Raise the hood," he was told. They studied the engine. "Where is your baggage?" the soldier asked, as he peered into the car. The driver opened the luggage compartment. The soldier glanced at my suitcases and said okay. Meanwhile, the Africans, who had been forced to dismount from automobiles behind us, were busily untying huge cloth bundles and spreading their contents on the ground for the edification of the police. At the next roadblock the police searched one of my bags. The other's turn came at the third stop. "What is *this*?" asked the soldier, pointing excitedly to about fifteen metal cassettes. Not until I withdrew the exposed film was he satisfied that I wasn't transporting ammunition. Owing to the explosive political situation in Uganda, tourists should consult the U.S. State Department before they consider a visit to that beautiful but beleaguered nation.

"Is it expensive to travel in Africa?" On the whole, yes—very. I have sometimes reflected that it wouldn't have cost me $70 a day on safari if I had hired a car in Nairobi and driven it myself from one wildlife preserve to the next; the roads are good, the lodges are modestly priced, and a guide could have been engaged on terrain to take me about. But coping with a situation such as the foregoing might have been frightening. One can, however, travel inexpensively to many of the tourist attractions in Kenya, Tanzania, and Uganda by the jointly operated East African Railways, which has steamer service on lakes Victoria and Tanganyika and a limited bus route in Tanzania. I took an EAR train to Mombasa, departing Nairobi at 7 p.m. One look at the minuscule compartment and I forked out an extra $4 to have it alone. Even so, I was cramped, though not uncomfortable, on the narrow mattress that I rented for 35 cents. At 7 a.m., when I raised the shade, zebras were frolicking a stone's throw from the tracks.

Some of the packaged group tours in East Africa that are promoted by air-

Night fell... and we hurried to the verandahs surrounding the lodge to watch for the elephants, giraffes, zebras, and impalas....

lines are excellent buys if you like to chum with the same fellow Americans day after day. On safari they cover what most people want to see: Tsavo National Park, Serengeti, Ngorongoro Crater, Victoria and Murchison falls, Amboseli, and so on. They may also ensure your getting into the celebrated Treetops, which I didn't because it was completely booked up with group tours. So, instead of spending the night directly above an illuminated, glorified zoo, I was persuaded by a Nairobi travel agency to go to the Ark, another hotel on stilts. Not only was its rusticity exceedingly attractive, but the other guests were ex-colonial Kenyans, a welcome diversion since I hadn't previously met any. Night fell, the floodlights went on, and we hurried to the verandahs surrounding the lodge to watch for the elephants, giraffes, zebras, and impalas that would gather at the watering holes and freshly installed salt licks. The only animals that stopped by were some wart hogs.

"The others haven't caught on yet that there's a good lick at the Ark," explained the proprietor at the nearby Aberdare Country Club, a converted plantation mansion, where I was also persuaded to stay. "They'll come, by and by." He handed me a registration card and said there was an additional fee of six shillings for "temporary membership." I asked why they were set up as a private club. "Oh," he said, uneasily, "it's simply to keep out undesirables." Inasmuch as I was the solitary guest on that, their opening night, it cost me about 90 cents for the privilege of mingling exclusively with myself. As protection on the Stygian path from the main house to the pink-and-orchid room in one of the bungalows, I was accompanied by a six-foot-four, gloomy Kikuyu in a flat, broad-brimmed black hat and long khaki coat, carrying a murderously sharp machete.

In Abidjan the sightseeing tours by bus are costly and, as elsewhere in West Africa, apt to be canceled off-season. A two-and-one-half-hour "folkloric" excursion to witness an initiation rite came to $14.20 each for a group numbering about thirty, among whom many were jolly enough to take up maracas and, perspiring profusely, dance along with the strictly-for-tourists native performers. In Dakar the tab for a half-day guided tour of Gorée Isle—the site of West Africa's first white settlement, the fifteenth-century Portuguese slavers—is $27 for one person, $28 for two, but the twenty-minute crossing by public ferry costs only 61 cents, round trip. Far more colorful than any private boat could be, the *chaloupe* is thronged with corpulent Senegalese matrons wearing gossamer fuchsia and turquoise tents over long, tight, silver-and-gold lamé dresses. By an all too capricious providence, their ancestors managed to escape detention at the island's principal attraction—the circular stone "captivery" for slaves.

"How else do you get a sense of the real West Africa?" By reading the local newspapers—they're in English in former British colonies, French in countries that were held by France. Ghana has a number, although the ruling National Redemption Council has recently banned the outspoken *Echo* and *Pioneer*. The papers in Dakar tend to be more sophisticated than those in Accra; nevertheless, one of the latter recently ran this worldly advice:

If you befriend a girl in any of our cities, you have to pay her rent, see to her transportation to and from work, buy her wigs and Afro-shoes. I don't see how an average man can cope with this situation without resorting to accepting bribes, buying smuggled goods —all things that hurt our economy. . . .

Girls, next time you make unnecessary demands from your boy friends think what you're doing to the economy!...

One can also meander through the department stores, *supermarchés*, and traditional native markets. Often pungent with peanut butter and smoking fish, they are beehived with stalls selling everything from squawking chickens and luscious vegetables to ingeniously patterned African cloth and jewelry in the ubiquitous solid gold. For evening's entertainment you might catch *Chapparal* or Chaplin or one of the experimental films made by Africans in Ivory Coast and Senegal. If in Accra I fell asleep during an amateurish performance of an amateur play, I was amused by *Lost Fisherman*, a folk opera with a record-breaking run. At the Théâtre de la Cité in Abidjan I saw *La Griotique*, an exciting recapitulation of African oral history in dramatic recitation and tribal dance in the manner of the minstrels—or *griots*—of old. And, since West Africa is growing increasingly Western, one might even drop into Abidjan's smart new discotheque, Le Gama, which is run by Yul Brynner. □

For comments on more than a dozen useful books about travel, see SR *Reviews Books in this issue.*

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SR REVIEWS Books

Public Art Private Lives

BY DALE HARRIS

THE BALLERINAS: From the Court of Louis XIV to Pavlova. By Parmenia Migel. Illustrated. 307 pages. Macmillan. $10.95.
NIJINSKY. By Richard Buckle. Illustrated. 482 pages. Simon and Schuster. $12.50.

There isn't, alas, very much to be gleaned from the lives of most dancers. Among the accounts of their triumphs, finances, love affairs, and quarrels, the significant element gets lost. What we really want to know is how they danced and what contribution they made to their art. To be told about Fanny Elssler's liaisons, Marie Taglioni's marriages, or Augusta Maywood's illegitimate children, and not at the same time be told anything illuminating about their performances, is to come away with very little of value; it is like reading a life of Keats that barely mentions his poetry. The only reason for concerning ourselves with such vanished figures at all is that they were great dancers. Their private lives are, by comparison, unimportant—which is doubtless the reason that even well-versed balletomanes know so little about their offstage exploits.

Parmenia Migel's *The Ballerinas* sets out to enlighten us on this topic. Accurate and scholarly though she is, she has an overriding interest in personalities and adventures. She is absorbed by the people behind the careers. She takes their artistry as self-evident and concentrates instead on their biographies. Her aim is to present the most celebrated dancers from the seventeenth century to the end of the nineteenth century, and, though she deals skimpily with the final stages, the formulation of ballet history that her choice implies is entirely convincing. The two-hundred-odd years covered in *The Ballerinas* saw the establishment, growth, decline, and renewal of the art of dance. Thus, the book begins with Mlle. de la Fontaine (1655–1738), who in 1681 took the lead in Lully's *Le triomphe de l'amour*, the first time that women danced professionally at the Opéra de Paris, and it ends with Anna Pavlova (1881–1931), who in 1909 journeyed west from Russia with the Diaghilev company that changed the course of ballet history.

In between comes a remarkable assemblage of characters. Few of them led mundane lives. Theatrical conditions, then as now, bred insecurity, rivalry, and unscrupulousness, but these lives are by definition all success stories. To achieve ballerina status has always meant to serve an arduous apprenticeship and then to triumph publicly. Even Matilda Kchessinskaya (1872–1971) was no exception; she had genuine talent. As the mistress first of Czar Nicholas II and then of his cousin, the Grand Duke André, Kchessinskaya wielded enormous power; appointed Prima Ballerina Assoluta at the Maryinsky Theater, she brooked neither interference nor rivalry. Yet we know from impartial evidence that she was also a great dancer. Even Isadora Duncan, no ballet fan, found her enchanting.

Fanny Elssler

The term "ballerina," despite common usage, is not synonymous with "dancer." It signifies preeminence and implies mastery, the latter being a quality whose nature varies a good deal. In the nineteenth century the evanescence of Taglioni's style was balanced by the voluptuousness of Fanny Elssler's, so that Théophile Gautier characterized the one as Christian, the other as pagan. Ballerinas often come in contrasting pairs of this sort. The eighteenth century witnessed the simultaneous appearance of Camargo and Sallé, and the twentieth of Pavlova and Karsavina, Markova and Danilova, Baronova and Toumanova.

In such polarities the essential, nonbiographical matter can be located: Dancers of distinction bring individual qualities to the practice of their art and help to shape its course. Kchessinskaya, by being the first Russian dancer to learn the secret of Italian virtuosity, initiated a whole new national style in which strength and elegance were combined. Camargo, by shortening her skirt, executed bravura steps that were, until then, the prerogative of men. Sallé, by substituting a muslin shift for the stiff panniers of her time, by dispensing with a wig, by wearing slippers rather than high heels, was able to employ a more natural and expressive mode than had yet been seen. Taglioni, by perfecting the art of dancing on point, gave the ballerina unprecedented swiftness and insubstantiality, thus opening a hitherto unglimpsed spiritual realm. At one blow she established the ascendancy of vaporous femininity.

So effectively, in fact, did Taglioni

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accomplish this that she helped to banish the male dancer from the stage. Within twenty years of her retirement ballet—which had begun in the sixteenth century with the glorification of kingship and had exalted male prowess right through the eighteenth—became a superior form of leg show, a parade of female attractions. Except for character parts, men were no longer to be seen. Denied the contrast of male strength, the ballerina degenerated from an ideal into a sexual object. The sixty-year decline of ballet in the West was prefigured by the mid-century's replacement of the *premier danseur* by a shapely girl in tights and male costume, whose task it henceforth was to partner the ballerina.

These are the matters that need discussion. What Parmenia Migel, a recognized ballet historian, sets out to do is admirably done. Indeed, in the chapters on Sallé and Taglioni she deals masterfully with her chosen area. But another, more significant book remains to be written, one that examines the dancer's role in the development of ballet and deals with private lives only in relationship to art. In some cases this relationship has important artistic consequences. A full account, for example, of Kchessinskaya's undoubted influence

When males were banned: Carlotta Grisi and Lucien Petipa performing in La Peri

on the imperial ballet would be illuminating. *The Ballerinas* is not that sort of book, but at least it will be easier to write now that Miss Migel has brought together so many hitherto obscure facts.

Like Kchessinskaya, Vaslav Nijinsky is one of the few dancers whose private life need concern us. As a performer he played a decisive role in Diaghilev's success. His strength, technique, and interpretive genius revealed the extraordinary potentialities of an art form that Western audiences had long written off. Although Adolf Bolm's barbaric energy in *Prince Igor* overwhelmed Paris, it was Nijinsky, a classically trained virtuoso with a wide range of styles at his command, who became the company's great star. He, Pavlova, and Karsavina made people recognize the profound nature of dance. He and Karsavina were perfect partners; each gave the other something indispensable. But Pavlova, fully conscious of Nijinsky's unprecedented public appeal, left Diaghilev to fend for herself. Her training at the Imperial Theater, with its emphasis on female glorification (though not to the entire exclusion of men), and the awareness she always had of her own genius, made the idea of male parity difficult to accept. In any case she realized that Nijinsky was Diaghilev's chosen instrument. Through him, first as a dancer and later as a choreographer, the genius of Russian art was to be revealed.

The immediate result was a galaxy of roles choreographed for him by Mikhail Fokine—the Slave in *Scheherazade*, Petrouchka, the Specter of the Rose, Harlequin in *Carnaval*, the Blue God, Daphnis, Narcissus—each of which glorified the male element, often at the expense of the female. Even the Imperial Russian Ballet, though it had preserved male dancing, had never made it coequal with female dancing, let alone more important. But in *Spectre de la rose*, one of his greatest triumphs, Nijinsky took over precisely the kind of role that, before this time, had been the prerogative of the ballerina. His depiction of the rose brought home from a ball by a young girl was the counterpart of Taglioni's Sylphide nearly eighty years before. Both personified metaphysical aspirations and states of feeling; just as Taglioni embodied a young man's longings for more than earthly perfection, so Nijinsky gave physical definition to a young girl's ideal love. In *Scheherazade*, as the Golden Slave, he, not the beautiful Sultana, was the sexual focus. As the puppet Petrouchka, vainly struggling after happiness, he, not the female puppet (called, significantly enough, The Ballerina), was the pathetic victim of fate. Nijinsky, with Fokine's aid, created a strange, alluring dance persona: at once sexual and androgynous, athletic and remote, self-occupied and impersonal. Nijinsky's success marked the end of pat sexual designations in dance. At the same time he helped to extend the range of male sensibility. His personality as a dancer was essentially creative, polymorphous, volatile. He had the versatility and impartiality of the born role player. He prefigures Nureyev's unapologetic, even arrogant, pride in his own

Nijinsky in La Source

accomplishment and all the ambiguities of Mick Jagger's intense self-involvement.

Since Nijinsky's time it has become easier for men to assume their ancient rights to grace and elegance. But insecurity about virility is still powerful, and one of its foci is the supposed effeminacy of male dancers. Nijinsky, however, was never less than masculine. Fokine may have exploited the mysterious indeterminacy of his personality but would never have permitted him an effeminate style, since this, as everybody connected with Diaghilev knew, was incompatible with good dancing. To the Soviet Russians, who make heroes of their ballet stars, such generalized worries about virility are incomprehensible. But in our society only the athlete—the winner—is fully licensed to exploit his body for metaphysical ends, and even our good dancers are susceptible to society's fears.

Nijinsky's biographical circumstances have played no small part in perpetuating this situation. He and Pavlova are the most famous dancers who ever lived, the individual geniuses who, like Caruso in singing, represent an entire art. Unlike Caruso's or Pavlova's, however, Nijinsky's fame is based as much on the legend of his life as on his transcendent talent. He is remembered as a prodigy of dance, capable of performing *entrechats dix*, able to stay suspended in the air for a split second, a preternatural jumper. But, for the thousands with only a passing interest in the dance, he is better remembered for the larger facts of his life: his homosexual relationship with Diaghilev, his marriage to Romola and consequent dismissal from the Ballet Russe, his at-

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tacks of severe religious mania, the madness that followed.

This is not a story to allay our bourgeois apprehensions about male dancers or, for that matter, about the dubiousness of artistic creativity. Yet Nijinsky satisfies our need for an antihero of art, and for that reason alone he exerts an unending fascination. Someone or other is always on the point of filming his life. Maurice Béjart, in *Nijinsky, Clown of God,* has made him the subject of a vast, vulgar dance spectacle. Nijinsky has had more books written about him than has any other single dancer. He has become a mythic figure, a prototype of the Promethean artist, doomed to endless suffering for his presumption. To the world at large he is a compound of genius, sinner, victim, and saint. His sexual deviation seems an emblem of his miraculous talent, a confirmation of our worst suspicions about high art. His madness substantiates our belief that genius is unstable, dangerous, the enemy of order. At the same time it satisfies our desire for retribution. Nijinsky's stardom lasted a mere nine years, and for two of these he was interned in Hungary and Austria as an enemy alien during World War I and did no dancing. Those alive today who saw him perform are a small and diminishing band. As time passes it becomes harder and harder for the rest of us to believe that he ever existed. However, interest in him does not slacken. He becomes ever more fascinating the farther he recedes from us. Yet his wife, Romola, is still alive; his sister—Bronislava Nijinska, the great choreographer of *Les Noces* and *Les Biches*—has only just died; his old partner Tamara Karsavina still survives; and so does Marie Rambert, a pupil of Dalcroze who helped him with the rhythmic problems in choreographing *Sacre du printemps*. The facts, in other words, are still part of what we know about him.

A caricature by Jean Cocteau of Nijinsky, recovering in the wings after performing Le Spectre de la rose. *Diaghilev is shown third from left.*

Richard Buckle's *Nijinsky* is on the face of it an attempt to set down all the facts, to unmask the legend and restore Nijinsky to the history of ballet. For, apart from his talent as a dancer, Nijinsky choreographed three of the seminal dance works of modern times: *L'Après-midi d'un faune, Jeux* (to a commissioned score by Debussy), and *Sacre*. Though only the first of these survives, all played an important part in the development of our twentieth-century sensibility. They figured in the heroic struggle to evolve new forms of apprehension during the years before World War I.

Richard Buckle, ballet critic for the (London) *Sunday Times*, is aware of Nijinsky's share in this great endeavor, and he devotes a lot of space to making it clear. By the end the reader is in no danger of mistaking the importance of Nijinsky's contribution to choreography: in *L'Après-midi d'un faune* his innovative, anticlassical style and his unabashed presentation of the Faun's erotic self-discovery; in *Jeux* his stylized gestures and use of a contemporary sport—tennis—to express the conflicts and competitiveness of love; in *Sacre* his orgiastic group movements, a world away from nineteenth-century grace, to create a primitive ritual of death and rebirth. All three ballets were implicated in the scandal of avant-garde art. *Faune* was denounced on the front page of *Le Figaro* as "filthy and bestial" and was publicly defended by Rodin. *Jeux* was dismissed as full of "meaningless, pretentious contortions" also by *Le Figaro*. And *Sacre*, largely on account of Stravinsky's music, caused one of the most violent outbreaks of disapproval and confusion in the history of the theater. In the midst of the opening night riot a countess cried out, "I am sixty years old, and this is the first time anyone has dared to make fun of me!" Thus, in the same year as the New York Armory Show, was the modern world announced through the medium of an art that for most of the Paris audience was only five years old.

But Buckle is not content to recount these matters for their own sake. He often appears to be doing so only because they amplify the tragic legend, which for him is clearly the more important consideration. He devotes a lot of space to the sheer glamour of the ballet world and lapses frequently into a quasifictional re-creation of scenes that seem especially exciting to him. In the end he settles for neither the Nijinsky achievement nor the Nijinsky legend. He has amassed an enormous

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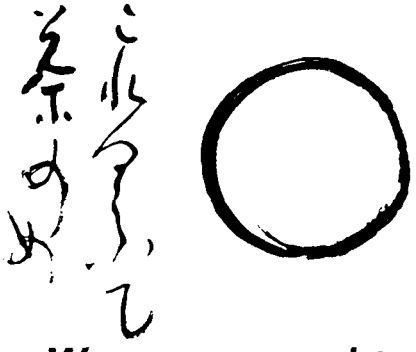

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quantity of material from primary documents, books, articles, conversations with survivors, and questionnaires, but he never seems to have discovered what to make of it all. The result is that we get only a hazy impression of Nijinsky, both as a man and as an artist. The simple legendary outline of his life is confused by a series of abrupt changes in subject matter, whose purpose seems to have been to make Nijinsky's artistic significance clear but which only muddles the reader. The focus keeps shifting from Nijinsky to Diaghilev, the Ballet Russe, Diaghilev's entourage, high society in Edwardian England, homosexuality, modern art, Russia, and, distressingly, Richard Buckle—who, every so often, steps from behind the scenes to tell us how his career as a ballet critic was foreshadowed by an adolescent fascination with Nijinsky. This is not necessary background material so much as uncertainty of aim.

One problem faced by Buckle was the need to collaborate with Nijinsky's widow, whose single-mindedness about Diaghilev's villainy (already made clear in the biography of her husband that she published in 1934) has limited Buckle's options. Romola, after all, sees herself as an apostle of normality who succeeded in rescuing an innocent, duped youth from the clutches of a corrupt, older man. Buckle is not prepared to subscribe to so naïve a view, particularly in light of the madness that in due course followed the disturbance of Nijinsky's emotional and professional equilibrium by Romola's ambitions. Nevertheless, he adopts a disingenuous tone towards Diaghilev, to whom, in effect, he denies equal status as a vulnerable, passionate human being.

The Nijinsky legend demands a villain, and Diaghilev fits the role to perfection. But the legend keeps colliding with the facts of art. Diaghilev was infinitely complex and infinitely human. To view him as a kind of Lord Henry Wotton does justice to neither his fundamental commitment to genius nor its achievements. From his vision, after all, sprang a new conception of modern art, most of modern ballet, some of modern dance, and the careers of such innovative geniuses as Stravinsky and Balanchine. Nijinsky was one of Diaghilev's most remarkable creations; under his guidance Nijinsky initiated a revolution in dancing and in choreography. For that important reason they both deserve to be treated with a more rigorous, serious, and independent approach than Buckle's. Such an approach could only add to their dignity as men and creators and to our understanding of their extraordinary artistic achievement. □

Daughter of "Rosemary's Baby"

THE STEPFORD WIVES. By Ira Levin. 145 pages. Random House. $4.95.

BY WEBSTER SCHOTT

As you may remember, in one of Ira Levin's earlier novels there was a woman. Her name was Rosemary, and she had a baby. It was the devil. In Mr. Levin's new novel a group of business and professional men live in a Connecticut town called Stepford. They have wives. Their wives are robots. Disneyland-type robots. Mr. Levin's novel is about how one Stepford wife comes to perceive her own imminent murder and replacement by a forever young, forever sexy, forever house-cleaning, audio-animatronic Disney dummy modeled in her own image and likeness. She learns too late.

After a slow start *The Stepford Wives* kills time like a souped-up clock. I began reading it one evening around 10:30 and didn't put it down until the last page at 1 a.m. It's not a think trip. It's reading fodder. If *Rosemary's Baby* and *The Exorcist* turned you on, *The Stepford Wives* will give you a couple of hours of stimulation. It's not as compelling, not as engrossing as the best of its genre. Mr. Levin creates a soft environment at the beginning, and danger is slow to show. For a while, as Joanna Eberhart, a newcomer to Stepford, tries to get the wives of the community interested in Women's Liberation, it seems as though Mr. Levin has written a tract for *Ms.* The most serious shortcoming is lack of density or complexity. Levin doesn't probe his plot or explore his conceit, robot women, with the fullness of, say, Bill Blatty's ingenuity in *The Exorcist*. Maybe he didn't do all his homework. The mysteries of planning, construction, and execution remain mysteries.

And thus, if you have to believe with your brains, you won't believe *The Stepford Wives*. Levin isn't a good detail man. He has, however, the magician's touch; he casts a spell, and *The Stepford Wives* becomes believable through emotional transfer. As Joanna discovers the scientific backgrounds of the men running the Stepford Men's Association, as she learns of the past and forgotten feminist militancy of the Stepford wives, as she sees two of her friends change radically, her terror comes through the novel like 200 volts. In the clutch, when Joanna tries to es-

Webster Schott is a frequent critic of contemporary fiction.

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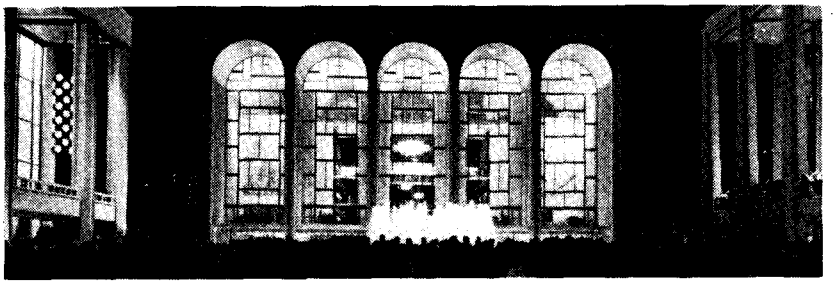

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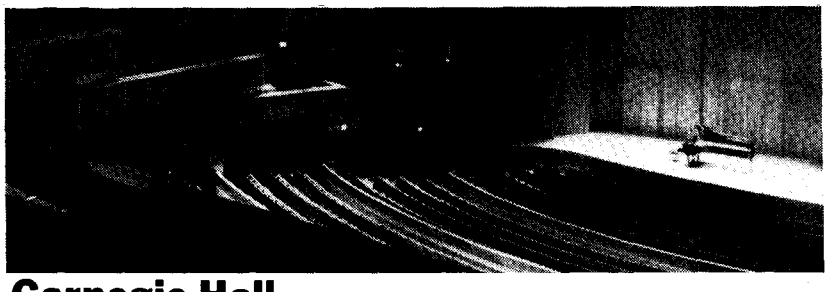

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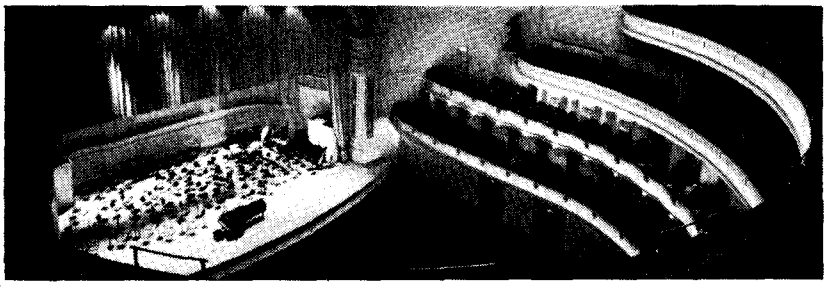

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cape, Levin's movement skills create an intense fear, and, for twenty or so pages, disbelief briefly gives way to a horrible sense that dulled marriages, lost intimacy, boring sex might possibly be resolved by husbands according to the morality of private enterprise: What works is good; what's good is right.

Surely *The Stepford Wives* isn't art as literary intellectuals think of art right now. But Leonardo or Lewis Mumford, I forget which, once said drawing began with prehistoric man's tracing his hand or shadows on the walls of caves as an act of diversion. *The Stepford Wives* is this kind of diversionary work. You find its equivalent in design as a version of painting, noise-rock passing as music, welded junk as a substitute for sculpture. Function dictates form. If a novel's primary purpose is to entertain—obviously Levin's intention—then a work such as this one makes a kind of semiartistic sense. Levin handles the form with average competence. A couple of years from now *The Stepford Wives* will be forgotten (maybe sooner), except for television reruns of the film that Polomar promises to make. You might wish Americans would read Vladimir Nabokov instead, but the audience for *The Stepford Wives* won't turn to *Bend Sinister* for entertainment in the absence of Mr. Levin's product.

Which isn't to say that Ira Levin has achieved anything of special note. He can get people in and out of rooms reasonably well. Otherwise his skills are modest, except as a single-idea man, a one-concept man. *The Stepford Wives* is written with a grade school vocabulary, a high school version of syntax, and a best-selling author's understanding of what mass audiences want. Joanna regularly "spoons" out food. Levin quickly wears out the compound modifying adjective, as in "the-no-not-Peggy-Clevenger voice said" and "her quick-before-I-leave-the-city pictures." Joanna is a semiprofessional photographer, by the way, which has nothing to do with the novel; Levin loses opportunities left and right. Levin's characters do not change or grow. His scenery does not live, bloom, or die. He can rattle off product names as swiftly as the Brand Names Foundation. He knows some kinky things about sex. His forte is wild ideas. He thinks of a situation. The situation requires bizarre means. The means produce a crisis event. So goes the novel.

I suppose the real test of fodder fiction or literary fiction is much the same. Do you continue to think of the novel after you've read it? Do you even remember it? *The Stepford Wives* seems readily forgettable because Mr. Levin puts so little into it. Not that what's there isn't engaging; it is. But the whole thing is thin, a tissue. Finally, all we can wonder about is why that foolish Joanna didn't take the challenge and cut her girl friend's finger to see if she was plastic or flesh before it was too late. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1525

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1525 will be found on page 110

ZGEW CKDUHWSL GI OKI-WHN ZGI GIP NOWI CKD ZGC FW HDUW NOWUW AH KIW SWHH UGHMGS AI NOW JKUSP.

NOKZGH MGUSCSW

SHORTER REVIEWS

The following notices focus on new and current "travel" books—here rather loosely defined as books about places (usually enticing) and about the pleasures and occasional pains of being there and of getting there and back. It is worth noting that the good travel book is, or should be, its own reward; whether a reader travels in person or in imagination is beside the point. Of course, for the luckies who actually get up and go somewhere, most travel books become adjuncts to the experience, useful or misleading as the case may be. But, ideally, the sources of enticement will continue to enchant and bring forth in the returned traveler reverberations of pleasures past and longed for once again. Such books are rare and to be treasured.

One further word. Well-known guide books (mostly series) are omitted here, since they are well known and tend to be more guides than books. The best are updated annually or semiannually, and the tried and true—from Michelin to Fodor—remain the tried and mostly true.

SOUTH PACIFIC. By Jack and Dorothy Fields. Illustrated. 252 pages. Kodansha International. $25.

It is part of the appeal of paradise that it remain vague and remote, which may

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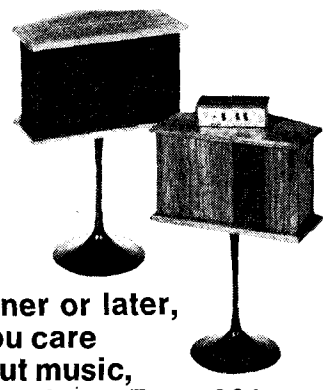
be why—aside from Bali H'ai and war movies—we know so little about the South Pacific. Jack Fields, however, has been photographing the area for twenty years, and this stunningly produced book, all in color, represents the best of his work. Fields knows a good thing when he sees it and consequently keeps arty angled shots to a minimum. It is, of course, impossible to avoid lagoon palms against sunsets altogether (and who would want to?), but he has also sprinkled the book liberally with shots of South Pacific daily life and the people who live it. In addition, his wife has provided serviceable introductory texts for each of the three island groupings: Melanesia, Micronesia, and Polynesia. The result: a lush, glossy portrait —the stuff dreams are made of.

WANDERING: A Walker's Guide to the Mountain Trails of Europe. By Ruth Rudner. Illustrated. 329 pages. The Dial Press. Hardcover, $8.95; paperback, $3.95.
Hiking is in such fashion these days that in this country, from Acadia to Yosemite, the sense of solitude is increasingly hard to come by. The trails of Europe are also getting crowded, but they are not yet quite the freeways that America's most popular trails have become. Ruth Rudner is a walker, a self-styled "wanderer," who, in this appealing book, becomes a Kate Simon of the alpines. The book has two main parts. In the first Rudner writes about the pleasures and rewards of wandering and, along the way, provides much helpful advice on matters ranging from what to take in your rucksack, to hut protocol, to "making plans and breaking them." There is important advice, also, on one's physical and mental condition: one should be fit for the task at hand; confidence in one's body, far more than strength, is the key—and is, of course, one of wandering's rewards; no one should feel forced or intimidated into anything beyond good sense and what is pleasurable. The second part, a trail guide, is drawn from the author's wanderings in the alpines of ten countries, from Mont Blanc to the Tatras, from the Dolomites to Mount Olympus. There is a short section on Austrian climbing (for the agile) and useful appendices of alpine association, climbing school, and tourist office addresses. There are photographs throughout (by James Goldsmith), and area maps that (Must it be said? It must) should *not* be used as trail maps; accurate trail maps are available from the addresses in the appendices. The author's tone is quiet and understated, making the book seem both trustworthy and—appropriately, not unsatisfyingly—a trifle weary. Just the thing for wandering.

TRAVELING WEATHERWISE IN THE U.S.A. By Edward Powers and James Witt. 299 pages. Dodd, Mead. $7.95.
Who doesn't talk about the weather? Nobody, that's who. But travel by the weather? That's something else again. Yet, that said, people *do* take weather into account in their travels, and well they should: There are places in our country that are, "weatherwise," gorgeous and other places that are abominable. Which is which depends upon one's preferences and susceptibilities to chills or heat rash or, where extremes are lacking, boredom. Do you want an enervating summer climate? Then Cape Cod is the place for you. Do you like to be *really* hot? Try Billings, Montana. (Billings is pretty good for being really cold in, too.) *Traveling Weatherwise* gives the statistics—temperatures, average and extreme; chill factors; rain and snow precipitations; numbers of days of clear weather and foul (including "percentage of possible sunshine," a phrase resplendent with the forecaster's art of rhetoric); prevailing winds; and storm intensities—for 150 American cities across the country. There is a text that deals, very carefully and therefore vaguely, with general regional weather conditions by the season. But the charts are what count. In their rows of stately, undoubtedly accurate, printed numbers, they lend us the "weatherwise" assurances that mercurial nature so often denies. Is it a practical guide? It depends on how practical you want to be, and how willing to discount the book's pretensions to precision. A source of endless pondering? Of course.

ANY SOUVENIRS? Central Europe Revisited. By George Mikes. 184 pages. Gambit. $6.95.
George Mikes, a Hungarian-born Englishman who works for the B.B.C. and who's made a minor cottage industry out of lighthearted travel/observation books, has gone back to Central Europe for his latest report. Of course, there is no such thing as Central Europe anymore—definitions like "drained by the Danube" won't really do either—so Mikes has made his own arbitrary list: Bavaria (where wealth is German but culture Bavarian), Austria (dull but happy), Yugoslavia (two alphabets, three religions, four languages, five nationalities, six republics, and one man holding them together), Czechoslovakia (they wouldn't let him in), and Hungary, to which Mikes, not surprisingly, devotes his most interesting chapters. It was not an altogether pleasant visit. Mikes found Budapest resigned to compromise and indifference, 1956 a distant memory. Even the food had gone off. Moreover, the man assigned to



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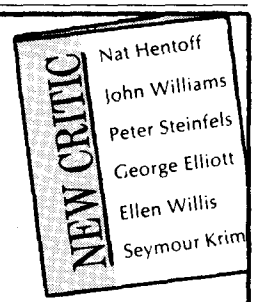

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Which of these cities has the highest infant mortality rate?

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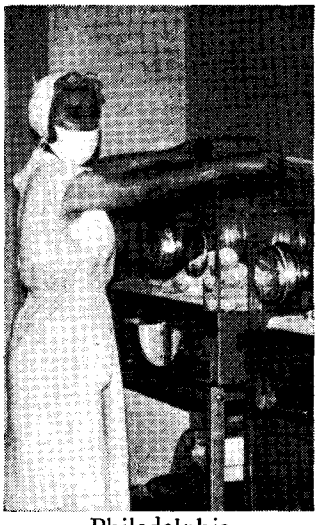
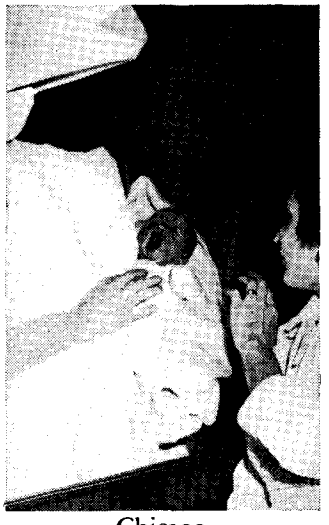


Philadelphia



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Source: City rankings based on data for Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas for each of these seven cities, National Center for Health Statistics, Public Health, Service, U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare; Country rankings from the Statistical Office of the United Nations; S.I.D. data from National Foundation for Sudden Infant Death.

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watch him was thwarted in an attempt to take his girlfriend on a B.B.C. day trip and had Mikes expelled from the country. But, with the resilience of the newly exiled, Mikes found the goulash in Vienna better and turned what was undoubtedly a dispiriting journey into this wry, albeit superficial, account.

CATCH ME A COLOBUS. By Gerald Durrell. Illustrated. 224 pages. Viking. $6.95.
Gerald Durrell is a naturalist with a foot in the delivery room and an eye on the clock, an enchanting writer, as most readers know, who for years has been about the business of helping to save the world's remaining wildlife. *Catch Me a Colobus* picks up where *Menagerie Manor* left off, with the establishment and management of his Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust, in the Channel Islands. The emphasis throughout the book is on birth as Durrell writes about his intense relief at breeding the Colobus monkey (his is the only zoo in the world that has done so) and conveys the sadness he feels over the death of Sheba, the lioness who was too weak to survive a second Caesarean operation. When the white-eared pheasants hatch fourteen eggs, Durrell breaks out the champagne; the chicks now make up the largest breeding stock in captivity, outside of China, of a species that may be already extinct in the wild. "It was," notes Durrell, whose enthusiasm is catching, "a great moment of triumph."

ALISTAIR MACLEAN INTRODUCES SCOTLAND. Edited by Alastair M. Dunnett. Illustrated. 256 pages. McGraw-Hill. $8.95.
"Spontaneity, especially joyful spontaneity, is a sure sign of insincerity," goes a Scots Presbyterian tenet—and a touch too much piety is what's wrong with this collection of essays by divers hands on historical and contemporary Scotland. (MacLean contributes only an introduction, which the publishers nevertheless feel is enough to justify his name on the jacket.) Tiresome, somber, sketchy, and zigzagging over too much territory, the book is an off-night at *ceilidh* (those informal Scottish gatherings at which everybody is expected to say *something*). None of the authors seems to have had much pleasure writing about a country most tourists fall in love with, and only fleetingly are there any good-natured pokes at the national solemnities. On sports: "Kicking a ball comes as naturally [to a Scottish baby boy] as soiling nappies." On thrift: "Scottish houses, Scottish tweeds, Scottish roads, are built to last; Scottish matrons, for comfort rather than speed. . . . " Clifford Hanley, a Glaswegian booster, almost saves these Highland Games with a valentine to his city that makes a reader forget Glasgow is surely one of the most squalid and demoralizing industrial areas in the world. Almost forget. Like the idiosyncratic legal verdict unique to Scotland, Hanley's case finally is "not proven."

THE CATALOGUE OF CATALOGUES. By Maria Elena De La Iglesia. Illustrated. 191 pages. Random House. Hardcover, $10; paperbound, $4.95.
Live butterflies or Donald Davies dresses; Limoges china and matchbox labels; from vintage cars to bun cozies decorated with exquisite Battenburg lace; clavichords, elephants, and fortune telling—nothing, it seems, can't be had by mail from virtually any place, Czechoslovakia to Malaysia. This Urban Earth Catalogue, gathered together by a lady who must be the world's most intrepid shopper, is an extraordinary compendium of what's available from more than 470 first-rate shops, how to go about requesting catalogues, ordering, paying, and coping with customs regulations—and even offers some reassuring advice for relaxing a neophyte buyer as he sweats out the arrival of his first shipment.

THE PACIFIC STATES OF AMERICA: People, Politics, and Power in the Five Pacific Basin States. By Neal R. Pierce. 387 pages. W. W. Norton. $9.95.
THE MOUNTAIN STATES OF AMERICA: People, Politics, and Power in the Eight Rocky Mountain States. By Neal R. Pierce. 317 pages. W. W. Norton. $9.95.
The titles of these volumes—two of a series—indicate their contents, but not their quality. Each is a concise but remarkably knowledgeable county-by-county report on the physical, social, economic, and political make-up of two major areas of the United States. The author, a Washington, D.C.–based political writer and former editor of *Congressional Quarterly*, has been inspired by John Gunther's *Inside U.S.A.*, and it is a measure of the increasing complexity of our country (and of our perceptions of it) that the project will eventually run to eight regional volumes, plus the already published *Megastates of America*, which focuses on the ten major power (electoral vote) states. Even so, the demands of concision are frustratingly apparent; as regional profiles these volumes are informative and eye-opening, and probably indispensable to any library of current Americana. But on any reader's local level there is always more to say. What redeems the books from being flat, impersonal, too-general-to-be-useful surveys are the author's personal observations and opin-

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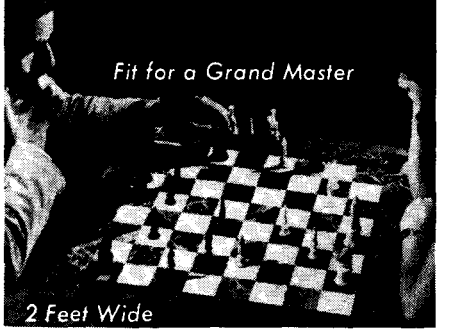

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ions, which (from a sampling of matters this reviewer thinks he knows something about) are informed, responsible, balanced (neither Chamber of Commerce boosterism nor *angst*-ridden, everything's lousy and a fraud), and, more often than not, acute. For anyone who wants, quite seriously, to know more about our country today—how it is composed, and what, for better or worse, makes it run—these books and this series are highly recommended.

THE BIKE BOOK. By Bibs McIntyre. Illustrated. 262 pages. Harper & Row. $6.95.

There's nothing like coming in, even if somewhat late, on a going thing. It is, in fact, in the most hallowed tradition of publishing to do so. *The Bike Book* arrives right on schedule—that is, somewhat late—to join the plethora of books on bicycling that have been produced in the last two years. Sadly, it is less useful than most, and better than only a few. A once-over survey (with emphasis on the hazards of city-street riding, and a state-by-state appendix on "where to find out more"), it represents no improvement over the first of the breed of popular cycling books, *The Bicycle Book* (Simon & Schuster, 1970). Still needed, for instance, is a consumer's critical rundown of bicycle makes, prices, best buys, and so on. *The Bike Book* offers a passing glance at do-it-yourself maintenance (there are many more detailed manuals now available on this subject), but its chief advice seems to be, "know your dealer." The tone is cuddly.

MY PARIS. By Maurice Chevalier. Photographs by Robert Doisneau. Foreword by M. F. K. Fisher. 153 pages. Macmillan. $12.95.

Primarily a collection of Robert Doisneau's evocative (and very Parisian) photographs, this portrait of "the City of Light" will appeal especially to devotees of the late entertainer and *boulevardier*, Maurice Chevalier, who has contributed brief reminiscences to introduce various sections of the book ("The Children of Paris," "The Girls and Lovers of Paris," "Paris By Night," and so on). An unabashedly affectionate and sentimental volume, it reflects the spell that Paris seems so often to cast over inhabitants and visitors alike.

MOSCOW CONVERSATIONS. By Susan Jacoby. 287 pages. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. $6.95.

Moscow Conversations is a very personal account of what it was like to be a foreign resident in Moscow for two years, 1969 to 1971, by an intelligent, lively, aggressive freelance journalist who, by pluck and good will, managed to establish some sort of continuing relationship with several "non-official" Russians and who reports on the experience here with engaging freshness. "Some sort of relationship," because, as Susan Jacoby writes, "*any* contacts between Russians and foreigners can attract KGB scrutiny at any time. A Russian who is involved with a foreigner automatically earns a black mark of suspicion." It was a period when the lid was screwed especially tight. There was active Soviet retaliation against Moscow-based Americans for the violence caused by the Jewish Defense League in the United States, and journalists with contacts among Jews and "dissidents" were officially harassed. Four foreign correspondents were expelled in 1970, and Jacoby's husband, *Washington Post* correspondent Anthony Astrachan, was first reprimanded by the Soviet press department and then, to be sure he got the point, was roughed up by hoodlums in a staged assault. Jacoby disguises the names of most of the Russians she writes about. Among them are Tanya, a starry-eyed "model" teen-ager from the provinces; Anatoly, a crafty craftsman who earned 150 rubles a month as a state picture framer and supplemented it by three times this amount from private customers; Vera, a liberal young Party member who cared desperately about the social problems and women's issues she covered for a Moscow newspaper. Jacoby is knowledgeable about Russian art (both official and unofficial) and literature (published and *samizdat*) and, along the way, makes some cogent observations on what happens to a country's culture when esthetics are politicized.

"Doorway to Hell" created during the Belle Epoque *for a night club on the Boulevard de Clichy (from* My Paris)

TWICE OVER LIGHTLY: New York Then and Now. By Helen Hayes and Anita Loos. Illustrated. 343 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. $7.95.

Helen Hayes and Anita Loos, chums from way back, crisscrossed Manhattan and even made forays into Brooklyn and the Bronx to prove that New York is still a wonderful town. Among other things, they took in the library, the Fulton Fish Market, barber schools, tugboats, garbage scows, and the United Nations (where they had an "in" with Shirley Temple Black)—the standard off-the-track tour, in fact. For all the to-ing and fro-ing, this is a "personality" book, more about Hayes and Loos than New York; one's reaction to it will depend on how much one can share in the gush and flat wisecracks that pass for high spirits.

FLORENCE. By Bruno Molajoli. Illustrated. 288 pages. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $9.95.

This is the latest in the excellent World Cultural Guides series (others already published: Paris, Rome, Venice, London, Madrid/Toledo, and New York), designed for both foot and armchair travelers. It has a map, useful appendices of museums and churches, biographies of artists, and, most importantly, a lucid and intelligent text that is quite a few steps ahead of the usual art history crash-course offerings. The photographs—sights and art reproductions—are terrific, and there are lots of them, the better part in color. The book's sheer practicality on those treks from the piazza will be a matter of will (certainly it's heftier than the boringly reliable Michelin green guide), but it's an easy feast for the eye, carefully produced, and, at the price, one of the most reasonable ways of experiencing Florence short of actually going there.

LOVE AFFAIR—A VENETIAN JOURNAL. By Wright Morris. Illustrated. Unpaginated. Harper and Row. $12.50.

Her stones are crumbling and her foundations sinking, of course, but Venice remains the queen of cities, unquestionably different and beautiful. She has inspired so many books that a list would be a bibliography. This latest, by the novelist Wright Morris, is a collection of color photographs, with brief paragraph captions that at once provide a running commentary on the author's stay, some glimpses of Vene-

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tian life, and semipoetic attempts to capture the feeling of a city whose charm, traditionally, has been her ability to escape such intentions. No matter. Some of the photographs border on the post-card variety, but the majority are simply gorgeous and well worth the price.

SAFETY LAST: The Dangers of Commercial Aviation: An Indictment by an Airline Pilot. By Captain X. 264 pages. The Dial Press. $7.95.

At any time during the daylight hours approximately 10,000 planes are flying over the United States. If that doesn't give you pause for thought, consider that more than 120 million passengers flew in 1969 and that the FAA expects the number to reach 379 million by 1975. Now, accidents will happen, but, according to "Captain X" in this salty, even sensational book, many of them don't have to—and, unless something is done, a lot more are going to. In fact, by the end of the book, one gets the feeling that flying has become a matter of Muzak roulette. The villains are not unfamiliar: corporate venality, government bureaucratic inadequacies, ill-equipped airports, technical deficiencies.

The most alarming passages are those that deal with mid-air collisions and control-tower understaffing. Captain X's approach is to alternate between detailed accounts of past accidents, which are compulsively readable, and even more detailed accounts of mechanical problems and improvements, which are virtually unreadable. (There is even a glossary of technical terms, which will give you some idea.) But his message is loud and clear and ignored, no doubt, at our peril. A final chapter of recommendations ("What's to Be Done?") seems tame after all the anger that precedes it, but is all the more effective for being sensible. Not recommended for inflight reading, unless you prefer anxiety attacks to the usual bad movies. □

TRADE WINDS

BY ALAN GREEN

The latest chapter in the saga of a political and publishing phenomenon is being written this week at a Washington press conference formally announcing the details of Ralph Nader's Congress Project.

After months of interviewing members of both Houses, their associates, and their folks-back-home, studying their environments and political heritages, Nader and his colleagues have created a "profile" of every member of Congress except those few who have announced their retirement at the end of the present term. Hence, for the 435 congressmen and 100 senators, 490 profiles have been written and are ready for distribution.

During recent months all but thirty-five legislators answered an elaborate, probing, ninety-eight-page, 633-item questionnaire bearing on everything from their education to their pet projects and pet peeves. Nader associates visited states and territories and the District, interviewed housewives, businessmen, educators, union people. They analyzed the economic and ethnic make-up of every area, the local forces intent on influencing key-issue votes. (In this they acknowledge the helpfulness of *The Almanac of American Politics*, published last year by Gambit.) For each of their 490 subjects they created a twenty-four- to thirty-two-page profile that includes just about every useful fact one can think of. There are no Nader evaluations, but there are evaluations by various other groups, ranging from Americans for Constitutional Action on the right to Americans for Democratic Action on the left. (A profile tells you how a legislator voted on SST, Carswell, ABM, and eighty-two other major issues and then leaves final evaluation to you in terms of your own political attitudes.)

The profiles are not now, nor are they ever likely to be, in book form. Four hundred ninety subjects times an average of twenty-eight pages comes to 13,720 pages and an impossible volume that would have to be called *Invitation to a Hernia*. But you and I and our friendly neighborhood journalist can obtain any or all profiles at 75 cents each, plus 25 cents' mailing and handling, by writing to the Ralph Nader Congress Project, Box 19281, Washington, D.C. 20036.

Eight hundred Nader people—from project director Robert Fellmeth (he was one of the five original "Nader's Raiders") to investigators, writers, editors, typists—put the profiles together. And Nader's people are undertaking the enormous and exacting job of fulfilling the orders. Doubtless, certain auto manufacturers, meat packers, nursing homes, and other Nader-stung institutions are sitting back, hopefully anticipating a massive organizational foul-up of this Brobdingnagian enterprise. Or, possibly, hoping that the volume of orders will be Lilliputian.

Another part of the Congress Project is the publication this week of *Who Runs Congress?*, a Bantam paperback jointly issued with Grossman Publishers, whose imprint has gone on all

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Nader publications, including the profiles. (It was originally to be called *Both Your Houses*, but this title was preempted by Warren Weaver, Jr., whose own examination of Congress is being published by Praeger next week.) *Who Runs Congress?* has been prepared by James M. Fallows, Mark J. Green, and David Zwick, all Nader people who have used material emerging from the project to create a study of the diminishing role of Congress in national affairs, what diminished it, what could restore it, how it is controlled—from within its halls and from without—"the games congressmen play," the work they do, the duties some of them neglect.

Who Runs Congress? is preliminary to a series of Congress Project books that Grossman will publish in hardcover next year. These will include a handbook for congressmen, another for citizens (how to influence, or even run against, your congressman), and volumes on the committees, the rules, apportionment, and powers.

Richard Grossman, founder of Grossman Publishers, first encountered Nader in August 1964, shortly after he read James Ridgeway's *New Republic* piece "The Corvair Tragedy." Grossman invited Ridgeway to consider a book on the subject, and Ridgeway urged him to get in touch with Nader, a young Washington lawyer and "the last word on faulty auto design." Grossman met Nader, and the two men contracted for "an untitled book on auto safety." Grossman wanted to publish it in the following year—either in the last week of May or the first week of September, a pair of weekends that unsafe cars, unsure drivers, inadequate highways, and the National Safety Council have made notorious.

Nader was a busy man. Though researching and writing with all possible speed, he couldn't meet either date. Finally, Nader, Grossman, a tape machine, and a typist holed up in Washington, and in twenty-two days, with Nader writing and Grossman editing, the final version was completed. The early pages were set in type even as the later pages were being written, and thus, on November 29, 1965, Grossman was able to publish *Unsafe at Any Speed*. The first printing was for 11,000, the advance sale to bookstores, 9,000. This was good enough, providing the book got review-and-news attention. So Grossman took off on a flying major-city tour, urging editors and reviewers not to be deterred by Detroit-dominated advertising departments. There was a lot of newspaper (practically no magazine) coverage, all favorable. In Detroit Grossman held a press conference, well attended except by anyone from an auto company. When I asked him how the book had sold in Detroit's largest department store, he answered: "From under the counter."

When, shortly after publication, the news broke that a law firm hired by General Motors was having Nader's personal life investigated, 22,000 copies had been sold. Subsequently, when GM's then president was summoned before a Senate subcommittee and twice apologized to Nader for the company's investigation, *Unsafe* seemed headed for a 100,000 hardcover sale. But by then so much about Nader and auto safety had been exposed on front pages and TV screens that potential readers thought they'd got the whole story, and the sale dried up just short of 50,000. An additional 200,000 copies were sold in a Pocket Books special oversize edition. (Grossman thinks it would have sold more if the paperback had been of the usual rack-fitting dimensions.) *Unsafe*'s total all-edition sale to date, including book-club distribution, is 450,000-plus in the United States alone. It has been widely published abroad.

Unsafe was the only book written entirely by Nader. There have been fourteen other works since, all emerging from his projects and his teams. Three of these have been published just in the last few weeks: *Sowing the Wind*, on food safety; *Whistle Blowing*, on what might be called "employee's lib"; and *Small—On Safety: The Designed-in Dangers of the Volkswagen*, a work unlikely to charm the manufacturers, owners, or fanciers of the ubiquitous Beetle.

Nader profitability often is most apparent in his publisher's conscience column. As Dick Grossman says, "Ralph works for the public interest, not the publishing interest. He'll sacrifice a publication-day news break for a congressional hearing every time if that's what he feels will serve his cause best. Sometimes that hurts sales, sometimes it helps. But I think that anyone who is seriously interested in public-interest publishing, as we are, would willingly lose a sale to gain a law. Books are only the tip of the Nader iceberg." As several corporate *Titanics* have learned. □

Answer to Wit Twister, page 120: elbow, below, bowel.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1525

Make yourself an honest man and then you may be sure there is one less rascal in the world.

Thomas Carlyle

SR REVIEWS

Music

Opera Openings, West and East

BY IRVING KOLODIN

The flourishing firm of Sutherland and Horne, worldwide specialists in operatic premieres, revivals, and other unusual attractions, has split this year two for one, with results felt on both sides of the continent. In San Francisco Joan Sutherland lent her presence to a gala *Norma* to open the fiftieth anniversary season of that city's opera company. In New York Marilyn Horne offered her *Carmen*, for the first time, in a Metropolitan opening designed to initiate the post-Bing era. The occasion was shadowed by the absence of Bing's successor, the late Göran Gentele, who was killed in an accident before he could take his first bow. To the casual eye it would appear that both the openings were attended by the same people, with different names but wearing equally bizarre attire.

Musically, the values of *Norma* were concentrated squarely on the broad shoulders of Miss Sutherland and the steel-spring flexibility of voice she commands. Her performance was, as has been said on other occasions, a remarkable demonstration of vocal discipline. A slightly deeper note of visual intensity was provided this time by the costuming of Jose Varona and the staging of Tito Capobianco. But Miss Sutherland's involvement with the darker dramatic contents of the role stopped exactly at the footlights, where they came to rest on the placid, nondynamic flow of sound generated under the direction of her husband, Richard Bonynge. What might be called, not Bellini's, but His and Her *Norma* has gone through several cycles of emphasis since they started doing it together a decade ago. The present conception strikes me as a downswing from a never too-high level of impulse.

On some occasions Miss Sutherland's Norma has generated sparks by contact with the metal of her opposite numbers in the cast. This, however, was not one of them. Much the most accomplished of her associates was Clifford Grand, a well-proportioned, vocally solid basso from Melbourne.

Continued on Page 114

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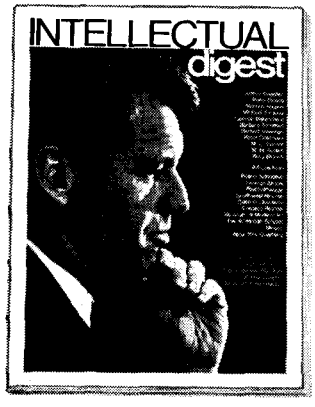

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His Oroveso had both impact and resonance, but this character's appearances are restricted to the first and last scenes. In between, Miss Sutherland was performing, alternately, with John Alexander, as Pollione, and Huguette Tourangeau, as Adalgisa.

Both are performers of serious purpose, but neither has the vocal equipment to provide the force-in-opposition to a singer of Miss Sutherland's potential power. Alexander has suffered a steady recession of vocal power from his best level of half a dozen years ago, and Miss Tourangeau, at her very best, is more of a sparring partner for Miss Sutherland than an artist capable of "taking the fight" to her. When singing together, they produced a steady flow of pretty sound; but it was a very docile Adalgisa that Miss Tourangeau depicted.

Varona has long been known as a costume designer of taste and imagination, in respect to which his work for *Norma* again merited praise. In his newer capacity as a scenic designer he showed rather less resourcefulness. The stage was dominated by an intermingling of tree trunks, with a seven-fingered spread of limbs reaching toward the audience. With its interrelated ramps and stone walls, it served well enough for the Druids' gathering place in the first and last scenes. As an immovable surrounding for Norma's "secret dwelling," it suggested a camp site in Yosemite. Capobianco's management of the ensemble entrances and exits was efficient enough, but his effect on the principals did nothing to disturb the placidity of the musical direction. The whole performance was, in fact, more like a visit by the Sutherland touring tonal circus, complete with one star performer, than the effort of a company with half a century's credentials behind it. However, it is but the beginning of a long season, and there will be much to report on as it progresses.

On behalf of the eastern wing of the partnership, Miss Horne gave one of her best vocal demonstrations yet at the Metropolitan in her singing of Bizet's music. But the particular luminary of this *Carmen* was not anyone visible on stage, or even Leonard Bernstein in the pit, but Josef Svoboda, who created the surroundings in which they functioned. A choice of Göran Gentele, the Czech stage designer and lighting expert made brilliant use of the Met's resources.

Clearly having heard of Nietsche's praise of Bizet in terms of "yellow sunshine," Svoboda set the opening and closing scenes of outdoor Seville in a striking contrast of white-walled, clean-lined, sunlit structures in the foreground and deep shadows at the rear. His version of the second-act tavern revels in subtle contrasts of a stage-broad patio draped with overhead screens and dozens of gaily colored pinpoints of light. The mountain pass for Act III is suitably barren, with projected trees on two sides of a huge U-shaped crevasse. However, the sharply raked floor, which provided uncertain footing for the fisticuffs of Don José and Escamillo, might be reconsidered.

Bernstein's musical framework also rated high marks for workmanship, clarification of detail, and erasure of the all-too-familiar grooves of routine into which *Carmen* can settle. Rhythms were crisp, entrances precise, dynamic values consistently sharp in definition, the orchestral colors purged of corruptive tarnish. The playing version he has evolved from the original text, plus some slower-than-usual tempos, produced a result of almost Wagnerian length—which, too, calls for some reconsideration.

To my taste the use of spoken dialogue at key points in the action has two justifications: It introduces a welcome sense of reality and colloquialism into the relations of the soldiers, cigarette girls, smugglers, etc., and it banishes the distracting presence of another personality (that of Ernest Guiraud, who long ago created the sung recitative usually heard) from the purity of Bizet.

Given so much that conduced to realism, it was all too unfortunate that neither of the principals matched the physical requirements for an eye-filling, pictorial Carmen and Don José or had the acting skill to make good these deficiencies.

For those unacquainted with the circumstances, it may be mentioned that Horne and James McCracken were "awarded" this opening night by Rudolf Bing long before Gentele entered the Met picture. The new director did not relish the idea of a hand-me-down *Tannhäuser* for his first opening and, with the generous aid of the Gramm Fisher Foundation, converted that original choice into a new *Carmen*. The obligation to the two principals remained, however.

Miss Horne has melded her tone production to a flexibility beautifully suited to the role's show pieces, singing the "Habañera," "Seguidilla," and "Chanson Bohème" with freedom, flourish, and much vocal color. However, the effect of her singing diminished as the role progressed, the "Card Scene" especially lacking the tragic note it demands.

The reason for this could be that Miss Horne had not previously projected a characterization from which a tragic outcome could logically flow. Act I showed her Carmen as a kind of Judy Garland pin-up girl, disposed to tease rather than taunt and to entice rather than enthrall. It was a Carmen whose nails scratched the surface of the character rather than digging below it. Act II presented the other, petulant side of her character, with flashes of heat to depict Carmen's unhappiness with Don José's vacillations between pleasure and duty. But there was little here that approached rage or scorn. It was a performance that called to mind the adage that a "Small pot boils fast."

McCracken was less beguiling than trimmer tenors as the well-groomed brigadier of Act I. As the performance progressed, however, he slowly, steadily conveyed a believable picture of a strong man's disintegration. And, once past the "Flower Song," for which his heavy sound is far from suited, he made much out of dead earnestness and honest purpose.

For the rest, Adriana Maliponte offered a hard-driving Italianate version of Micaela rather than the more lyric sound that is indicated, and Tom Krause looked well as Escamillo but lacked both the volume and beauty of sound the music deserves. Perhaps the one perfect effort of the evening was the suavely superior Zuniga of Donald Gramm, who bore himself with proper rank amid an excellent corps of supporting singers, ranging from Raymond Gibbs, as Morales, through Colette Boky, Marcia Baldwin, Andrea Velis, and Russell Christopher as Carmen's coconspirators, to Paul Franks as keeper of the most hospitable tavern in all Spain. David Walker's costuming fulfilled the scenic implications devised by Svoboda. Alvin Ailey's choreography will be dealt with at a later date.

Given the circumstances of time and tension, Bodo Igesz merits credit for organizing the staging planned by Gentele as his own contribution to this opening. How many of the ideas that enter into so elaborate a procedure reproduced, through Bernstein et al., what Gentele intended, cannot even be guessed. One suspects, however, that purely technical details, such as the aria-ending postures adopted by Miss Horne and the vignette at the end of Act III, were worked out with Igesz. Here, too, a little reconsideration might improve a totality on the way to being very good. Certainly, there was a sense of a new spirit at large that made acting-manager Schuyler Chapin's ice-breaker a tension-thawer as well. □

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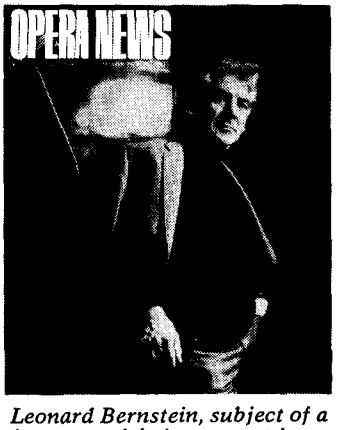

Leonard Bernstein, subject of a feature article in a recent issue of OPERA NEWS *magazine.*

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Films

Crazy Jack

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

Mies van der Rohe was right, of course: "Less is more." Apparently, though, nobody has ever let Peter O'Toole in on the secret. And so he persists in starring, as it were, in films that are far too long for their own good as works of art or even as entertainment. Perhaps O'Toole's problem is that he had his first and greatest success with *Lawrence of Arabia,* which was nearly as long as World War I, and so he mistakenly equates the quality of a movie with its length. In any event, O'Toole's latest picture, *The Ruling Class,* goes on for a seemingly interminable two-and-a-half hours. And the length of this bizarre comedy is its undoing, for I have a feeling that it might almost have been a minor classic of British satirical humor if it had been maybe an hour shorter. "Imprisoned in every fat man a thin man is wildly signaling to be let out," Cyril Connolly once observed, and inside *The Ruling Class* there is similarly the suggestion of a very funny film that we never get to see because it is larded with excess verbiage and puffed up with extraneous scenes.

The picture begins promisingly enough with the death of the thirteenth Earl of Gurney (Harry Andrews), who accidentally hangs himself in the bedroom of his palatial country home while got up in long underwear, a cocked hat, a regimental jacket, and a white ballet skirt. For years, we learn, the earl has been getting his kicks from dressing each evening in this kinky manner, putting his neck in a silken noose that is strung from the ceiling, then swinging back and forth on the noose for a few death-defying moments before landing safely again on the top of a ladder. This time, however, he chances to kick over the ladder on his back swing, and it's curtains for the thirteenth Earl of Gurney. The bumbling British upper class —implies the film's heavy-handed scenarist, Peter Barnes, who adapted *The Ruling Class* from his London play of the same name—never can do anything properly.

At the earl's funeral—and then during the reading of his will—we get to meet the rest of the Gurney family. And an odd lot they are, too: the earl's brother, Sir Charles, portly, pompous, and greedy; Sir Charles's wife, Lady Claire, a fading beauty with a wandering eye for men; and their nitwit son of twenty-two or so, Dinsdale. Also on hand are a jittery, lame-brained bishop of the Church of England, who is wonderfully played by Alastair Sim, and Tucker (Arthur Lowe), a stiffly proper butler who, upon finding out that he has inherited £30,000 from the late earl, at once goes into a song-and-dance number, takes to drink, and spends most of the rest of the picture boozily insulting everyone in sight. (Sim and Lowe and the other character actors in the film are, in fact, the best thing about *The Ruling Class.*)

Now into the fray steps O'Toole, as Jack, the fourteenth Earl of Gurney, to whom his predecessor has left virtually all his vast holdings, including the Hertfordshire estate, at which most of the action of the picture takes place. Wearing a flowing robe, with blond hair to his shoulders, a blond beard, and heavy, reddish make-up, O'Toole comes on looking like a garish oleograph of Christ. Indeed, Jack announces, he *is* Jesus Christ, and he wants henceforth to be known to all as J. C. For the past eight years, Jack tells the stunned assemblage, he has been sequestered in a monastery. (Later, however, we find out that he's actually been locked away in an insane asylum.) As the Gurneys look on aghast, Jack first has an enormous wooden cross nailed to the drawing-room wall, then climbs up onto the cross and drapes himself in the position of the Crucifixion. "Oh, God," groans Sir Charles. "Yes?" Jack cheerfully replies.

Peter O'Toole as Jack Gurney, a dotty earl who believes he's Christ. "Oh, God," groans a dismayed relative.

Later on, when a pair of village ladies come to call upon the new Earl of Gurney, Jack flings off his robe to reveal that he is wearing a white suit beneath it and, in the movie's funniest moment, suddenly starts dancing to, and singing, "The Varsity Drag." At this early point *The Ruling Class* looks as if it's going to be a good deal of fun.

Unfortunately, the picture rapidly falls apart as a hopelessly contrived plot intrudes. It's all about having to get Jack married off so that he can have a son, the fifteenth Earl of Gurney, upon whose birth Sir Charles will have Jack declared legally insane. Sir Charles will then have himself named guardian of the child and so gain control of the Gurney fortune. Unlikely as it may seem, Crazy Jack does indeed get married—to Sir Charles's dumpling-faced young mistress, Grace, who, for the sake of the plot, is soon heavy with child. Meanwhile, a psychiatrist is attempting to cure Jack of his delusion that he's Christ. "If he will agree that his name is Jack, he'll be cured," the psychiatrist tells the Gurneys.

In the film's most improbable scene Jack appears to be cured when, as his wife is giving birth upstairs to a son, he is confronted with another paranoid-schizophrenic who also believes himself to be God.

"I'm Jack, I'm Jack," O'Toole at last admits. Is all well now? No. The Jack he thinks he is is Jack the Ripper, from which point on he turns into a homicidal maniac. The film, so far a broad spoof of upper-class British stupidity, now turns into the blackest of black comedies. And this abrupt shift in tone and attitude is fatal.

The failure of the film to be either satire or horror show lies partly with Barnes, the scenarist, partly with its director, Peter Medak, who increasingly loses control of the movie as it goes along, and partly with O'Toole. A number of critics have praised O'Toole's performance in *The Ruling Class,* calling it "a tour de force" and "super-bravura." I disagree. Filled with a great deal of leaping about and rolling of the eyes, howls and whispers, vaudeville turns and Hamlet-like brooding, O'Toole's self-indulgent antics are what ultimately turn *The Ruling Class* into pretty much of a shambles. (Aside to Peter O'Toole: Less is more.) □

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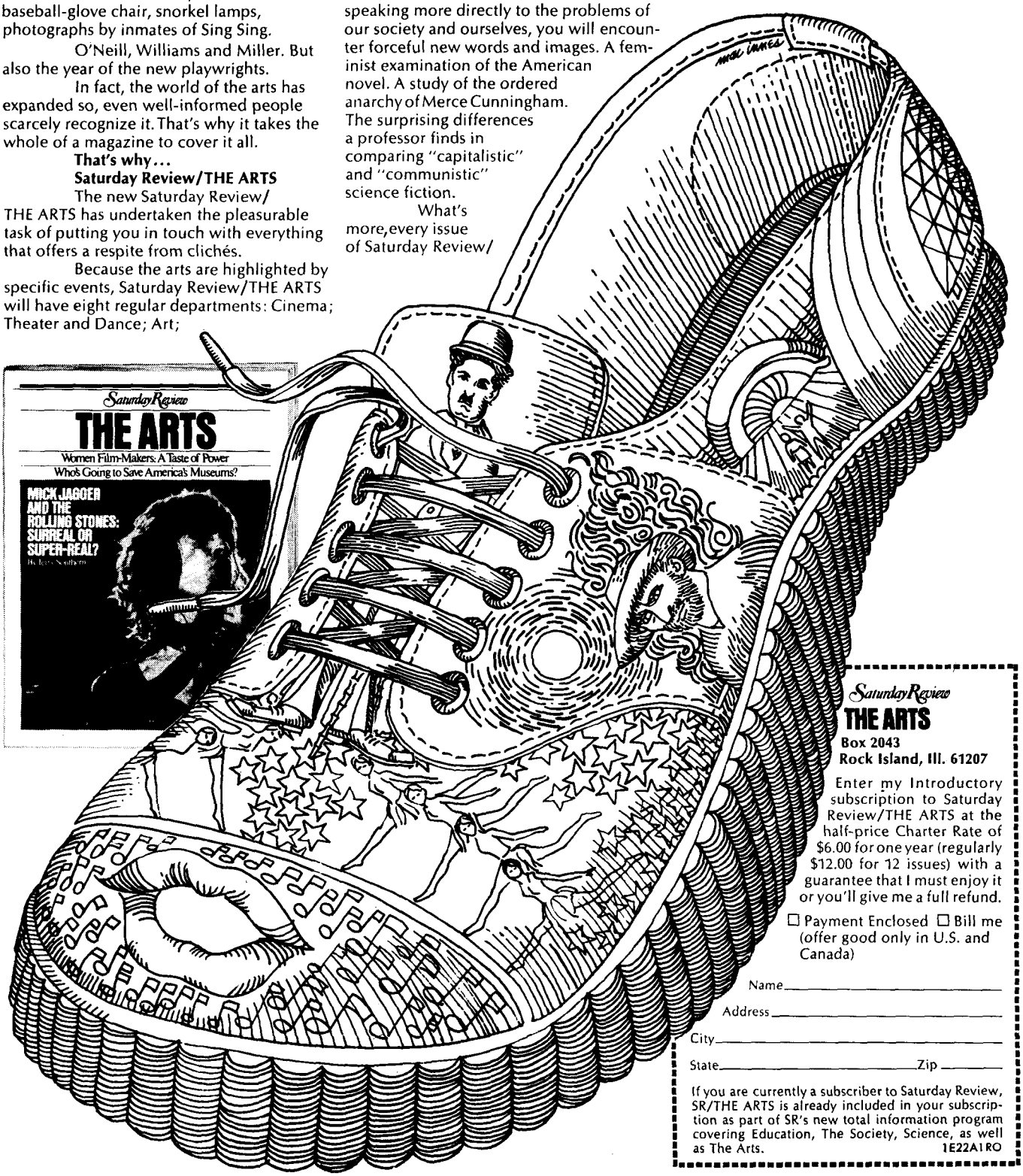
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Dance

Ballet's Newest Star

BY WALTER TERRY

The fans ran down the aisles and crowded close to the orchestra pit. Armfuls of curtain-call bouquets were handed to the ballerina or thrown at her feet. Blossoms were tossed across the footlights, and outsized confetti fluttered down upon her as she stood in front of the great gold curtain for a solo bow.

She was not Dame Margot Fonteyn, the world's most popular (and highest paid) ballerina, nor was she the Royal Ballet's adored Antoinette Sibley, nor Russia's blazing Maya Plisetskaya, nor the American Ballet Theatre's deceptively fragile, hauntingly lovely Carla Fracci. She was Cynthia Gregory of the American Ballet Theatre—modest, retiring, and happily married. Her response to a major critic's rave review of her first full-length *Swan Lake* had been: "Heavens! Why did he have to say all that! Now people will expect something of me."

Cynthia Gregory, who has been with the American Ballet Theatre for several seasons, has risen meteorically in the last year or so from *corps de ballet* to demisoloist to soloist to ballerina. From the start the young, versatile Californian attracted the attention and interest of balletomanes. No technical feat that a choreographer or a teacher could dream up seemed to daunt her. Some ballerinas are famous for their turns, others for their *pointe*, some for extraordinary leaps, and still others for high leg extensions and spinal flexibility. Through natural facility and constant hard work Cynthia excels in *all* these departments.

The Black Swan's thirty-two spinning fouettés, which turn many other dancers grim-faced, do not faze Cynthia Gregory. "When I begin," she says, "I don't think of the thirty-two ahead of me. I do eight as nicely and neatly as I can. Then I do another eight, and pretty soon they are all done." Could she execute sixty-four? "Oh, yes." How about doing them to the left instead of to the right? "I think I could, although I'd need to practice for a half hour or so."

Cynthia Gregory is equally at ease in soft, flowing adagio movements and brisk allegro actions. Classical ballets and modern works, storyless dances and dramatic ballets, are all in her repertory. Her musicality is as sensitive as was Maria Tallchief's.

But there are flaws of sorts in this seemingly perfect dance instrument. At five feet six inches, Cynthia is tall for a ballerina. "My feet are so long that when I'm on toe I'm close to six feet!" she complains. Understandably, Bruce Marks, a six-footer and a *premier danseur* skilled in both classical and modern ballets, is her frequent partner. What distresses Cynthia is that her husband, Terry Orr, a splendid dancer with a brilliant technique who was just promoted from soloist to the top rank of principal, is her own height offstage, but considerably shorter when his wife is wearing toe shoes.

Cynthia's height is, of course, merely a condition that must be faced. The fact that, despite all her dazzling technical proficiency, she appears to be a cold performer is more disturbing. After her initial successes as a virtuosa she said: "I know an artist is supposed to have suffered in order to communicate something special; but I've never suffered. I had a happy childhood, and I've always loved my mother and father. Terry was my first beau. We got married, we love each other, and we're happy. There are just no hangups! I know that's what is wrong with me as a performer, so I'm trying to find tragedy and conflict through the roles I dance."

Cynthia is obviously beginning to find her way, for the dance public not only respects her skills but has warmed to her personality. During ABT's summer season at Lincoln Center's New York State Theatre she danced an incredible number of diverse roles. Her dual portrayal of Odette-Odile in *Swan Lake* won her a prodigious ovation. Her first *Giselle* in New York evoked such a demonstration that one would have thought Fonteyn, Plisetskaya, Alonso, Bruhn, Nureyev, Villella, Dowell, and Sibley had just finished dancing together. It wasn't a perfect *Giselle*, but it was clearly a performance by a genuine ballerina on her way to becoming a prima ballerina and, eventually, an American *prima ballerina assoluta*.

Giselle did not seem an ideal role for a tall and sturdy girl. "Everyone thinks of her as tiny, dark-haired, fragile," says Cynthia, "and I'm not that way at all. But Giselle is innocent, and I am too—I really have led a totally sheltered life. So in Act I I played her like myself. When my mother saw me, she said, 'It's just like you,' and I guess it was."

Martha Graham has said of dancers: "Master a craft, then cultivate a being." Cynthia Gregory is doing just that before the appreciative eyes of her huge public. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 292

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

One's — — — — — may be bruised; one's eye may smart:

But illness seems uncouth — — — — — — the heart.

When — — — — — bursts or bladder trouble burgeons,

We blush to say so, even to our surgeons!

A. S.

(Answer on page 110)

A NOTE TO THE READERS

Norman Cousins, our former associate, has launched a new magazine, *World*. Undoubtedly, a number of *SR* readers will also want to keep up with Mr. Cousins's new publishing venture. An announcement appears in this issue. We at *SR* offer Mr. Cousins and his associates our good wishes and congratulations.

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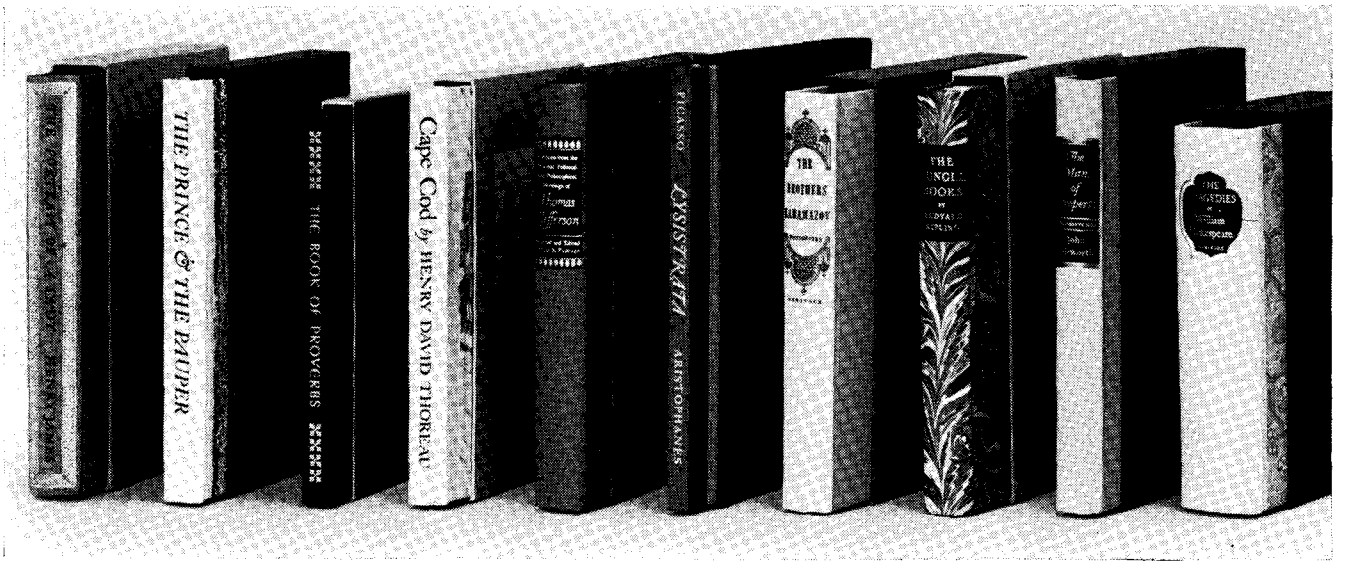

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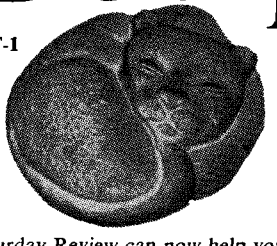

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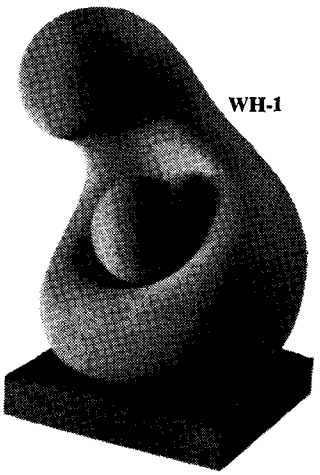
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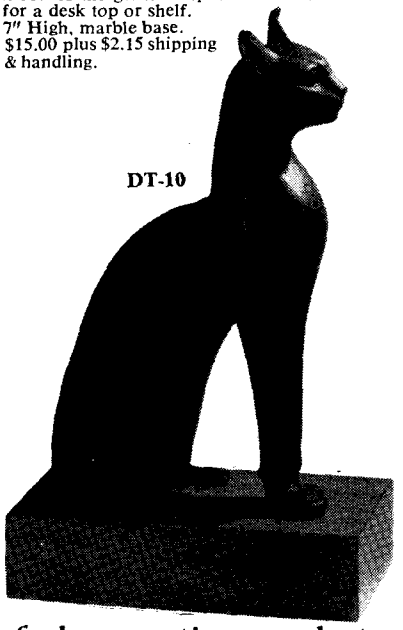
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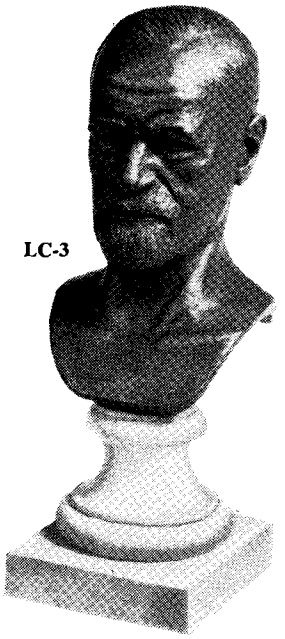
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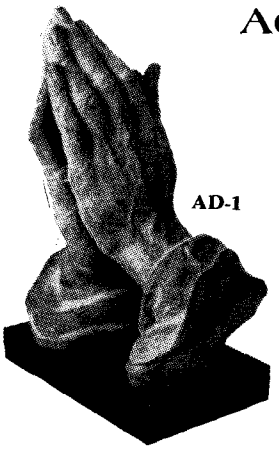
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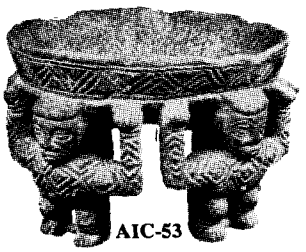
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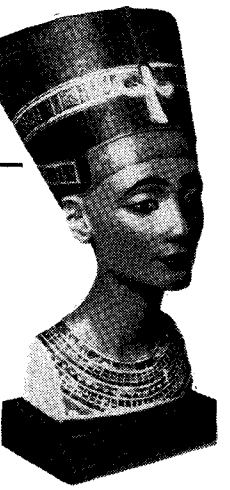
MAC-4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For Sale

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For Rent—Furnished

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

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Furnished/Unfurnished

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THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate in which the owner's investment is $585,000. The asking price is $495,000. Liberal financing is available.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2009

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Final element of a comlodic fragment	122 140 169 182
B. Constantly recurring melodic fragment	112 26 1 102 144 35 28 123
C. She was a pretty salty gal (2 wds.)	167 29 90 128 114 105 108 25
D. Large bottle having a short, narrow neck, usually encased in wickerwork	33 185 101 165 87 115 2 120
E. Understood a point of view one formerly opposed (3 wds.)	148 91 30 99 10 3 173 168 13 18 188
F. Windpipe of a horse	106 24 32 14 4 161 174 19
G. Upright	15 154 5 155 194 11 166
H. Overrun	6 170 20 104 16 12 127 183
I. Small, short-tailed, sharp-beaked bird	126 21 17 118 31 197 189 162
J. A worthy competitor	34 143 121 125 103 152 117 184 7
K. Acquired by evil or improper means (comp.)	134 111 151 8 124 27 130 195 139
L. Disease of fruits and vegetables (2 wds.)	100 172 113 156 22 190 9
M. Rich, waxy, white cheese	107 23 181 110 135 159 196

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Place of destruction	71 150 95 145 180 75 38
O. *Decimal part of a common* logarithm	137 119 72 47 41 62 96 175
P. Didactic poem by Pope, *An*_____ (3 wds.)	53 77 83 97 141 131 146 164 163 153
Q. Site of Mount Erebus off the coast of Victoria Land (2 wds.)	116 82 129 89 85 157 52 138 179 73
R. Poorly arranged (comp.)	51 66 93 86 132 176 54 147 74
S. Kick it around (3 wds.)	58 48 67 158 63 55 76 42 193 78
T. *God may forgive sins, he said, but* _____ *has no forgiveness in heaven or earth* (Emerson)	56 49 36 133 68 160 171 98 43 149 186
U. System based on the theory that through the suggestion of beneficial ideas all physical and mental circumstances of life may be controlled (2 wds.)	187 94 44 57 64 59 88 39 79 84
V. Drink made of hot milk curdled with ale, wine, or the like, often sweetened and spiced	92 45 60 69 80 192
W. *Tehuantepec, for instance*	37 177 61 50 81 109 191
X. City in Indiana	65 40 142 136 178 46 70

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

					1 B	2 D	3 E		4 F	5 G	6 H	7 J	8 K		9 L	10 E	11 G
12 H		13 E	14 F	15 G	16 H		17 I	18 E	19 F		20 H	21 I	22 L	23 M	24 F	25 C	26 B
27 K		28 B	29 C	30 E	31 I	32 F	33 D		34 J	35 B	36 T	37 W	38 N	39 U		40 X	41 O
42 S	43 T		44 U	45 V	46 X	47 O	48 S	49 T	50 W	51 R	52 Q	53 P		54 R	55 S	56 T	57 U
	58 S	59 U	60 V	61 W	62 O		63 S	64 U	65 X		66 R	67 S	68 T	69 V	70 X		71 N
72 O	73 Q		74 R	75 N	76 S	77 P		78 S	79 U	80 V		81 W	82 Q	83 P	84 U		85 Q
86 R		87 D	88 U	89 Q	90 C		91 E		92 V	93 R	94 U	95 N	96 O	97 P	98 T	99 E	
100 L	101 D	102 B	103 J	104 H		105 C	106 F	107 M		108 C	109 W	110 M	111 K		112 B	113 L	
114 C	115 D	116 Q	117 J	118 I		119 O	120 D	121 J		122 A	123 B	124 K	125 J	126 I	127 H	128 C	129 Q
	130 K	131 P	132 R		133 T	134 K	135 M	136 X		137 O	138 Q	139 K	140 A	141 P		142 X	143 J
144 B	145 N	146 P	147 R	148 E	149 T		150 N	151 K	152 J	153 P	154 G		155 G	156 L	157 Q		158 S
159 M	160 T	161 F	162 I		163 P		164 P	165 D	166 G	167 C	168 E	169 A	170 H		171 T	172 L	173 E
174 F	175 O	176 R	177 W		178 X	179 Q	180 N		181 M	182 A		183 H	184 J	185 D	186 T	187 U	188 E
	189 I	190 L	191 W	192 V		193 S		194 G	195 K	196 M	197 I						

Solution of this week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 103 of this issue.

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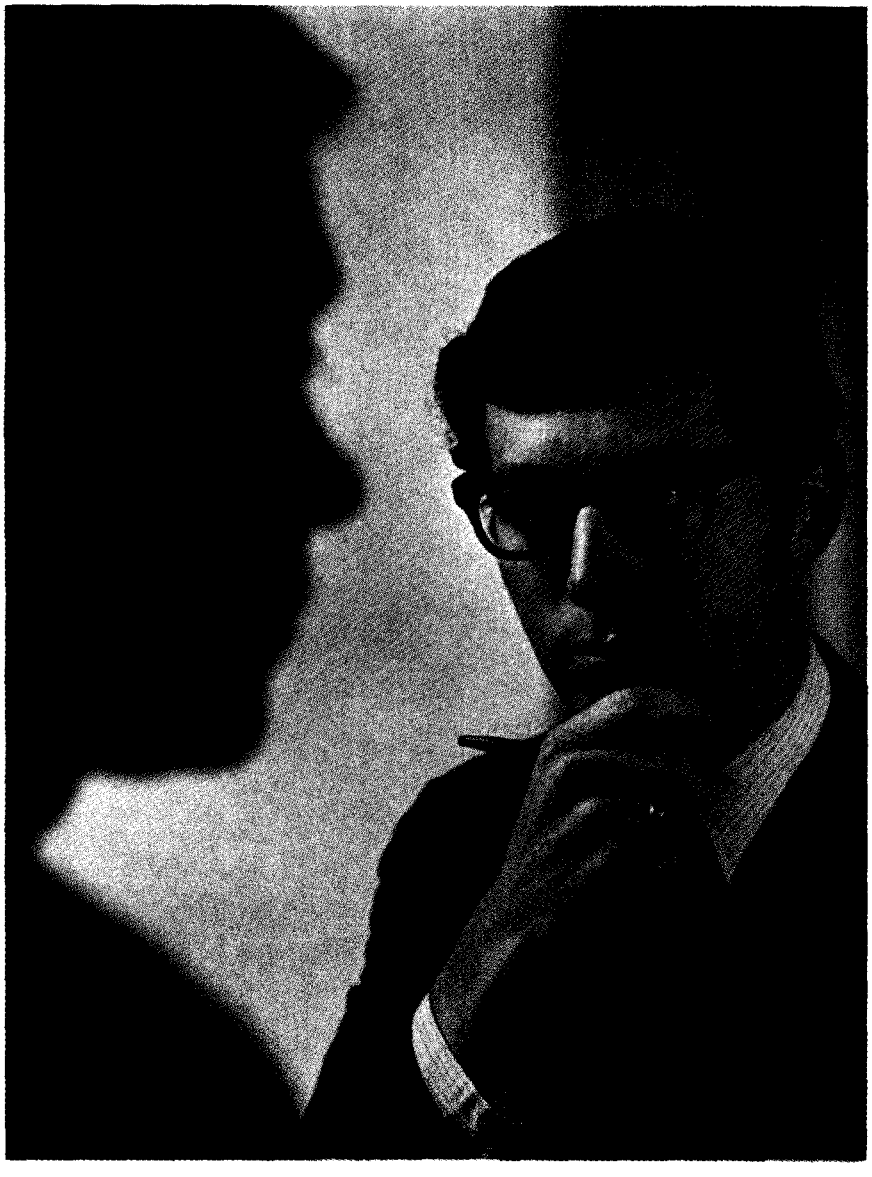
Is Ray French interviewing a future president of Bethlehem Steel?



Could be. Ray is one of our college relations representatives who visit campuses, interviewing and evaluating candidates for our management training program.

Perhaps a future president is among the members of our 1972 class. They are the best of some 2,000 students who were interviewed by Ray and his associates at about 100 college campuses. They include people from diverse racial and cultural backgrounds.

As in prior years since the founding of our management training program in 1922, our management recruits reported for work at our home offices early in July. During an orientation period they heard, met, and talked with members of our top management. Now they're on their initial assignments, which will begin the on-the-job training that will help to take them as far and as fast as their individual talents permit.

Our 1972 recruits make us mighty proud of today's college generation. They're alert, eager, and concerned. They're striving for constant change and improvement, and so are we. They want to help make our corporation a better one; they want to help make our society a better society.

Can you blame us for having confidence in the future of our corporation —and our nation?

BETHLEHEM STEEL

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7 cars for 7 brothers.

Wyatt paints Mother Nature. To carry his paints and canvases around with him, he needed a car with a large trunk. The Audi has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV. This amazed Wyatt since the Audi is much shorter than the Lincoln.

Bernard has a problem. Not only doesn't he take care of himself (a button missing here, a cuff link lost there), he doesn't take care of his car either. No wonder he wanted a car that gets the expert service of a Volkswagen. The Audi does because it's part of the VW organization. (Now if we could only get Bernard to take care of himself.)

Since Edgar has a big family (a boy, a girl, a wife, and a mother-in-law who likes to go for rides), he needed a car with lots of room. The Audi has just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow. (Edgar sees a lot more of his mother-in-law now.)

Rolf is a first-class skier. He gets to where he's going because the Audi, like the Cadillac Eldorado, has front-wheel drive to give him the traction he needs to get through the snow to the snow.

Fishing, camping and taming the rapids are Duke's way of life. He wanted a car that could handle mountain roads and get him up to his cabin comfortably. Because the Audi has independent front suspension like the Aston Martin, Duke gets peace of mind as well as peace of body.

Meet Geoffrey the banker. To impress his associates, he wanted a car with a plush interior. Since the Audi's interior bears such an uncanny resemblance to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, Geoffrey is now a Senior Vice-President.

Nothing pleases Lance more than pleasing women. He knows the fuss they make over racing car drivers. He also knows the Audi has the same type of steering system as the racing Ferrari. (Ursula is now in seventh heaven.)

The $3,900* Audi®
It's a lot of cars for the money.

*Suggested price, East Coast P.O.E. for 100LS $3,850. Other Audis priced first at $3,085. (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher.) Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen.

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